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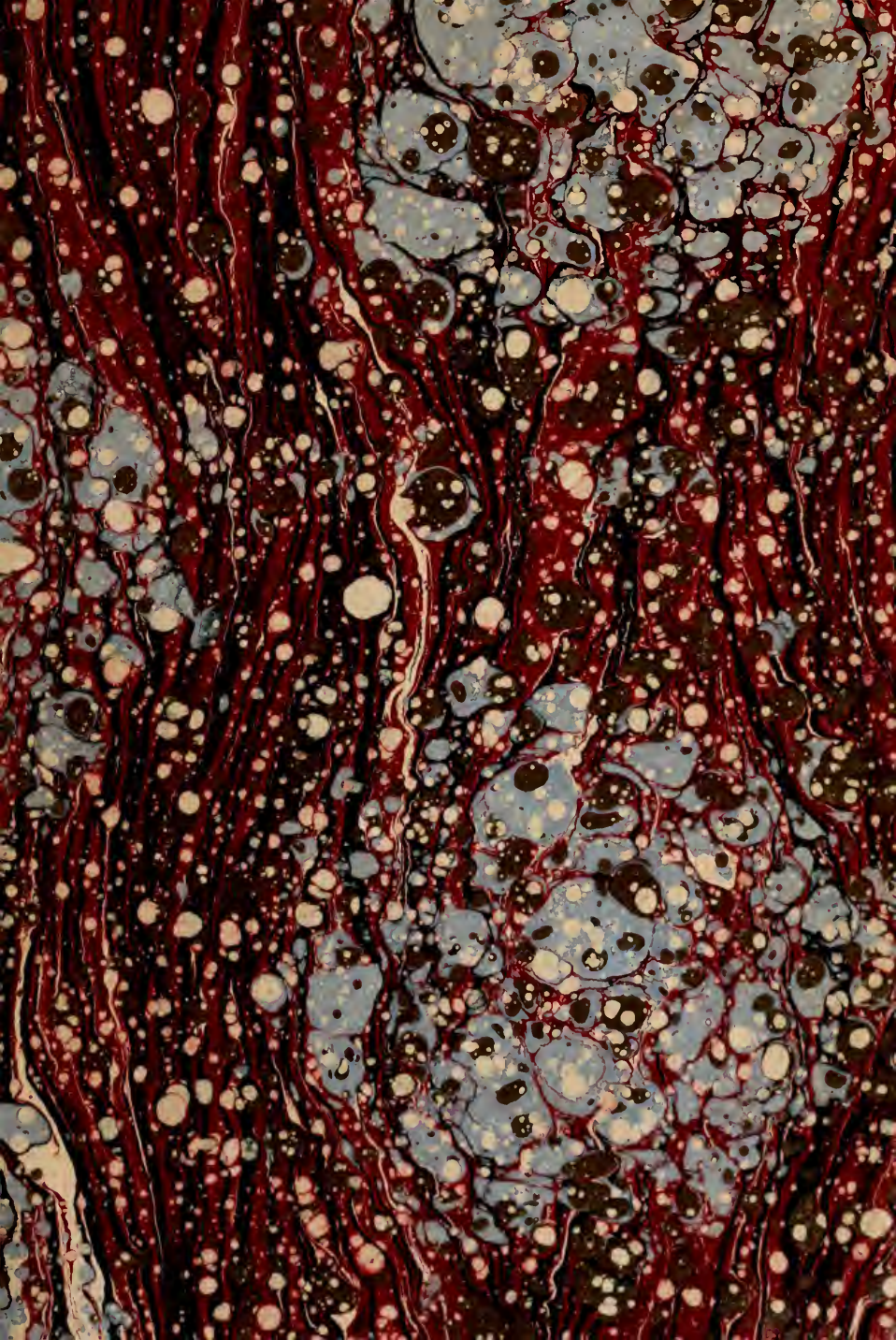

MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

BY

LOUIS ANTOINE FAUVELET DE BOURRIENNE

His Private Secretary

TO WHICH ARE ADDED AN ACCOUNT OF THE IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE HUNDRED DAYS, OF NAPOLEON'S SURRENDER TO THE ENGLISH, AND OF HIS RESIDENCE AND DEATH AT ST. HELENA, WITH ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIVE EXTRACTS FROM ALL THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES

EDITED BY R. W. PHIPPS

Colonel, late Royal Artillery

NEW AND REVISED EDITION, WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

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MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

CHAPTER I.

1814.

When Marmont left Paris on the receipt of the intelligence from Essonne, Marshals Macdonald and Ney and the Duke of Vicenza waited upon the Emperor Alexander to learn his resolution before he could have been informed of the movement of Marmont's troops. I myself went during the morning to the hôtel of M. de Talleyrand, and it was there I learnt how what we had hoped for had become fact: the matter was completely decided. The Emperor Alexander had walked out at six in the morning to the residence of the King of Prussia in the Rue de Bourbon. The two sovereigns afterwards proceeded together to M. de Talleyrand's, where they were when Napoleon's Commissioners arrived. The Commissioners being introduced to the two sovereigns, the Emperor Alexander in answer to their proposition, replied that the Regency was impossible, as submissions to the Provisional Government were pouring in from all parts, and that if the army had formed contrary wishes those should have been sooner made known. "Sire," observed Macdonald, "that was impossible, as none of the Marshals were in Paris, and,

besides, who could foresee the turn which affairs have taken? Could we imagine that an unfounded alarm would have removed from Essonne the corps of the Duke of Ragusa, who has this moment left us to bring his troops back to order?" These words produced no change in the determination of the sovereigns, who would hear of nothing but the unconditional abdication of Napoleon. Before the Marshals took leave of the Emperor Alexander they solicited an armistice of forty-eight hours, which time they said was indispensable to negotiate the act of abdication with Napoleon. This request was granted without hesitation; and the Emperor Alexander, showing Macdonald a map of the environs of Paris, courteously presented him with a pencil, saying, "Here, Marshal, mark yourself the limits to be observed by the two armies." — "No, Sire," replied Macdonald, "we are the conquered party, and it is for you to mark the line of demarcation." Alexander determined that the right bank of the Seine should be occupied by the Allied troops, and the left bank by the French; but it was observed that this arrangement would be attended with inconvenience, as it would cut Paris in two, and it was agreed that the line should turn Paris. I have been informed that on a map sent to the Austrian staff to acquaint Prince Schwarzenberg with the limits definitively agreed on, Fontainebleau, the Emperor's headquarters, was by some artful means included within the line. The Austrians acted so implicitly on this direction that Marshal Macdonald was obliged to complain on the subject to Alexander, who removed all obstacles.

When, in discussing the question of the abdication conformably with the instructions he had received, Macdonald observed to the Emperor Alexander that Napoleon wished for nothing for himself, "Assure him," replied Alexander, "that a provision shall be made for him

worthy of the rank he has occupied. Tell him that if he wishes to reside in my States he shall be well received, though he brought desolation there. I shall always remember the friendship which united us. He shall have the island of Elba, or *something else*." After taking leave of the Emperor Alexander, on the 5th of April, Napoleon's Commissioners returned to Fontainebleau to render an account of their mission. I saw Alexander that same day, and it appeared to me that his mind was relieved of a great weight by the question of the Regency being brought to an end. I was informed that he intended to quit Paris in a few days, and that he had given full powers to M. Pozzo-di-Borgo, whom he appointed his Commissioner to the Provisional Government.

On the same day, the 5th of April, Napoleon inspected his troops in the palace yard of Fontainebleau. He observed some coolness among his officers, and even among the private soldiers, who had evinced such enthusiasm when he inspected them on the 2d of April. He was so much affected by this change of conduct that he remained but a short time on the parade, and afterwards retired to his apartments.

About one o'clock on the morning of the 6th of April, Ney, Macdonald, and Caulaincourt arrived at Fontainebleau to acquaint the Emperor with the issue of their mission, and the sentiments expressed by Alexander when they took leave of him. Marshal Ney was the first to announce to Napoleon that the Allies required his complete and unconditional abdication, unaccompanied by any stipulation, except that of his personal safety, which should be guaranteed. Marshal Macdonald and the Duke of Vicenza then spoke to the same effect, but in more gentle terms than those employed by Ney, who was but little versed in the courtesies of speech. When Marshal Macdonald had finished speaking, Napoleon said

with some emotion, "Marshal, I am sensible of all that you have done for me, and of the warmth with which you have pleaded the cause of my son. They wish for my complete and unconditional abdication. . . . Very well. . . . I again empower you to act on my behalf. You shall go and defend my interests and those of my family." Then, after a moment's pause, he added, still addressing Macdonald, "Marshal, where shall I go?" Macdonald then informed the Emperor what Alexander had mentioned in the hypothesis of his wishing to reside in Russia. "Sire," added he, "the Emperor of Russia told me that he destined for you the island of Elba, or something else." — "Or something else!" repeated Napoleon, hastily, . . . "and what is that something else?" — "Sire, I know not." — "Ah! it is doubtless the island of Corsica, and he refrained from mentioning it to avoid embarrassment! Marshal, I leave all to you."

The Marshals returned to Paris as soon as Napoleon furnished them with new powers; Caulaincourt remained at Fontainebleau. On arriving in Paris, Marshal Ney sent in his adhesion to the Provisional Government, so that when Macdonald returned to Fontainebleau to convey to Napoleon the definitive treaty of the Allies, Ney did not accompany him, and the Emperor expressed surprise and dissatisfaction at his absence. Ney, as all his friends concur in admitting, expended his whole energy in battle, and often wanted resolution when out of the field; consequently I was not surprised to find that he joined us before some other of his comrades. As to Macdonald, he was one of those generous spirits who may be most confidently relied on by those who have wronged them. Napoleon experienced the truth of this. Macdonald returned alone to Fontainebleau, and when he entered the Emperor's chamber, he found him seated in a small arm-chair before the fireplace. He was dressed in a morning-

gown of white dimity, and he wore his slippers without stockings. His elbows rested on his knees, and his head was supported by his hands. He was motionless, and seemed absorbed in profound reflection. Only two persons were in the apartment, — the Duke of Bassano, who was at a little distance from the Emperor, and Caulaincourt, who was near the fireplace. So profound was Napoleon's reverie that he did not hear Macdonald enter, and the Duke of Vicenza was obliged to inform him of the Marshal's presence. "Sire," said Caulaincourt, "the Duke of Tarantum has brought for your signature the treaty which is to be ratified to-morrow." The Emperor then, as if roused from a lethargic slumber, turned to Macdonald, and merely said, "Ah, Marshal! so you are here!" Napoleon's countenance was so altered that the Marshal, struck with the change, said, as if it were involuntarily, "Is your Majesty indisposed?" — "Yes," answered Napoleon, "I have passed a very bad night."[1]

The Emperor continued seated for a moment, then, rising, he took the treaty, read it without making any obser-

[1] It has been alleged that on the night preceding Macdonald's return to Fontainebleau Napoleon made an attempt to poison himself. But as I have no certain knowledge respecting this affair, I shall not, as some persons have done, hazard conjectures on the subject. The circumstance was decidedly contradicted by Napoleon in his conversation at St. Helena. The only person who can remove the doubts which exist on the subject is Constant, who, I have been informed, never left Napoleon the whole night. — *Bourrienne.*

[Constant, in his "Memoirs," confirms the report of Napoleon having taken poison at Fontainebleau. He states that on the night of the 11th of April he was suddenly called up on account of the Emperor's indisposition. On entering Napoleon's chamber he perceived in the fireplace a small leathern bag tied by a black ribbon, which he knew had contained opium, and which Napoleon had worn round his neck in all his campaigns since the commencement of the Spanish war. Caulaincourt and Yvan were immediately sent for. The dose was not sufficiently potent to produce death, and Napoleon recovered before morning.]

vation, signed it, and returned it to the Marshal, saying, "I am not now rich enough to reward these last services." — "Sire, interest never guided my conduct." — "I know that, and I now see how I have been deceived respecting you. I also see the designs of those who prejudiced me against you." — "Sire, I have already told you, since 1809 I am devoted to you in life and death." — "I know it. But since I cannot reward you as I would wish, let a token of remembrance, inconsiderable though it be, assure you that I shall ever bear in mind the services you have rendered me." Then, turning to Caulaincourt, Napoleon said, "Vicenza, ask for the sabre which was given me by Murad Bey in Egypt, and which I wore at the battle of Mount Thabor." Constant having brought the sabre, the Emperor took it from the hands of Caulaincourt and presented it to the Marshal. "Here, my faithful friend," said he, "is a reward which I believe will gratify you." Macdonald, on receiving the sabre, said, "If ever I have a son, Sire, this will be his most precious inheritance. I will never part with it as long as I live." — "Give me your hand," said the Emperor, "and embrace me." At these words Napoleon and Macdonald affectionately rushed into each other's arms, and parted with tears in their eyes. Such was the last interview between Macdonald and Napoleon. I had the above particulars from the Marshal himself in 1814, a few days after he returned to Paris with the treaty ratified by Napoleon.

After the clauses of the treaty had been guaranteed, Napoleon signed, on the 11th of April, at Fontainebleau, his act of abdication, which was in the following terms: "The Allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon is the only obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces for himself and his heirs the thrones of France and Italy, and that there

is no personal sacrifice, even that of life, which he is not ready to make for the interests of France."

It was not until after Bonaparte had written and signed the above act that Marshal Macdonald sent to the Provisional Government his recognition, expressed in the following dignified and simple manner: "Being released from my allegiance by the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, I declare that I conform to the acts of the Senate and the Provisional Government." It is worthy of remark that Napoleon's act of abdication was published in the "Moniteur" on the 12th of April, the very day on which the Comte d'Artois made his entry into Paris with the title of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom conferred on him by Louis XVIII. The 12th of April was also the day on which the Imperial army fought its last battle before Toulouse,[1] when the French troops, commanded by Soult, made Wellington purchase so dearly his entrance into the South of France.

Political revolutions are generally stormy, yet during the great change of 1814 Paris was perfectly tranquil, thanks to the excellent discipline maintained by the commanders of the Allied armies, and thanks also to the services of the National Guard of Paris, who every night patrolled the streets. My duties as Director-General of the Post-Office had of course obliged me to resign my captain's epaulette.

When I first obtained my appointment, I had been somewhat alarmed to hear that all the roads were covered with foreign troops, especially Cossacks, who even in time of peace are very ready to capture any horses that may fall in their way. On my application to the Emperor Alexander, his Majesty immediately issued a ukase, severely prohibiting the seizure of horses or anything

[1] The battle of Toulouse was fought on the 10th, not 12th April. It was on the 12th that Wellington entered Toulouse unopposed.

belonging to the Post-Office department. The ukase was printed by order of the Czar, and fixed up at all the post-offices; and it will be seen that after the 20th of March, when I was placed in an embarrassing situation, one of the postmasters on the Lille road expressed to me his gratitude for my conduct while I was in the service.

On the 10th of April a ceremony took place in Paris which has been much spoken of, and which must have had a very imposing effect on those who allow themselves to be dazzled by mere spectacle. Early in the morning some regiments of the Allied troops occupied the north side of the Boulevard, from the site of the old Bastille to the Place Louis XV., in the middle of which an altar of square form was erected. Thither the Allied sovereigns came to witness the celebration of Mass according to the rites of the Greek Church. I went to a window of the hôtel of the Minister of the Marine to see the ceremony. After I had waited from eight in the morning till near twelve, the pageant commenced by the arrival of half a dozen Greek priests, with long beards, and as richly dressed as the high-priests who figure in the processions of the opera. About three-quarters of an hour after this first scene, the infantry, followed by the cavalry, entered the place, which in a few moments was entirely covered with military. The Allied sovereigns at length appeared, attended by brilliant staffs. They alighted from their horses, and advanced to the altar. What appeared to me most remarkable was the profound silence of the vast multitude during the performance of the Mass. The whole spectacle had the effect of a finely painted panorama. For my own part, I must confess I was heartily tired of the ceremony, and was very glad when it was over. I could not admire the foreign uniforms, which were very inferior to ours. Many of them appeared fanciful, and even grotesque; and nothing can be more unsoldierlike than to see a man

laced in stays till his figure resembles a wasp. The ceremony which took place two days after, though less pompous, was much more French. In the retinue which, on the 12th of April, momentarily increased round the Comte d'Artois, there were at least recollections for the old, and hopes for every one.

When, on the departure of the Commissioners whom Napoleon had sent to Alexander to treat for the Regency, it was finally determined that the Allied sovereigns would listen to no proposition from Napoleon and his family, the Provisional Government thought it time to request that Monsieur would, by his presence, give a new impulse to the partisans of the Bourbons. The Abbé de Montesquiou wrote to the Prince a letter,[1] which was carried to him by Viscount Sosthènes de la Rochefoucauld, one of the individuals who, in these difficult circumstances, most zealously served the cause of the Bourbons. On the afternoon of the 11th, Monsieur arrived at a country-house belonging to Madame Charles de Damas, where he passed the night. The news of his arrival spread through Paris with the rapidity of lightning, and every one wished to solemnise his entrance into the capital. The National Guard formed a double line from the barrier of Bondy to Notre Dame, whither the Prince was first to proceed, in observance of an old custom, which, however, had become very rare in France during the last twenty years.

M. de Talleyrand, accompanied by the members of the Provisional Government, several Marshals, and general officers, and the municipal body, headed by the prefect of the Seine, went in procession beyond the barrier to receive Monsieur. M. de Talleyrand, in the name of the

[1] Much of the negotiations, or rather communications, with the Comte d'Artois at this period was conducted by the Baron de Vitrolles, whose Memoirs, used by M. Thiers when still in manuscript (*Thiers*, tome xvii. livre liii. p. 496), have now been published in part (Paris, Charpentier, 1884).

Provisional Government, addressed the Prince, who in reply made that observation which has been so often repeated, "Nothing is changed in France: there is only one Frenchman more." [1] This remark promised much. The Comte d'Artois next proceeded on horseback to the barrier St. Martin. I mingled in the crowd to see the procession and to observe the sentiments of the spectators. Near me stood an old knight of St. Louis, who had resumed the insignia of the order, and who wept for joy at again seeing one of the Bourbons. The procession soon arrived, preceded by a band playing the air, "Vive Henri Quatre!" I had never before seen Monsieur, and his appearance had a most pleasing effect upon me. His open countenance bore the expression of that confidence which his presence inspired in all who saw him. His staff was very brilliant, considering it was got together without preparation. The Prince wore the uniform of the National Guard, with the insignia of the Order of the Holy Ghost.

I must candidly state that where I saw Monsieur pass enthusiasm was chiefly confined to his own retinue, and to persons who appeared to belong to a superior class of

[1] These words were never really uttered by the Comte d'Artois, and we can in this case follow the manufacture of the phrase. The reply actually made to Talleyrand was, "Sir, and gentlemen, I thank you; I am too happy. Let us get on; I am too happy." When the day's work was done, "Let us see," said Talleyrand; "what did Monsieur say? I did not hear much: he seemed much moved, and desirous of hastening on; but if what he did say will not suit you (Beugnot), make an answer for him, . . . and I can answer that Monsieur will accept it, and that so thoroughly that by the end of a couple of days he will believe he made it, and he will have made it: you will count for nothing." After repeated attempts, rejected by Talleyrand, Beugnot at last produced, "No more divisions. Peace and France! At last I see her once more, and nothing in her is changed, except that here is one more Frenchman." At last the great critic (Talleyrand) said, "This time I yield; that is really Monsieur's speech, and I will answer for you that he is the man who made it." Monsieur did not disdain to refer to it in his replies, and the prophecy of M. de Talleyrand was completely realised (*Beugnot*, vol. ii. p. 119).

society. The lower order of people seemed to be animated by curiosity and astonishment rather than any other feeling. I must add that it was not without painful surprise I saw a squadron of Cossacks close the procession; and my surprise was the greater when I learned from General Sacken that the Emperor Alexander had wished that on that day the *one Frenchman more* should be surrounded only by Frenchmen, and that to prove that the presence of the Bourbons was the signal of reconciliation his Majesty had ordered 20,000 of the Allied troops to quit Paris. I know not to what the presence of the Cossacks is to be attributed, but it was an awkward circumstance at the time, and one which malevolence did not fail to seize upon.

Two days only intervened between Monsieur's entrance into Paris and the arrival of the Emperor of Austria. That monarch was not popular among the Parisians. The line of conduct he had adopted was almost generally condemned, for, even among those who had most ardently wished for the dethronement of his daughter, through their aversion to the Bonaparte family, there were many who blamed the Emperor of Austria's behaviour to Maria Louisa: they would have wished that, for the honour of Francis II., he had unsuccessfully opposed the downfall of the dynasty, whose alliance he considered as a safeguard in 1809. This was the opinion which the mass of the people instinctively formed, for they judged of the Emperor of Austria in his character of a father and not in his character of a monarch; and as the rights of misfortune are always sacred in France,[1] more interest was felt for Maria Louisa when she was known to be forsaken than when she was in the height of her splendour. Francis II. had not seen his daughter since the day when she left Vienna to unite her destiny

[1] This is good in the mouth of Napoleon's old friend.

with that of the master of half of Europe, and I have already stated how he received the mission with which Maria Louisa intrusted the Duc de Cadore.

I was then too intent on what was passing in Paris and at Fontainebleau to observe with equal interest all the circumstances connected with the fate of Maria Louisa, but I will present to the reader all the information I was able to collect respecting that Princess during the period immediately preceding her departure from France. She constantly assured the persons about her that she could rely on her father. The following words, which were faithfully reported to me, were addressed by her to an officer who was at Blois during the mission of M. de Champagny. "Even though it should be the intention of the Allied sovereigns to dethrone the Emperor Napoleon, my father will not suffer it. When he placed me on the throne of France, he repeated to me twenty times his determination to uphold me on it; and my father is an honest man." I also know that the Empress, both at Blois and at Orleans, expressed her regret at not having followed the advice of the members of the Regency, who wished her to stay in Paris.

On leaving Orleans, Maria Louisa proceeded to Rambouillet; and it was not one of the least extraordinary circumstances of that eventful period to see the sovereigns of Europe, the dethroned sovereigns of France, and those who had come to resume the sceptre, all crowded together within a circle of fifteen leagues round the capital. There was a Bourbon at the Tuileries, Bonaparte at Fontainebleau, his wife and son at Rambouillet, the repudiated Empress at Malmaison three leagues distant, and the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia in Paris.

When all her hopes had vanished, Maria Louisa left Rambouillet to return to Austria with her son. She did

not obtain permission to see Napoleon before her departure, though she had frequently expressed a wish to that effect. Napoleon himself was aware of the embarrassment which might have attended such a farewell, or otherwise he would no doubt have made a parting interview with Maria Louisa one of the clauses of the treaty of Paris and Fontainebleau, and of his definitive act of abdication. I was informed at the time that the reason which prevented Maria Louisa's wish from being acceded to was the fear that, by one of those sudden impulses common to women, she might have determined to unite herself to Napoleon's fallen fortune, and accompany him to Elba; and the Emperor of Austria wished to have his daughter back again.

Things had arrived at this point, and there was no possibility of retracting from any of the decisions which had been formed, when the Emperor of Austria went to see his daughter at Rambouillet. I recollect it was thought extraordinary at the time that the Emperor Alexander should accompany him on this visit; and, indeed, the sight of the sovereign who was regarded as the head and arbiter of the coalition could not be agreeable to the dethroned Empress.[1] The two Emperors set off from

[1] Méneval (tome ii. p. 112), then with Maria Louisa as Secretary, who gives some details of her interview with the Emperor Francis on the 16th of April, says nothing about the Czar having been there; a fact he would have been sure to have remarked upon. It was only on the 19th of April that Alexander visited her, the King of Prussia coming in his turn on the 22d; but Bourrienne is right in saying that Maria Louisa complained bitterly of having to receive Alexander, and considered that she was forced by her father to do so. The poor little King of Rome, then only three years old, had also to be seen by the monarchs. He was not taken with his grandfather, remarking that he was not handsome. Maria Louisa seems, according to Méneval, to have been at this time really anxious to join Napoleon (*Méneval*, tome ii. p. 94). She left Rambouillet on the 23d of April, stopped one day at Grosbois, receiving there her father and Berthier, and taking farewell of several persons who came from Paris for that purpose. On the 25th of April she started for Vienna, and later for Parma, which State she received under the treaty of 1814 and 1815. She yielded to the influence brought to bear on her, became estranged from

Paris shortly after each other. The Emperor of Austria arrived first at Rambouillet, where he was received with respect and affection by his daughter. Maria Louisa was happy to see him, but the many tears she shed were not all tears of joy. After the first effusion of filial affection she complained of the situation to which she was reduced. Her father sympathised with her, but could offer her no consolation, since her misfortunes were irreparable. Alexander was expected to arrive immediately, and the Emperor of Austria therefore informed his daughter that the Russian monarch wished to see her. At first Maria Louisa decidedly refused to receive him, and she persisted for some time in this resolution. She said to her father, "Would he too make me a prisoner before your eyes? If he enters here by force, I will retire to my chamber. There, I presume, he will not dare to follow me while you are here." But there was no time to be lost; Francis II. heard the equipage of the Emperor of Russia rolling through the courtyard of Rambouillet, and his entreaties to his daughter became more and more urgent. At length she yielded, and the Emperor of Austria went himself to meet his ally and conduct him to the *salon* where Maria Louisa remained, in deference to her father. She did not, however, carry her deference so far as to give a favourable reception to him whom she regarded as the author of all her misfortunes. She listened with considerable coldness to the offers and protestations of Alexander, and merely replied that all she wished for was the liberty of returning to her family.[1]

Napoleon, and eventually degraded herself enough to marry her chamberlain, the Comte de Neipperg, an Austrian general.

[1] A few days after this visit Alexander paid his respects to Bonaparte's other wife, Josephine. In this great breaking up of empires and kingdoms, the unfortunate Josephine, who had been suffering agonies on account of the husband who had abandoned her, was not forgotten. One of the first things the Emperor of Russia did on arriving at Paris was to despatch a guard for the protection of her beautiful little palace at

A few days after this painful interview, Maria Louisa and her son set off for Vienna.

Malmaison. The Allied sovereigns treated her with delicacy and consideration.

"As soon as the Emperor Alexander knew that the Empress Josephine had arrived at Malmaison, he hastened to pay her a visit. It is not possible to be more amiable than he was to her. When in the course of conversation he spoke of the occupation of Paris by the Allies, and of the position of the Emperor Napoleon, it was always in perfectly measured language: he never forgot for a single instant that he was speaking before one who had been the wife of his vanquished enemy. On her side the ex-Empress did not conceal the tender sentiments, the lively affection she still entertained for Napoleon. . . . Alexander had certainly something elevated and magnanimous in his character, which would not permit him to say a single word capable of insulting misfortune; the Empress had only one prayer to make to him, and that was for her children."

This visit was soon followed by those of the other Allied Princes.

"The King of Prussia, and the Princes, his sons, came rather frequently to pay their court to Josephine; they even dined with her several times at Malmaison; but the Emperor Alexander came much more frequently. The Queen Hortense was always with her mother when she received the sovereigns, and assisted her in doing the honours of the house. The illustrious strangers exceedingly admired Malmaison, which seemed to them a charming residence. They were particularly struck with its fine gardens and conservatories." *

From this moment, however, Josephine's health rapidly declined, and she did not live to see Napoleon's return from Elba. She often said to her attendant, "I do not know what is the matter with me, but at times I have fits of melancholy enough to kill me." But on the very brink of the grave she retained all her amiability, all her love of dress, and the graces and resources of a drawing-room society. The immediate cause of her death was a bad cold she caught in taking a drive in the park of Malmaison on a damp cold day. She expired on the noon of Sunday, the 26th of May, in the fifty-third year of her age. Her body was embalmed, and on the sixth day after her death deposited in a vault in the church of Ruel, close to Malmaison. The funeral ceremonies were magnificent, but a better tribute to the memory of Josephine was to be found in the tears with which her children, her servants, the neighbouring poor, and all that knew her followed her to the grave. In 1826 a beautiful monument was erected over her remains by Eugène Beauharnais and his sister, with this simple inscription: —

TO JOSEPHINE.

EUGÈNE. HORTENSE.

* Memoirs of Mademoiselle d'Avrillion.

CHAPTER II.

1814.

I MUST now direct the attention of the reader to Italy, which was the cradle of Napoleon's glory, and towards which he transported himself in imagination from the Palace of Fontainebleau. Eugène had succeeded in keeping up his means of defence until April, but on the 7th of that month, being positively informed of the overwhelming reverses of France, he found himself constrained to accede to the propositions of the Marshal de Bellegarde to treat for the evacuation of Italy; and on the 10th a convention was concluded, in which it was stipulated that the French troops, under the command of Eugène, should return within the limits of old France. The clauses of this convention were executed on the 19th of April.[1]

Eugène, thinking that the Senate of Milan was favourably disposed towards him, solicited that body to use its influence in obtaining the consent of the Allied powers to his continuance at the head of the Government of Italy;[2] but this proposition was rejected by the Senate. A feel-

[1] Lord William Bentinck and Sir Edward Pellew had taken Genoa on the 18th of April. Murat was in the field with the Austrians against the French.

[2] The following is a curious circumstance relative to the Senate of Milan. In the height of our disasters that body sent a deputation to congratulate *Napoleon the Great* on the prospect of his triumphing over all his enemies. The deputation on its way received intelligence of the siege of Paris, and had just time to get back to Milan to be appointed to congratulate the Allies on the *downfall of the tyrant.* — *Bourrienne.*

ing of irritation pervaded the public mind in Italy, and the army had not proceeded three marches beyond Mantua when an insurrection broke out in Milan. The Finance Minister, Prina, was assassinated, and his residence demolished, and nothing would have saved the Viceroy from a similar fate had he been in his capital. Amidst this popular excitement, and the eagerness of the Italians to be released from the dominion of the French, the friends of Eugène thought him fortunate in being able to join his father-in-law at Munich almost incognito.[1] Thus, at the expiration of nine years, fell the iron crown which Napoleon had placed on his head, saying, "*Dieu me l'a donné ; gare à qui la touche.*"

I will now take a glance at the affairs of Germany. Rapp was not in France at the period of the fall of the Empire. He had, with extraordinary courage and skill, defended himself against a year's siege at Dantzic. At length, being reduced to the last extremity, and constrained to surrender, he opened the gates of the city, which presented nothing but heaps of ruins. Rapp had stipulated that the garrison of Dantzic should return to France, and the Duke of Würtemberg, who commanded the siege, had consented to that condition ; but the Emperor of Russia having refused to ratify it, Rapp, having no means of defence, was made prisoner with his troops, and conducted to Kiow, whence he afterwards returned to Paris, where I saw him.

Hamburg still held out, but at the beginning of April

[1] Some time after, Eugène visited France and had a long audience of Louis XVIII. He announced himself to that monarch by his father's title of Marquis de Beauharnais. The King immediately saluted him by the title of Monsieur le Maréchal, and proposed that he should reside in France with that rank. But this invitation Eugène declined, because as a French Prince under the fallen Government he had commanded the Marshals, and he therefore could not submit to be the last in rank among those illustrious military chiefs. — *Bourrienne.*

intelligence was received there of the extraordinary events which had delivered Europe from her oppressor. Davoust refused to believe this news, which at once annihilated all his hopes of power and greatness. This blindness was persisted in for some time at Hamburg. Several hawkers, who were marked out by the police as having been the circulators of Paris news, were shot. An agent of the Government publicly announced his design of assassinating one of the French Princes in whose service he was said to have been as a page. He said he would go to his Royal Highness and solicit to be appointed one of his aides-de-camp, and that, if the application were refused, as it probably would be, the refusal would only confirm him in his purpose.

At length, when the state of things was beyond the possibility of doubt,[1] Davoust assembled the troops, acquainted them with the dethronement of the Emperor, hoisted a flag of truce, and sent his adhesion to the Provisional Government. All then thought of their personal safety, without losing sight of their honestly acquired wealth. Diamonds and other objects of value and small bulk were hastily collected and packed up. The Governor of Hamburg, Count Hogendorff, who in spite of

[1] Davoust's long ignorance of the Restoration was not affected. When first he learnt the disasters of the Empire from Puymaigre, who had been sent out from Hamburg on a mission, and that the Allies had crossed the Rhine, he told Puymaigre that, not wishing to be shaken by anything unconnected with the defence of the fortress, he knew nothing of what had happened outside. When he was, later, informed by Puymaigre that the Duc d'Angoulême was at Bordeaux, he angrily reproached his messenger with having been duped by lies and with bringing him false news (*Puymaigre*, pp. 165, 166). The good faith of Davoust at Hamburg, Rapp at Dantzic, and St. Cyr at Dresden contrasts with the hurry of many of the officers near Napoleon to get good terms for themselves by joining the Allies. In both the cases of Dantzic and Dresden the Allies, having got possession of them by a capitulation, broke the terms when the garrisons were fairly in their power, making derisory offers of replacing the garrisons in their former positions.

some signal instances of opposition, had too often co-operated in severe and vexatious measures, was the first to quit the city. He was, indeed, hurried off by Davoust, because he had mounted the Orange cockade and wished to take his Dutch troops away with him. After consigning the command to General Gérard, Davoust quitted Hamburg, and arrived at Paris on the 18th of June.

I have left Napoleon at Fontainebleau. The period of his departure for Elba was near at hand: it was fixed for the 17th of April.

On that day Maubreuil, a man who has become unfortunately celebrated, presented himself at the Post-Office, and asked to speak with me. He showed me some written orders, signed by General Sacken, the Commander of the Russian troops in Paris, and by Baron Brockenhausen, chief of the staff. These orders set forth that Maubreuil was intrusted with an important mission, for the execution of which he was authorised to demand the assistance of the Russian troops; and the commanders of those men were enjoined to place at his disposal as many troops as he might apply for. Maubreuil was also the bearer of similar orders from General Dupont, the War Minister, and from M. Anglès, the Provisional Commissary-General of the Police, who directed all the other commissaries to obey the orders they might receive from Maubreuil. On seeing these documents, of the authenticity of which there was no doubt, I immediately ordered the different postmasters to provide Maubreuil promptly with any number of horses he might require.

Some days after I was informed that the object of Maubreuil's mission was to assassinate Napoleon. It may readily be imagined what was my astonishment on hearing this, after I had seen the signature of the Com-

mander of the Russian forces, and knowing as I did the intentions of the Emperor Alexander. The fact is, I did not, and never can believe that such was the intention of Maubreuil. This man has been accused of having carried off the jewels of the Queen of Westphalia.[1]

Napoleon having consented to proceed to the island of Elba, conformably with the treaty he had ratified on the 13th, requested to be accompanied to the place of embarkation by a Commissioner from each of the Allied powers. Count Schouwaloff was appointed by Russia, Colonel Neil Campbell by England, General Kohler by Austria, and Count Waldbourg-Truchess by Prussia. On the 16th the four Commissioners came for the first time to Fontainebleau, where the Emperor, who was still attended by Generals Drouot and Bertrand, gave to each a private audience on the following day.

Though Napoleon received with coldness the Commissioners whom he had himself solicited, yet that coldness was far from being manifested in an equal degree to all.

[1] Maubreuil always protested that he had been employed by Talleyrand and the Provisional Government to assassinate Napoleon. It is certain that he seized on the cash and jewellery of the ex-Queen of Westphalia, the wife of Jérôme Bonaparte, but he did not require for that purpose *carte blanche* for demands of troops and for post-horses: a simple order to the proper authorities would have sufficed, without a highway robbery. The matter is gone into by Savary, tome vii. pp. 214–234, where (pp. 215, 216) are given the orders signed by Bourrienne. These orders are so wide, and denote such an important mission for Maubreuil, that it is significant that Bourrienne, well informed as he tells us in all that was done, should neither have known nor inquired what was the object for which he was using his new powers. See also Beugnot, vol. ii. p. 125. All points towards there having been a foul plot. Most persons will adopt Sainte-Beuve's belief: "M. de Talleyrand has always denied having seen Maubreuil, but other people saw him, and it is difficult to doubt that there really was a council where was discussed the proposal of M. Maubreuil to get rid of Napoleon. Even the speeches are quoted. . . . As for M. de Talleyrand, he was certainly not a man to command such an act, but no more was he a man to discourage it. If necessary, he could ignore it" (Sainte-Beuve, *Talleyrand*, p. 123).

He who experienced the best reception was Colonel Campbell, apparently because his person exhibited traces of wounds. Napoleon asked him in what battles he had received them, and on what occasions he had been invested with the orders he wore. He next questioned him as to the place of his birth, and, Colonel Campbell having answered that he was a Scotchman, Napoleon congratulated him on being the countryman of Ossian, his favourite author, with whose poetry, however, he was only acquainted through the medium of wretched translations.[1] On this first audience Napoleon said to the Colonel, "I have cordially hated the English. I have made war against you by every possible means, but I esteem your nation. I am convinced that there is more generosity in your Government than in any other. I should like to be conveyed from Toulon to Elba by an English frigate." [2]

The Austrian and Russian Commissioners were received coolly, but without any marked indications of displeasure. It was not so with the Prussian Commissioner, to whom he said dryly, "Are there any Prussians in my escort?" — "No, Sire." — "Then why do you take the trouble to accompany me?" — "Sire, it is not a trouble, but an honour." — "These are mere words; you have nothing to do here." — "Sire, I could not possibly decline the honourable mission with which the King my master has intrusted me." At these words Napoleon turned his back on Count Truchess.

The Commissioners expected that Napoleon would be ready to set out without delay; but they were deceived. He asked for a sight of the itinerary of his route, and

[1] The French translations of Ossian may be wretched enough, but as an Italian Bonaparte was probably well acquainted with the magnificent version of the Abate Cesarotti. — *Editor of* 1836 *edition.*

[2] Colonel Campbell wrote to Lord Castlereagh to acquaint him with Napoleon's wish, to which his Lordship acceded (*Campbell*, p. 160).

wished to make some alterations in it. The Commissioners were reluctant to oppose his wish, for they had been instructed to treat him with all the respect and etiquette due to a sovereign. They therefore suspended the departure, and, as they could not take upon themselves to acquiesce in the changes wished for by the Emperor, they applied for fresh orders. On the night of the 18th of April they received these orders, authorising them to travel by any road the Emperor might prefer. The departure was then definitively fixed for the 20th.

Accordingly, at ten on the morning of the 20th, the carriages were in readiness, and the Imperial Guard was drawn up in the grand court of the Palace of Fontainebleau, called the Cour du Cheval Blanc. All the population of the town and the neighbouring villages thronged round the palace. Napoleon sent for General Kohler, the Austrian Commissioner, and said to him, "I have reflected on what I ought to do, and I am determined not to depart. The Allies are not faithful to their engagements with me. I can, therefore, revoke my abdication, which was only conditional. More than a thousand addresses were delivered to me last night: I am conjured to resume the reins of government. I renounced my rights to the crown only to avert the horrors of a civil war, having never had any other object in view than the glory and happiness of France. But, seeing as I now do, the dissatisfaction inspired by the measures of the new Government, I can explain to my Guard the reasons which induced me to revoke my abdication. It is true that the number of troops on which I can count will scarcely exceed 30,000 men, but it will be easy for me to increase their numbers to 130,000. Know, then, that I can also, without injuring my honour, say to my Guard that, having nothing but the repose and happiness of the country at heart, I renounce all my rights, and exhort

my troops to follow my example, and yield to the wish of the nation."

I heard these words reported by General Kohler himself, after his return from his mission. He did not disguise the embarrassment which this unexpected address had occasioned; and I recollect having remarked at the time that had Bonaparte, at the commencement of the campaign of Paris, renounced his rights and returned to the rank of citizen, the immense masses of the Allies must have yielded to the efforts of France. General Kohler also stated that Napoleon complained of Maria Louisa not being allowed to accompany him; but at length, yielding to the reasons urged by those about him, he added, "Well, I prefer remaining faithful to my promise; but if I have any new ground of complaint, I will free myself from all my engagements."

At eleven o'clock Comte de Bussy, one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, was sent by the Grand Marshal (General Bertrand) to announce that all was ready for departure. "Am I," said Napoleon, "to regulate my actions by the Grand Marshal's watch? I will go when I please. Perhaps I may not go at all. Leave me!"

All the forms of courtly etiquette which Napoleon loved so much were observed; and when at length he was pleased to leave his cabinet to enter the *salon*, where the Commissioners were waiting, the doors were thrown open as usual, and "The Emperor" was announced; but no sooner was the word uttered than he turned back again. However, he soon reappeared, rapidly crossed the gallery, and descended the staircase, and at twelve o'clock precisely he stood at the head of his Guard, as if at a review in the court of the Tuileries in the brilliant days of the Consulate and the Empire.

Then took place a really moving scene, — Napoleon's farewell to his soldiers. Of this I may abstain from en-

tering into any details,[1] since they are known everywhere and by everybody, but I may subjoin the Emperor's last address to his old companions-in-arms, because it belongs to history. This address was pronounced in a voice as firm and sonorous as that in which Bonaparte used to harangue his troops in the days of his triumphs. It was as follows: —

"Soldiers of my Old Guard, I bid you farewell. For twenty years I have constantly accompanied you on the road to honour and glory. In these latter times, as in the days of our prosperity, you have invariably been models of courage and fidelity. With men such as you our cause could not be lost, but the war would have been interminable; it would have been civil war, and that would have entailed deeper misfortunes on France. I have sacrificed all my interests to those of the country. I go; but you, my friends, will continue to serve France. Her happiness was my only thought. It will still be the object of my wishes. Do not regret my fate: if I have consented to survive, it is to serve your glory. I intend to write the history of the great achievements we have performed together. Adieu, my friends. Would I could press you all to my heart!"

[1] The mutual attachment that existed between Napoleon and the famed Imperial Guard made this parting very painful. Having assembled as many of them as he could, they were drawn out in review order. The Emperor on his arrival walked along in front of their line and took his last farewell. In doing this he betrayed great emotion, but tears like rain poured from the eyes of many of the soldiery who had grown gray under arms. He is reported to have said, "All Europe has armed against me. France herself has deserted me, and chosen other rulers. I might have maintained with you, my brave soldiers, a civil war for years, but that would have made France wretched. Be faithful to the new sovereign whom France has chosen. Do not lament my fate; I shall always be happy while I know you are so. I could have died — nothing was easier — but I will always follow the paths of honour. I will record with my pen the deeds we have done together. I cannot embrace you all, but I embrace your General." (He pressed the General to his heart.) "Bring hither the eagle." He kissed the standard, and concluded by saying, "Dear eagle, may the kisses I give you long resound in the hearts of the brave. Adieu, my children! Adieu, my brave companions! Surround me once more. Adieu!" — *Editor of* 1836 *edition.*

Napoleon then ordered the eagles to be brought, and having embraced them he added, —

"I embrace you all in the person of your General. Adieu, soldiers! Be always gallant and good!"

Napoleon's parting words to his soldiers were, "Adieu, my friends. My wishes will always accompany you. Do not forget me." He then stepped into his carriage accompanied by Bertrand.

During the first day cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" resounded along the road, and Napoleon, resorting to his usual dissimulation, censured the disloyalty of the people to their legitimate sovereign, which he did with ill-disguised irony. The Guard accompanied him as far as Briare. At that place Napoleon invited Colonel Campbell to breakfast with him. He conversed on the last war in Spain, and spoke in complimentary terms of the English nation and the military talents of Wellington. Yet by that time he must have heard of the battle of Toulouse.

On the night of the 21st Napoleon slept at Nevers, where he was received by the acclamations of the people, who here, as in several other towns, mingled their cries in favour of their late sovereign with imprecations against the Commissioners of the Allies. He left Nevers at six on the morning of the 22d. Napoleon was now no longer escorted by the Guards, who were succeeded by a corps of Cossacks: the cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" accordingly ceased, and he had the mortification to hear in its stead, "Vivent les Alliés!" However, I have been informed that at Lyons, through which the Emperor passed on the 23d at eleven at night, the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" was still echoed among the groups who assembled before the post-office during the change of horses.

Augereau, who was still a Republican, though he accepted the title of Duke of Castiglione from Napoleon,

had always been among the discontented. On the downfall of the Emperor he was one of that considerable number of persons who turned Royalists not out of love for the Bourbons but out of hatred to Bonaparte. He held a command in the South when he heard of the forfeiture of Napoleon pronounced by the Senate, and he was one of the first to send his recognition to the Provisional Government. Augereau, who, like all uneducated men, went to extremes in everything, had published under his name a proclamation extravagantly violent and even insulting to the Emperor. Whether Napoleon was aware of this proclamation I cannot pretend to say, but he affected ignorance of the matter if he was informed of it, for on the 24th, having met Augereau at a little distance from Valence, he stopped his carriage and immediately alighted. Augereau did the same, and they cordially embraced in the presence of the Commissioners. It was remarked that in saluting Napoleon took off his hat and Augereau kept on his. "Where are you going?" said the Emperor; "to Court?" — "No, I am going to Lyons." — "You have behaved very badly to me." Augereau, finding that the Emperor addressed him in the second person singular, adopted the same familiarity; so they conversed as they were accustomed to do when they were both generals in Italy. "Of what do you complain?" said he. "Has not your insatiable ambition brought us to this? Have you not sacrificed everything to that ambition, even the happiness of France? I care no more for the Bourbons than for you. All I care for is the country." Upon this Napoleon turned sharply away from the Marshal, lifted his hat to him, and then stepped into his carriage. The Commissioners, and all the persons in Napoleon's suite, were indignant at seeing Augereau stand in the road still covered, with his hands behind his back, and instead of bowing, merely making a contemptu-

ous salutation to Napoleon with his hand. It was at the Tuileries that these haughty Republicans should have shown their airs. To have done so on the road to Elba was a mean insult which recoiled upon themselves.[1]

At Valence Napoleon, for the first time, saw French soldiers with the white cockade in their caps. They belonged to Augereau's corps. At Orange the air resounded with cries of "Vive le Roi!" Here the gaiety, real or feigned, which Napoleon had hitherto evinced, began to forsake him.

Had the Emperor arrived at Avignon three hours later than he did, there is no doubt that he would have been massacred.[2] He did not change horses at Avignon, through which he passed at five in the morning, but at

[1] The following letter, taken from Captain Bingham's recently published selections from the Correspondence of the first Napoleon, indicates in emphatic language the Emperor's recent dissatisfaction with Marshal Augereau when in command at Lyons during the "death struggle" of 1814: —

To Marshal Augereau.

Nogent 21st, February, 1814.

. . . What! six hours after having received the first troops coming from Spain you were not in the field! Six hours' repose was sufficient. I won the action of Nangis with a brigade of dragoons coming from Spain which, since it had left Bayonne had not unbridled its horses. The six battalions of the division of Nîmes want clothes, equipment, and drilling, say you? What poor reasons you give me there, Augereau! I have destroyed 80,000 enemies with conscripts having nothing but knapsacks! The National Guards, say you, are pitiable; I have 4,000 here in round hats, without knapsacks, in wooden shoes, but with good muskets, and I get a great deal out of them. There is no money, you continue; and where do you hope to draw money from? You want waggons; take them wherever you can. You have no magazines; this is too ridiculous. I order you twelve hours after the reception of this letter to take the field. If you are still Augereau of Castiglione, keep the command; but if your sixty years weigh upon you, hand over the command to your senior general. The country is in danger, and can be saved by boldness and alacrity alone. . . . (Signed) Napoleon.

[2] The Royalist mob of Avignon massacred Marshal Brune in 1815 after Waterloo.

St. Andiol, where he arrived at six. The Emperor, who was fatigued with sitting in the carriage, alighted with Colonel Campbell and General Bertrand, and walked with them up the first hill. His *valet de chambre*, who was also walking a little distance in advance, met one of the mail couriers, who said to him, "Those are the Emperor's carriages coming this way?" — "No, they are the equipages of the Allies." — "I say they are the Emperor's carriages. I am an old soldier. I served in the campaign of Egypt, and I will save the life of my General." — "I tell you again they are not the Emperor's carriages." — "Do not attempt to deceive me; I have just passed through Orgon, where the Emperor has been hanged in effigy. The wretches erected a scaffold, and hanged a figure dressed in a French uniform covered with blood. Perhaps I may get myself into a scrape by this confidence, but no matter. Do you profit by it." The courier then set off at full gallop. The *valet de chambre* took General Drouot apart, and told him what he had heard. Drouot communicated the circumstance to General Bertrand, who himself related it to the Emperor in the presence of the Commissioners. The latter, justly indignant, held a sort of council on the highway, and it was determined that the Emperor should go forward without his retinue. The *valet de chambre* was asked whether he had any clothes in the carriage. He produced a long blue cloak and a round hat. It was proposed to put a white cockade in the hat, but to this Napoleon would not consent. He went forward in the style of a courier, with Amaudru, one of the two outriders who had escorted his carriage, and dashed through Orgon. When the Allied Commissioners arrived there, the assembled population were uttering exclamations of "Down with the Corsican! Down with the brigand!" The Mayor of Orgon (the same man whom I had seen almost on his knees to

General Bonaparte on his return from Egypt) addressed himself to Pélard, the Emperor's *valet de chambre*, and said, "Do you follow that rascal?" — "No," replied Pélard, "I am attached to the Commissioners of the Allied powers." — "Ah! that is well! I should like to hang the villain with my own hands. Ah! if you knew, sir, how the scoundrel has deceived us! It was I who received him on his return from Egypt. We wished to take his horses out and draw his carriage. I should like to avenge myself now for the honours I rendered him at that time."

The crowd augmented, and continued to vociferate with a degree of fury which may be imagined by those who have heard the inhabitants of the South manifest, by cries, their joy or their hatred. Some more violent than the rest wished to force Napoleon's coachman to cry "Vive le Roi!" He courageously refused, though threatened with a stroke of a sabre, when, fortunately, the carriage being ready to start, he whipped the horses and set off at full gallop. The Commissioners would not breakfast at Orgon; they paid for what had been prepared, and took some refreshments away with them. The carriages did not overtake the Emperor until they came to La Calade, where he had arrived a quarter of an hour before with Amaudru.

They found him standing by the fire in the kitchen of the inn talking with the landlady. She had asked him whether the tyrant was soon to pass that way. "Ah! sir," said she, "it is all nonsense to say we have got rid of him. I always have said, and always will say, that we shall never be sure of being done with him until he be laid at the bottom of a well, covered over with stones. I wish we had him safe in the well in our yard. You see, sir, the Directory sent him to Egypt to get rid of him; but he came back again! And he will come back

again, you may be sure of that, sir, unless ——" Here the good woman, having finished skimming her pot, looked up and perceived that all the party were standing uncovered except the individual to whom she had been speaking. She was confounded, and the embarrassment she experienced at having spoken so ill of the Emperor to the Emperor himself banished all her anger, and she lavished every mark of attention and respect on Napoleon and his retinue. A messenger was immediately sent to Aix to purchase ribbons for making white cockades. All the carriages were brought into the courtyard of the inn, and the gate was closed; the landlady informed Napoleon that it would not be prudent for him to venture on passing through Aix, where a population of more than 20,000 were waiting to stone him.

Meanwhile dinner was served, and Napoleon sat down to table. He admirably disguised the agitation which he could not fail to experience, and I have been assured, by some of the individuals who were present on that remarkable occasion, that he never made himself more agreeable. His conversation, which was enriched by the resources of his memory and his imagination, charmed every one, and he remarked, with an air of indifference which was perhaps affected, "I believe the new French Government has a design on my life."

The Commissioners, informed of what was going on at Aix, proposed sending to the Mayor an order for closing the gates and adopting measures for securing the public tranquillity. About fifty individuals had assembled round the inn, and one among them offered to carry a letter to the Mayor of Aix. The Commissioners accepted his services, and in their letter informed the Mayor that if the gates of the town were not closed within an hour they would advance with two regiments of uhlans and six pieces of artillery, and would fire upon all who might op-

pose them. This threat had the desired effect; and the Mayor returned for answer that the gates should be closed, and that he would take upon himself the responsibility of everything which might happen.

The danger which threatened the Emperor at Aix was thus averted; but there was another to be braved. During the seven or eight hours he passed at La Calade a considerable number of people had gathered round the inn, and manifested every disposition to proceed to some excess. Most of them had in their hands five-franc pieces, in order to recognise the Emperor by his likeness on the coin. Napoleon, who had passed two nights without sleep, was in a little room adjoining the kitchen, where he had fallen into a slumber, reclining on the shoulder of his *valet de chambre*. In a moment of dejection he had said, "I now renounce the political world for ever. I shall henceforth feel no interest about anything that may happen. At Porto-Ferrajo I may be happy, — more happy than I have ever been! No! — if the crown of Europe were now offered to me, I would not accept it. I will devote myself to science. I was right never to esteem mankind! But France and the French people — what ingratitude! I am disgusted with ambition, and I wish to rule no longer!"

When the moment for departure arrived, it was proposed that he should put on the greatcoat and fur cap of General Kohler, and that he should go into the carriage of the Austrian Commissioner. The Emperor, thus disguised, left the inn of La Calade, passing between two lines of spectators. On turning the walls of Aix, Napoleon had again the mortification to hear the cries of "Down with the tyrant! Down with Nicolas!" and these vociferations resounded at a distance of a quarter of a league from the town.

Bonaparte, dispirited by these manifestations of hatred

said, in a tone of mingled grief and contempt, "These Provençals are the same furious brawlers that they used to be. They committed frightful massacres at the commencement of the Revolution. Eighteen years ago I came to this part of the country with some thousand men to deliver two Royalists who were to be hanged. Their crime was having worn the white cockade. I saved them; but it was not without difficulty that I rescued them from the hands of their assailants; and now, you see, they resume the same excesses against those who refuse to wear the white cockade." At about a league from Aix, the Emperor and his retinue found horses and an escort of gendarmerie to conduct them to the château of Luc.

The Princess Pauline was at the country residence of M. Charles, member of the Legislative Body, near the Castle of Luc. On hearing of the misfortunes of her brother, she determined to accompany him to the isle of Elba, and she proceeded to Fréjus to embark with him. At Fréjus the Emperor rejoined Colonel Campbell, who had quitted the convoy on the road, and had brought into the port the English frigate, the Undaunted, which was appointed to convey the Emperor to the place of his destination. In spite of the wish he had expressed to Colonel Campbell, he manifested considerable reluctance to go on board. However, on the 28th of April he sailed for the island of Elba in the English frigate, in which it could not then be said that Cæsar and his fortune were embarked.

[It was on the 3d of May, 1814, that Bonaparte arrived within sight of Porto-Ferrajo, the capital of his miniature empire; but he did not land till the next morning. At first he paid a short visit incognito, being accompanied by a sergeant's party of marines from the Undaunted. He then returned on board to breakfast, and at about two

o'clock made his public entrance, the Undaunted firing a royal salute.

In every particular of his conduct he paid great attention to the maintenance of his Imperial dignity. On landing he received the keys of his city of Porto-Ferrajo, and the devoirs of the Governor, prefect, and other dignitaries, and he proceeded immediately under a canopy of State to the parish church, which served as a cathedral. There he heard *Te Deum;* and it is stated that his countenance was dark and melancholy, and that he even shed tears.[1]

One of Bonaparte's first cares was to select a flag for the Elbese Empire; and after some hesitation he fixed on "Argent, on a bend gules, three bees or," as the armorial ensign of his new dominion. It is strange that neither he nor any of those whom he consulted should have been aware that Elba had an ancient and peculiar ensign, and it is still more remarkable that this ensign should be one singularly adapted to Bonaparte's situation; being no more than "a wheel,—the emblem," says M. Bernaud, "of the vicissitudes of human life, which the Elbese had borrowed from the Egyptian mysteries."[2] This is as curious a coincidence as any we ever recollect to have met; as the medals of Elba with the emblem of the wheel are well known, we cannot but suppose that Bonaparte was aware of the circumstance; yet he is represented as having in vain made several anxious inquiries after the ancient arms of the island.

During the first months of his residence there his life was, in general, one of characteristic activity and almost garrulous frankness. He gave dinners, went to balls, rode all day about his island, planned fortifications, aqueducts, lazarettos, harbours, and palaces; and the very second

[1] Itinéraire de Bonaparte, etc. Paris, 1814.

[2] Voyage à l'Ile d'Elbe, par A. F. De Bernaud. Paris, 1808.

day after he landed fitted out an expedition of a dozen soldiers to take possession of a little uninhabited island called Pianosa, which lies a few leagues from Elba; on this occasion he said good-humouredly, "Toute l'Europe dira que j'ai déjà fait une conquête" (All Europe will say I have already made a conquest). The cause of the island of Pianosa being left uninhabited was the marauding of the Corsairs from the coast of Barbary, against whom Bonaparte considered himself fully protected by the 4th Article of the Treaty of Fontainebleau.

The greatest wealth of Elba consists in its iron mines, for which the island was celebrated in the days of Virgil. Soon after his arrival Napoleon visited the mines in company with Colonel Campbell, and being informed that they produced annually about 500,000 francs, he exclaimed joyfully, "These then, are my own!" One of his followers, however, reminded him that he had long since disposed of that revenue, having given it to his order of the Legion of Honour, to furnish pensions, etc. "Where was my head when I made that grant?" said he; "but I have made many foolish decrees of that sort!"

Sir Walter Scott, in telling a curious fact, makes a very curious mistake. "To dignify his capital," he says, "having discovered that the ancient name of Porto-Ferrajo was Comopoli (the city of Como), he commanded it to be called Cosmopoli, or the city of all nations." Now the old name of Porto-Ferrajo was in reality not Comopoli, but Cosmopoli, and it obtained that name from the Florentine Cosmo de' Medici, to whose ducal house Elba belonged, as an integral part of Tuscany. The name equally signified the city of Cosmo, or the city of all nations; and the vanity of the Medici had probably been flattered by the double meaning of the appellation. But Bonaparte certainly revived the old name, and did not add a letter to it to dignify his little capital.

The household of Napoleon, though reduced to thirty-five persons, still represented an Imperial Court. The forms and etiquette of the Tuileries and St. Cloud were retained on a diminished scale, but the furniture and internal accommodations of the palace are represented as having been meaner by far than those of an English gentleman of ordinary rank. The Bodyguard of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Elba consisted of about 700 infantry and 80 cavalry, and to this handful of troops Napoleon seemed to pay almost as much attention as he had formerly given to his Grande Armée. The men were constantly exercised, particularly in throwing shot and shells, and he soon began to look out for good recruits.

He early announced that he would hold a Court and receive ladies twice a week; the first was on the 7th of May, and a great concourse assembled. Bonaparte at first paid great attention to the women, particularly those who possessed personal attractions, and asked them, in his rapid way, whether they were married, how many children they had, and who their husbands were. To the last question he received one universal answer: it happened that every lady was married to a *merchant;* but when it came to be further explained that they were merchant butchers and merchant bakers, his Imperial Majesty permitted some expression of his dissatisfaction to escape him, and hastily retired. On the 4th of June there was a ball on board the British frigate, in honour of the King's birthday; the whole beauty and fashion of Elba were assembled, and dancing with great glee, when, about midnight, Bonaparte came in his barge, unexpectedly and masked, to join the festivity. He was very affable, and visited every part of the ship, and all the amusements which had been prepared for the different classes of persons. On his birthday, the 15th of August, he ordered the mayor to give a ball; and for this purpose

a temporary building, capable of holding 300 persons, was to be erected, and the whole entertainment, building and all, were to be at the expense of the inhabitants themselves. These were bad auspices, and accordingly the ball completely failed. Madame Mère, Madame Bertrand, and the two ladies of honour attended, but not above thirty of the fair islanders, and, as the author of the "Itinéraire" remarks, "Le bal fut triste quoique Bonaparte n'y parut pas."

Having in an excursion reached the summit of one of the highest hills on the island, where the sea was visible all round him, he shook his head with affected solemnity, and exclaimed in a bantering tone, "Eh! il faut avouer que mon île est bien petite."

On this mountain one of the party saw a little church in an almost inaccessible situation, and observed that it was a most inconvenient site for a church, for surely no congregation could attend it. "It is on that account the more convenient to the parson," replied Bonaparte, "who may preach what stuff he pleases without fear of contradiction."

As they descended the hill and met some peasants with their goats who asked for charity, Bonaparte told a story which the present circumstances brought to his recollection, that when he was crossing the Great St. Bernard, previously to the battle of Marengo, he had met a goatherd, and entered into conversation with him. The goatherd, not knowing to whom he was speaking, lamented his own hard lot, and envied the riches of some persons who actually had cows and cornfields. Bonaparte inquired, if some fairy were to offer to gratify all his wishes, what he would ask? The poor peasant expressed, in his own opinion, some very extravagant desires, such as a dozen of cows and a good farmhouse. Bonaparte afterwards recollected the incident, and astonished the goatherd by the fulfilment of all his wishes.

But all his thoughts and conversations were not as light and pleasant as these. Sometimes he would involve himself in an account of the last campaign, of his own views and hopes, of the defection of his marshals, of the capture of Paris, and finally of his abdication: on these he would talk by the hour with great earnestness and almost fury, exhibiting in very rapid succession traits of eloquence, of military genius, of indignation, of vanity, and of selfishness. With regard to the audience to whom he addressed these tirades he was not very particular.

The chief violence of his rage seemed to be directed against Marshal Marmont, whom, as well as Augereau, he sometimes called by names too gross for repetition, and charged roundly with treachery.[1] Marmont, when he could no longer defend Paris by arms, saved it by an honourable capitulation; he preserved his army for the service of his country, and when everything else was lost stipulated for the safety of Bonaparte. This last stipulation, however, Bonaparte affected to treat with contempt and indignation. — *Editor of* 1836 *edition.*]

[1] Marmont's conduct has been dealt with in his "Memoirs." Marmont himself acknowledges the general feeling against him: see his "Memoirs," tome vii. p. 57. He however tries to represent Napoleon as soon pardoning him, or as overlooking his conduct. Thus he says that Napoleon spoke to Drouot and to Clausel as if his abuse of Marmont had only been assumed for a purpose, and that Marmont would rejoin his party, when he would have much pleasure in embracing him. With touching modesty Marmont repeats the following descriptions of him by Napoleon: "'Marmont is a very clever man, with much talent, yes, with much talent.' . . . The Duke of Vicenza has several times told me that Napoleon had said to him that I was the only one of his Marshals who understood him, and with whom he liked to talk of war."

Marmont, indeed, says that even after the desertion of Bourmont Napoleon, speaking of him and Victor, said, "Between the blues and white there is war to the death. If things go well, all our side will return to us" (*Marmont*, tome vii. pp. 151–154). But this last speech does not seem so complimentary as Marmont believed. It is more like Napoleon's answer when asked by O'Meara if Savary would have been faithful to him, when he said that Savary might have been, and certainly would have been, if he (Napoleon) had been successful.

CHAPTER III.

1814.

No power is so great as that resulting from the changes produced by time. Wise policy consists in directing that power, but to do so it is requisite to know the wants of the age. For this reason Louis XVIII. appeared, in the eyes of all sensible persons, a monarch expressly formed for the circumstances in which we stood after the fall of Napoleon.[1]

In the winter of 1813–14 some Royalist proclamations had been circulated in Paris, and as they contained the germs of those hopes which the Charter, had it been executed, was calculated to realise, the police opposed their circulation, and I recollect that, in order to multiply the number of copies, my family and I daily devoted some hours to transcribing them. After the definitive declaration of Alexander, a very active correspondence ensued between the Provisional Government and Hartwell, and Louis XVIII. was even preparing to embark for Bordeaux, when he learned the events of the 31st of March. That news induced the King to alter his determination, and he

[1] Louis XVIII. was deficient in some qualities which it might have been well for him to have possessed. The Baron de Vitrolles, who was venturing his life for his dream of what the Bourbons must be, gives us an idea of his own disenchantment. "The Comte d'Artois told me that the King often suffered from the gout, sometimes so much as not to be able to walk. My astonishment was such that I could not conceal it. I jumped up and recoiled some paces. 'What,' said I, with too much vivacity, 'the King cannot walk, but at least he can ride!'—'Not at all,' answered the Prince. 'My God!' cried I, 'what will become of us?'" (*Vitrolles*, p. 202).

soon quitted his retirement to proceed to London.[1] Louis XVIII. and the Prince Regent of England exchanged the orders of the Holy Ghost and the Garter, and I believe I may affirm that this was the first occasion on which any but a Catholic Prince was invested with the order of the Holy Ghost.

Louis XVIII. embarked at Dover on board the Royal Sovereign, and landed at Calais on the 24th of April. I need not enter into any description of the enthusiasm which his presence excited; that is generally known through the reports of the journals of the time. It is very certain that all rational persons saw with satisfaction the Princes of the House of Bourbon reascend the throne of their ancestors, enlightened by experience and misfortune, which, as some ancient philosopher observes, are the best counsellors of kings.[2]

I had received a letter addressed to me from London by the Duc de Duras, pointing out the route which Louis XVIII. was to pursue from Calais to Paris. In this he said, "After the zeal, Monsieur, you have shown for the service of the King, I do not doubt your activity to prevent his suffering in any way at a moment so happy and interesting for every Frenchman." The King's wishes

[1] The entrance of Louis XVIII. into London was a triumphal one. The waving of white handkerchiefs, the display of white cockades, were prodigious. We never saw such an exhibition of linen, muslin, and silks, — all Bourbonically white. — *Editor of* 1836 *edition.*

[2] The enlightenment of the Royalists is deliciously painted by Puymaigre (p. 173): "I remember that one of my comrades, who since the disbandment of the army of Condé had not left his château of Vivarais, said gravely to me one day (1814), '*Parbleu*, the King is very kind to trouble himself about his Charter. To end all debates, I should only have a law composed of two articles. First, everything in France is re-established as it was on the 13th of July, 1789.' — 'And the second?' — 'The second is even simpler. My Ministers of War, Interior, and of the Finances, etc., are charged with the execution of the present *ordonnance*.' And yet this man was no fool, but his ideas had petrified, and to him nothing had changed."

on this subject were scrupulously fulfilled, and I recollect with pleasure the zeal with which my directions were executed by all the persons in the service of the Post-Office. His Majesty stopped for a short time at Amiens, and then proceeded to Compiègne, where the Ministers and Marshals had previously arrived to present to him their homage and the assurance of their fidelity. Berthier addressed the King in the name of the Marshals, and said, among other things, "that France, groaning for five-and-twenty years under the weight of the misfortunes that oppressed her, had anxiously looked forward to the happy day which she now saw dawning." Berthier might justly have said for "ten years;" but at all events, even had he spoken the truth, it was ill placed in the mouth of a man whom the Emperor had constantly loaded with favours. The Emperor Alexander also went to Compiègne to meet Louis XVIII., and the two monarchs dined together.

I did not go to Compiègne because the business which I had constantly to execute did not permit me to leave Paris for so long an interval as that journey would have required, but I was at St. Ouen when Louis XVIII. arrived on the 2d of May. There I had to congratulate myself on being remembered by a man to whom I was fortunate enough to render some service at Hamburg. As the King entered the *salon* through which he had to pass to go to the dining-room, M. Hue recognising me said to his Majesty, "There is M. de Bourrienne." The King, then stepping up to me, said, "Ah! M. de Bourrienne, I am very glad to see you. I am aware of the services you have rendered me in Hamburg and Paris, and I shall feel much pleasure in testifying my gratitude." [1]

[1] Bourrienne's enemies naturally seize on this speech to remind us that the services rendered at Hamburg to Louis XVIII. were done at a time when he was in the service of Napoleon.

At St. Ouen Louis XVIII. promulgated the declaration which preceded the Charter, and which repeated the sentiments expressed by the King twenty years before, in the Declaration of Colmar. It was also at St. Ouen that project of a Constitution was presented to him by the Senate, in which that body, to justify *in extremis* its title of conservative, stipulated for the preservation of its revenues and endowments.

On the 3d of May Louis XVIII. made his solemn entrance into Paris, the Duchesse d'Angoulême being in the carriage with the King. His Majesty proceeded first to Notre Dame. On arriving at the Pont Neuf, he saw the model of the statue of Henri IV. replaced, on the pedestal of which appeared the following words: *Ludovico reduce, Henricus redivivus*, which were suggested by M. de Lally-Tollendal, and were greatly preferable to the long and prolix inscription composed for the bronze statue.[1]

The King's entrance into Paris did not excite so much enthusiasm as the entrance of Monsieur. In the places through which I passed on the 3d of May, astonishment seemed to be the prevailing feeling among the people. The abatement of public enthusiasm was more perceptible a short time after, when Louis XVIII. restored "the red corps" which Louis XVI. had suppressed long before the Revolution.

It was not a little extraordinary to see the direction of the Government consigned to a man who neither had nor

[1] The inscription in question, a happy one, was really composed by Beugnot, who was much disgusted by Lally's claiming it, and his complaints reached the King. "Louis XVIII., who attached importance to small literary matters, for he thought them some of the riches that existed before 1789, spoke of it to M. Lally, and he eloquently proved to his Majesty that in a kingdom like his, in which there were so many men of genius, it was not surprising that they should sometimes clash" (*Beugnot*, vol. ii. pp. 137–139).

could have any knowledge of France. From the commencement M. de Blacas affected ministerial omnipotence.[1] When I went on the 11th of May to the Tuileries to present, as usual, my portfolio to the King, in virtue of my privilege of transacting business with the sovereign, M. de Blacas wished to take the portfolio from me, which appeared to me the more surprising as, during the seven days I had the honour of coming in contact with Louis XVIII., his Majesty had been pleased to bestow many compliments upon me. I at first refused to give up the portfolio, but M. de Blacas told me the King had ordered him to receive it; I then, of course, yielded the point.

However, it was not long before I had experience of a

[1] Casimir, Comte (later, 1821, Duc) de Blacas d'Aulps (1770–1839), had succeeded the Comte (later, Duc) d'Avaray, as favourite of Louis XVIII., and in 1814 became his factotum. He has been so thoroughly well abused for pride, ignorance, and carelessness that it is impossible not to believe with Marmont that he has suffered for some of the faults of others. Thus it is said that the Abbé de Montesquiou, Minister of the Interior, kept on his table, without opening them, the despatches of M. de Bouthillier, then Préfet of the Var, which told him a fortnight beforehand of the plans of "the man of Elba," and similar neglect was shown to the reports of General Bruslart, commandant of Corsica, on the same subject (*Puymaigre*, p. 182). For some account of Blacas, see Vitrolles, p. 200; Marmont, tome vii. pp. 21 and 112; Thiers, tome xviii. p. 92. He was dismissed in 1815, became Ambassador in Rome and Naples with large gifts from his master, followed the exiled family in 1830, and died at Goritz in 1839. Part of Marmont's scheme for defending Louis XVIII. in the Tuileries in 1815, see farther on, on the return of Napoleon from Elba, hinged on the forcible removal of Blacas (*Thiers*, tome xix. p. 211).

How little it was known in France what the Bourbons were is shown by the following speech of Talleyrand when first told of the influence of Blacas while the King was still in England. "Who is this Blacas? I do not know where he comes from, and care little enough to know. We are going to enter on a constitutional government, where influence will be proportioned to capacity. Men will for the future have to take their places by public speaking and business" (*Beugnot*, vol. ii. p. 127). Talleyrand soon knew differently; indeed, Louis seems to have wished in 1815 to have got rid of Talleyrand and to have kept Blacas.

courtier's revenge, for two days after this circumstance, that is to say, on the 13th of May, on entering my cabinet at the usual hour, I mechanically took up the "Moniteur," which I found lying on my desk. On glancing hastily over it, what was my astonishment to find that the Comte Ferrand had been appointed Director of the Post-Office in my stead! Such was the strange mode in which M. de Blacas made me feel the promised gratitude of the sovereign. Certainly, after my proofs of loyalty, which a year afterwards procured for me the honour of being outlawed in quite a special way, I had reason to complain, and I might have said *Sic vos non vobis* as justly as Virgil when he alluded to the unmerited favours lavished by Augustus on the Mævii and Bavii of his time.

The measures of Government soon excited complaints in every quarter. The usages of the old system were gradually restored, and, ridicule being mingled with more serious considerations, Paris was speedily inundated with caricatures and pamphlets.[1] However, tranquillity prevailed until the month of September, when M. de Talleyrand departed for the Congress of Vienna. Then all was disorder at the Tuileries. Every one, feeling himself free from restraint, wished to play the statesman, and Heaven knows how many follies were committed in the absence of the schoolmaster.

Under a feeble Government there is but one step from discontent to insurrection; under an imbecile Government like that of France in 1814, after the departure of M. de Talleyrand, conspiracy has free scope.[2] During the sum-

[1] A little political journal, called the "Nain Jaune," or "Yellow Dwarf," exercised much influence at this period. — *Editor of* 1836 *edition.* See Metternich, vol. iii p. 31

[2] There is no doubt that Talleyrand's absence at Vienna was disastrous for the Bourbons; see for example the difficulties with the Ministers for want of any head (Talleyrand's *Correspondence*, vol. i. pp. 189, 190, etc.).

mer of 1814 were initiated the events which reached their climax on the 20th of March, 1815. I almost fancy I am dreaming when I look back on the miraculous incapacity of the persons who were then at the head of our Government. The emigrants, who, as it has been truly said, had neither learned nor forgotten anything, came back with all the absurd pretensions of Coblentz, Their silly vanity reminded one of a character in one of Voltaire's novels who is continually saying, "*Un homme comme moi!*" These people were so engrossed with their pretended merit that they were blind to everything else. They not only disregarded the wishes and the wants of France, which in overthrowing the Empire hoped to regain liberty, but they disregarded every warning they had received.[1]

As the Duke of Wellington said, the thing wanted above all others was a Ministry. "There are Ministers, but no Ministry" (Talleyrand's *Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 2). See also Beugnot, vol. ii. pp. 264, 265, for the position taken up by Talleyrand when he did return. "He started as if from a settled point, from the assumption that after his departure for the Congress of Vienna the Government had gone from one folly to another." He even told the Comte d'Artois, in full council, "Since his Royal Highness has placed the discussion on that footing, Monsieur has done a great deal of harm."

[1] One of the ways in which the Bourbons disgusted the army was the manner in which military rank was given to former *émigrés* who had never served, or who had only served in the lower ranks. Both Marmont and Vitrolles put this down to the error of Louis XVIII. in adopting uniform for his own dress instead of the former dress-coat. Every courtier wanted uniform; and as short hair was also adopted, they required epaulettes, and handsome epaulettes. For the offence thus given to the old officers see Marmont, tome vii. p. 46; Vitrolles, tome i. p. 203; and Puymaigre, p. 172. Another very sore point was changing the number of the regiments, simply for the love of uniformity, because some of the numbers had disappeared by reductions. "After long wars," says Marmont (tome vii. p. 74), "the numbers of regiments have become their names to which remembrances of acquired glory become attached, and to take them away was to gratuitously wound noble and legitimate sentiments. The first act of Napoleon, after his return during the *Cent Jours*, was to restore to every corps its lost former number."

I recollect one circumstance which was well calculated to excite suspicion. Prince Eugène proposed going to the waters of Plombières to join his sister Hortense. The horses, the carriages, and one of the Prince's aides-de-camp had already arrived at Plombières, and his residence was prepared; but he did not go. Eugène had, no doubt, received intimation of his sister's intrigues with some of the individuals of the late Court of Napoleon who were then at the waters; and as he had determined to reside quietly at the Court of his father-in-law, without meddling with public affairs, he remained at Munich. This fact, however, passed off unnoticed.

At the end of 1814 unequivocal indications of a great catastrophe were observable. About that time a man whom I much esteem, and with whom I have always been on terms of friendship, said to me, "You see how things are going on: they are committing fault upon fault. You must be convinced that such a state of things cannot last long. Between ourselves, I am of opinion that all will be over in the month of March; that month will repair the disgrace of last March. We shall then, once for all, be delivered from fanaticism and the emigrants. You see the intolerable spirit of hypocrisy that prevails, and you know that the influence of the priests is, of all things, the most hateful to the nation. We have gone back a long way within the last eight months. I fear you will repent of having taken too active a part in affairs at the commencement of the present year. You see we have gone a very different way from what you expected. However, as I have often told you before, you had good reason to complain; and after all, you acted to the best of your judgment."

I did not attach much importance to this prediction of a change in the month of March. I deplored, as every one did, the inconceivable errors of "Ferrand and Com-

pany," [1] and I hoped that the Government would gradually return to those principles which were calculated to conciliate the feelings of the people. A few days after, another of my friends called on me. He had exercised important functions, and his name had appeared on a proscription list. He had claims upon the Government, which was by no means favourably disposed towards him. I asked him how things were going on, and he replied, "Very well; no opposition is made to my demands. I have no reason to complain." This reminded me of the man in the "Lettres Persanes," who admired the excellent order of the finances under Colbert because his pension was promptly paid. I congratulated my friend on the justice which the Government rendered him, as well as on the justice which he rendered to the Government, and I remarked that if the same course were adopted towards every one all parties would speedily be conciliated. "I do not think so," said my friend. "If the Government persist in its present course, it cannot possibly stand, and we shall have the Emperor back again." — "That," said I, "would be a very great misfortune; and even if such were the wish of France, it would be opposed by Europe. You who are so devotedly attached to France cannot be indifferent to the danger that would threaten her if the presence of Bonaparte should bring the foreigners back again. Can you endure to think of the dismemberment of our country?" — "That they would never dare to attempt. But you and I can never agree on the question of the Emperor and your Bourbons. We take a totally different view of the matter. You had cause to complain of Bonaparte, but I

[1] Ferrand was so incrusted in old prejudices that he said one day, in the presence of several persons, that the Charter would have been a very good thing if it had been duly registered by the Parliament of Paris. — *Bourrienne.*

had only reason to be satisfied with him. But tell me, what would you do if he were to return?" — "Bonaparte return!" — "Yes." — "Upon my word, the best thing I could do would be to set off as speedily as I could, and that is certainly what I should do. I am thoroughly convinced that he would never pardon me for the part I have taken in the Restoration, and I candidly confess that I should not hesitate a moment to save my life by leaving France." — "Well, you are wrong, for I am convinced that if you would range yourself among the number of his friends, you might have whatever you wished, — titles, honours, riches. Of this I could give you assurance." — "All this, I must tell you, does not tempt me. I love France as dearly as you do, and I am convinced that she can never be happy under Bonaparte. If he should return, I will go and live abroad."

This is only part of a conversation which lasted a considerable time, and, as is often the case after a long discussion, my friend retained his opinion, and I mine. However, this second warning, this hypothesis of the return of Bonaparte, made me reflect, and I soon received another hint which gave additional weight to the preceding ones. An individual with whom I was well acquainted, and whom I knew from his principles and connections to be entirely devoted to the royal cause, communicated to me some extraordinary circumstances which he said alarmed him. Among other things he said, "The day before yesterday I met Charles de Labédoyère, who, you know, is my intimate friend. I remarked that he had an air of agitation and abstraction. I invited him to come and dine with me, but he declined, alleging as an excuse that we should not be alone. He then asked me to go and dine with him yesterday, as he wanted to talk with me. I accepted his invitation, and we conversed a long time on political affairs and the situation of France. You know

my sentiments are quite the reverse of his, so we disputed and wrangled, though we are still very good friends. But what alarms me is, that at parting Charles pressed my hand, saying, 'Adieu; to-morrow I set off for Grenoble. In a month you will hear something of Charles de Labédoyère.'"

These three successive communications appeared to me very extraordinary. The two first were made to me by persons interested in the event, and the third by one who dreaded it. They all presented a striking coincidence with the intrigues at Plombières a few months before. In the month of January I determined to mention the business to M. de Blacas, who then engrossed all credit and all power, and through whose medium alone anything could reach the sovereign. I need scarcely add that my intention was merely to mention to him the facts without naming the individuals from whom I obtained them. After all, however, M. de Blacas did not receive me, and I only had the honour of speaking to his secretary, who, if the fact deserve to be recorded, was an abbé named Fleuriel. This personage, who was an extraordinary specimen of impertinence and self-conceit, would have been an admirable study for a comic poet. He had all the dignity belonging to the great secretary of a great Minister, and with an air of indifference he told me that the Count was not there; but M. de Blacas *was* there, and I knew it.

Devoted as I was to the cause of the Bourbons, I thought it my duty to write that very day to M. de Blacas to request an interview; I received no answer. Two days after I wrote a second letter, in which I informed M. de Blacas that I had something of the greatest importance to communicate to him; this letter remained unnoticed like the first. Unable to account for this strange treatment, I again repaired to the Pavillon de

Flore, and requested the Abbé Fleuriel to explain to me if he could the cause of his master's silence. "Sir," said he, "I received your two letters, and laid them before the Count. I cannot tell why he has not sent you an answer; but *Monsieur le Comte* is so much engaged. . . . *Monsieur le Comte* is so overwhelmed with business that ——" — "*Monsieur le Comte* may, perhaps, repent of it. Good morning, sir!"

I thus had personal experience of the truth of what I had often heard respecting M. de Blacas. That favourite, who succeeded Comte d'Avaray, enjoyed the full confidence of the King, and concentrated the sovereign power in his own cabinet. The only means of transmitting any communication to Louis XVIII. was to get it addressed to M. de Blacas by one of his most intimate friends.

Convinced as I was of the danger that threatened France, and unable to break through the blockade which M. de Blacas had formed round the person of the King, I determined to write to M. de Talleyrand at Vienna,[1] and acquaint him with the communications that had been

[1] Talleyrand had on this occasion but little of that foresight generally attributed to him, and he seems to have not dreamt of the approaching catastrophe. When informed by Metternich of the departure of Napoleon from Elba, the following conversation took place. Talleyrand — "Do you know where Napoleon is going?" Metternich — "The despatch does not say anything about it." Talleyrand — "He will embark (disembark?) somewhere on the coast of Italy, and throw himself into Switzerland." Metternich — "He will go straight to Paris" (*Metternich*, vol. i. p. 255). This is not quite in agreement with Talleyrand's own account (Talleyrand's *Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 71), where he says he learnt the news first from a note of Prince Metternich, "To whom I replied that I saw from the date that Bonaparte's escape was connected with Murat's asking Austria to permit his troops to pass through her provinces." But, in the spirit of the answer attributed to him by Metternich, he informs the King that he "cannot believe that he (Napoleon) would dare to make any attempt upon our southern provinces" (vol. ii. p. 72). At p. 108 of the same volume he tells Jaucourt that "We have no reason to fear; our cause is safe," and, "I think this last dreadful attempt of Bonaparte's will not last long."

made to me. M. de Talleyrand corresponded directly with the King, and I doubt not that my information at length reached the ears of his Majesty. But when Louis XVIII. was informed of what was to happen, it was too late to avert the danger.

CHAPTER IV.[1]

1814 – 1815.

Lord Ebrington visited Napoleon at Elba in the winter of 1814, and the memoranda of his conversations with the ex-Emperor give an interesting picture of Napoleon's feelings at this time and reflections on past events.

Porto-Ferrajo, Monday, 6th December, 1814.

"I went by appointment at eight o'clock in the evening to the palace, and after waiting a few minutes was shown into the room of Napoleon.

"After some questions about myself and my family, he asked eagerly about France, saying, 'Tell me frankly, are they contented?' I said, 'Comme ça.' He replied, 'They cannot be; they have been too much humbled by the peace, — they have had a king imposed upon them, and imposed upon them by England. Lord Wellington's appointment must be very galling to the army, and so must the great attentions shown him by the King, as if opposing his own feelings to those of the country.[2] The Bourbons were not calculated to be popular with a people like the French.' Madame d'Angoulême, he had heard, was plain and awkward. 'For the angel of peace a witty or a pretty woman was required at least.' The King and Monsieur were too much influenced by priests. The

[1] This chapter first appears in the edition of 1834, and is not by M. de Bourrienne.

[2] As British Ambassador on the conclusion of the campaign of 1814.

Duc d'Angoulême, he had been told, was weak, 'and the Duc de Berry, according to report, has been committing a great many follies of late.' Besides, they had been the instruments of making a peace on terms to which he (Napoleon) never would have consented; giving up Belgium, which the nation had been taught to consider as an integral part of the dominions of France, and of which it would never quietly submit to be stripped. He said he spoke not from what he had heard, 'for I have no news except from the newspapers, or from the reports of travellers; but I know the French character well: it is not proud, like the English, but it is much more vainglorious; vanity is its principal feature, and the vanity of a Frenchman makes him capable of undertaking anything.' The army was naturally attached to him (Napoleon), 'for I had been their comrade. I had had some success with them, and they knew that I recompensed them handsomely; but at present they feel that they are nothing. There are at this moment in France 700,000 men who have borne arms, and the last campaigns have only served to show them how superior they are to their enemies. They render justice to the valour of your British troops; but they despise all the rest.'" [1]

[1] The Allies most imprudently restored, without any stipulation whatever, all the French prisoners they had taken during the war. In this manner more than 150,000 men, for the most part tried soldiers, were thrown like a lava stream into France, where they soon openly expressed their old enthusiasm for Napoleon, and their contempt and hatred of the new Government. They toasted the ex-Emperor as "the Little Corporal," or "Corporal Violet," and they confidently repeated wherever they went, "He will come back with the spring." It was impossible to prove to these men that had they been present in France, instead of being, as they were, prisoners to the Russians, the Prussians, and the Austrians, Paris could ever have been taken by the Allies: there was no convincing them that Napoleon had not been betrayed, for when did the French ever acknowledge to have been defeated, except through treachery? — *Editor of* 1836 *edition.*

This last assertion was, doubtless, insincere. More than one bloody campaign had taught the French soldiery that the Russians and their iron columns were not to be despised, and in the course of the war in 1813 and 1814 the Austrians and Prussians (particularly the latter) had commanded respect.

Bonaparte then talked about the conscription, and spoke of corps of a higher description for gentlemen to serve in, "for," said he, "I know it is hard for a gentleman to be taken for a common soldier." He said he had always been desirous of bringing forward the nobility, and that he had had in his army many young men of old families who behaved very well.

"He felt that France wanted an aristocracy; 'but for that it required time. I have made Princes and Dukes, and given them large estates, but I could not make real noblemen of them.' He meant, however, gradually to have intermarried them with the old nobility, as he had done in some instances; 'and if,' said he, 'the twenty years I demanded for the grandeur of France had been granted me, I would have done a good deal: but fate has determined otherwise.' The King, he thought, ought to follow the same plan, instead of advancing those so much who, for the last twenty years, had been 'buried in the garrets of London.'

"He considered the House of Peers as the great bulwark of the English Constitution, 'but in France,' he observed, 'I could make you forty Senates just as good as the one they have got.'

"He had read most of the pamphlets published in France since his abdication. 'Some of them,' said he, 'call me a traitor — a coward; but it is only truth that wounds, — the French well know that I am no coward. The wisest plan of the Bourbons would be to follow, with regard to me, the same rule I observed with respect to

them, which was not to suffer people to speak either ill or well of them.'

"Speaking of the finances of France, Napoleon said, 'All that I directed to be printed upon this subject is strictly true.' The civil list was 30,000,000 francs, but the expenditure seldom exceeded 18,000,000, and with that he had completed two or three of the palaces. His table cost 1,000,000 francs; his stable and *chasse*, including 700 horses, 2,000,000. Besides this, he had the disposal of the *Domaines extraordinaires*, a fund of 200,000,000, out of which he made presents, and rewarded those who distinguished themselves. To my question, 'Whence was this fund derived?' he answered, 'Out of the contributions of my enemies. Austria, for two treaties of peace, paid me by secret articles 300,000,000 francs, and Prussia just as enormously.' I inquired if he had received anything from Russia. He said, 'No!' I asked him what he thought of the Emperor Alexander. 'Oh, he is a true Greek! one cannot rely on him. He is, however, intelligent, and has certain liberal ideas with which he was imbued by one of our French *philosophes*, — Laharpe, who brought him up. But he is so fickle that one can never know whether the sentiments he utters proceed from his real conviction or from a species of vanity to put himself in contrast with his real position.'

"In elucidation of this he mentioned an argument they had had upon forms of Government, in which Alexander maintained a preference for elective monarchy. His (Napoleon's) opinion was quite contrary, for 'who is fit to be so elected? A Cæsar or an Alexander, who is not to be found once in a century: so that the election must after all be a matter of chance, and the law of succession is surely better than the dice.' During the fortnight that they were at Tilsit the two Emperors dined together nearly every day, 'but we rose early from table to

get rid of the King of Prussia, who bored us. About nine o'clock the Emperor Alexander returned in plain clothes to drink tea with me, and remained conversing very agreeably on different subjects, for the most part philosophical or political, sometimes till two or three o'clock in the morning.' The Emperor Francis, he said, had more honesty but less capacity. 'I would rely upon him sooner than on the other, and if he gave me his word to do such or such a thing, I would be persuaded that at the moment of giving it he meant to keep it; but his mind is very limited — no energy — no character.' The King of Prussia he called *un caporal*, without an idea beyond the dress of a soldier, and 'infinitely the greatest fool of the three.' The Archduke Charles was *un esprit très-médiocre*, who had, however, on some occasion, shown himself not to be without military talent.

"He spoke lightly of the talents of his Marshals, but, having once elevated them, it had been his system to maintain them. He had always been indulgent respecting military errors, as he evinced in not removing Marmont from his command after the loss of his artillery at Laon, which he now believed to have been treachery. He said that Augereau was a *mauvais sujet*, who, he thought, had made his terms a month before he declared himself. He spoke well of Masséna. 'I believe he behaved well, as did also Marshals Soult and Davoust.' I asked if he was not surprised at Berthier having been among the first to welcome the King's arrival. He answered with a smile, 'I have been told he has committed some follies of the kind, but his head is not a strong one. I had promoted him more than he deserved because I found his pen useful. Besides, I assure you he is a good fellow, and if he saw me he would be the first to express regret for what he has done, with tears in his eyes.'

"I asked him what he thought of the King of Spain

(Ferdinand). He said he was not without natural parts, but ignorant and bigoted from the faults of his education, which had been left entirely to priests. 'Moreover, the most dissimulating character I ever knew.' He considered Charles IV. to be honest and well intentioned, but with very little capacity. His Queen, I think he called *une méchante femme*, but I do not recollect his saying much about her.

"Napoleon inquired if I had seen 'the beautiful museum that I have given them at Paris.'[1] He expressed some regret at having taken away so many fine things from Italy. 'I was rather unjust in that, but at that time I thought only of France.' He had meant, however, to acquit his debt one day to Italy by separating it from the French Empire, and by forming it altogether into an independent kingdom for his son. I asked him if the King of Naples (Murat) would not have made an obstacle to this arrangement. He said, 'Yes, for the present, but I should have settled that somehow or other by the time my son came of age.' He had found the Italians lazy and effeminate, 'But I finished by making them as good

[1] With a few exceptions on the part of Prussia, the Allies left intact the wonderful Napoleon Museum, enriched with pictures and statues forcibly torn from Italy, Spain, and Germany; which stolen works of art, and the books and rare manuscripts exacted in treaties, signed at the bayonet's point, were all considered by a large portion of the Parisians and military as trophies of victory. The influence exercised on public opinion by this single circumstance was really considerable, and it required the great moral lesson, the restitution of these treasures (which was made in 1815), to bring the French to reason. If at the time of that restitution it had been deemed right (which it *was*) and feasible (which in many cases it was not) to insist on the restoration of the works of art which had been seized by Napoleon's generals, and kept on their own account, how many more pictures would have been sent back to Italy and Spain than actually were sent! The history of Marshal Soult's collection, so rich in the pictures of Murillo, Velasquez, Alonzo Cano, Casa del Campo, Coello, and others of the best Spanish masters, is perfectly well known. Marshal Soult afterwards sold this collection to King Louis Philippe. — *Editor of* 1836 *edition.*

soldiers as the French.' On my naming the Viceroy he said, 'He is a young man whom I have always treated as my son, and who has always deserved my praise.' I asked if he was not a very good officer. He said, 'Yes, he has always behaved very well; but he is by no means a man of superior talents.' He questioned me a good deal about Milan, the disposition of the people towards him, whether the things he had begun there were going on, etc., and seemed pleased at my admiration of the Simplon, which led him to speak of the roads and other public works he had made, or intended to have made, in different parts of the French dominions. Among them he particularly mentioned the dockyards at Antwerp and Venice.

"He asked me, 'What would they do with me if I were to go to England? Should I be stoned?' I replied that he would be perfectly safe there, as the violent feelings which had been excited against him were daily subsiding now that we were no longer at war. He said smiling, 'I believe, however, that there would always be some risk on the part of your London mob.' I then mentioned to him the odium that some of his acts had produced in England, and instanced the execution of the Duc d'Enghien. He justified it on the score of his being engaged in a treasonable conspiracy, and having made two journeys to Strasburg in disguise, in consequence of which he had been seized and tried by a military commission, which sentenced him to be shot. 'I have been told he desired to speak with me, which affected me, for I knew he was a young man of spirit and talent. I even believed that I would have seen him, but M. de Talleyrand hindered me, saying, "Don't commit yourself with a Bourbon: you know not what may be the consequences of it: the wine is drawn — it must be drunk"'[1] I asked him if it was

[1] It is due to this extraordinary personage to state our conviction that what Napoleon says here is untrue. Napoleon knew the wonderful talent

true that the Duke was shot by torchlight. He replied, 'Ah, no; that would have been contrary to law. The execution took place at the usual hour, about eight in the morning; and I immediately ordered the official report of it, with the sentence, to be published in every town in France.'

"I mentioned the idea that prevailed in England as to the murder of Captain Wright. He did not recollect the name, but on my saying that he was a companion of Sir Sidney Smith, he said, 'Did he then die in prison? for I have entirely forgotten the circumstance.' He scouted the notion of foul play, adding that he had never put any man to death clandestinely, or without a trial. 'My conscience is without reproach on that point; and had I been less sparing of blood, perhaps I might not have been here now. But your newspapers charged me also with the death of Pichegru, who strangled himself with his neckcloth.'

"He then went into an interesting account of Georges' conspiracy, its discovery by the confession of ——, an apothecary, a *Chouan*, and a curious conversation which was overheard between Moreau, Pichegru, and Georges at a house on the boulevards.

"He spoke with apparent pleasure of Egypt, and de-

and address of M. de Talleyrand, as also how largely they had contributed to the first restoration of the Bourbons in 1814. From that moment he entertained a rancorous spite against his ex-Minister, on whose shoulders he tried to throw the weight of many of his political mistakes and crimes. He roundly asserted, on several occasions, that Talleyrand projected and counselled the usurpation of the Spanish throne, whereas that Minister strongly dissuaded him from it. It was when madly rushing into this destructive war that M. de Talleyrand (as we believe) first made use of that piquant expression, "This is the beginning of the end." When Bonaparte commenced his Spanish manœuvres, M. de Talleyrand was not Minister for Foreign Affairs, — in his anger the Emperor had taken the office from him and given it to Champagny, the Duc de Cadore. — *Editor of* 1836 *edition.*

scribed humorously enough his admission and that of his army into Mahometanism, on receiving from the men of the law, after many meetings and grave discussions at Cairo, a dispensation from being circumcised, and a permission to drink wine, under the condition of their doing a good action after each draught. 'You can hardly imagine,' said he, 'the advantages which I gained in the country from this adoption of their religion.' I mentioned Sir Robert Wilson's statement of his having poisoned his sick. He answered, '*Il y a dans cela quelque fondement de vrai*, — There is some foundation of truth in that. Three or four [1] men of the army had the plague; they could not have lived twenty-four hours; I was about to march; I consulted Desgenettes as to the means of removing them. He said that it must be attended with some risk of infection, and would be useless to them as they were past recovery. I then recommended him to give them a dose of opium rather than leave them to the mercy of the Turks. He answered me, like a very honest man, that it was his business to cure and not to kill; so the men were left to their fate. Perhaps he was right, though I asked for them what I should under similar circumstances have wished my best friends to have done for me. I have often thought since on the morality of this, and have conversed on it with others; and I believe that, after all, it is always better to suffer a man to finish his destiny, be it what it may. I judged so afterwards in the case of Duroc, who, when his bowels were falling out before my eyes, repeatedly cried to me to have him put out of his misery. I said to him, "I pity you, my friend, but there is no help for it, — you must suffer on to the end."' I then asked him about the massacre of the Turks at Jaffa. He answered: 'It is true: I had about 2,000 of

[1] Bourrienne, who was with Bonaparte in Egypt, says there were nearly sixty cases of plague in the military hospital. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 228.

them shot, — you think that rather strong, — but I granted them a capitulation at El-Arish, upon condition that they should return to their homes. They broke the condition and threw themselves into Jaffa, where I took them by assault. I could not carry them off as prisoners, for I was in want of bread, and they were by far too dangerous devils to be let go a second time, so that I had no other means but to kill them.'

"This," says Lord Ebrington, "is all that I accurately recollect of this interesting conversation, which lasted from eight till half-past eleven o'clock, as we walked up and down the room. His manner put me quite at my ease almost from the first, and seemed to invite my questions, which he answered upon all subjects without the slightest hesitation, and with a quickness of comprehension and clearness of expression beyond what I ever saw in any other man; nor did he, in the whole course of the conversation, betray, either by his countenance or manner, a single emotion of resentment or regret."

About the middle of May, 1814, Baron Kohler, the Austrian Commissioner, took farewell of Napoleon to return to Vienna. The scene of Napoleon's parting with this gentleman is said to have been quite pathetic on the Emperor's side. He wept as he embraced General Kohler, and entreated him to procure, if possible, his reunion with his wife and child, called him the preserver of his life, regretted his poverty, which prevented his bestowing on him some valuable token of remembrance; finally, folding the Austrian General in his arms, he held him there for some time, repeating expressions of warm attachment. This sensibility existed all upon one side, for an English gentleman who witnessed the scene is said to have asked Kohler afterwards what he was thinking of while locked in the Emperor's embraces. "Of Iscariot," answered the Austrian.

After the departure of Baron Kohler, Colonel Sir Neil Campbell was the only one of the four Commissioners who remained at Elba by orders of the British Cabinet. It was difficult to say what his office really was, or what were his instructions. He had neither power, right, nor means to interfere with Napoleon's motions. The Emperor had been recognised by a treaty as an independent sovereign. It was therefore only as a nondescript kind of envoy that Sir Neil Campbell was permitted to reside at his Court. In fact, Sir Neil Campbell had no direct or ostensible situation, and of this the French at Elba took advantage. Drouot, the Governor of Porto-Ferrajo, made such particular inquiries into the character assumed by the British envoy, and the length of his stay, as to oblige Campbell to declare that his orders were to remain in Elba till the breaking up of the Congress which was now settling the affairs of Europe; but if his orders should direct him to continue there after that period, he would apply to have his situation placed on a recognised footing.

Napoleon did not oppose the equivocal residence of Sir Neil Campbell at Elba; he affected, on the contrary, to be pleased with it. For a considerable time he even seemed to seek the society of the British envoy, held frequent intercourse with him, and conversed with apparent confidence on public affairs. It appeared from these conversations that Napoleon's expressions were arranged, generally speaking, on a premeditated plan, yet it is equally evident that his ardent temperament, when once engaged in discourse, led him to discover more of his own private thoughts than he would on cool reflection have suffered to escape him.

In September, for example, Sir Neil Campbell had an audience of three hours, during which Napoleon, with his habitual impatience of a sedentary posture, walked from

one end of the room to the other, and talked incessantly. He was happy, he said, that Sir Neil remained in Elba, *pour rompre la chimère* (to destroy the idea that he, Bonaparte, had any further intention of disturbing the peace of Europe). "I think," he continued, "of nothing beyond the verge of my little isles. I could have supported the war for twenty years if I had chosen. I am now a retired person, occupied with nothing but my family, my retreat, my house, my cows, and my poultry." And yet, not unfrequently, the very moment after assertions like these Napoleon's eye would flash, his lips quiver, and on some sudden reference to the Bourbons or to his army, he would let words escape him that proved ambition was still alive and working within him.

On another occasion he described the ferment in France, which he said he had learned from the correspondence of his Guards with their native country, and went on to say plainly that the present disaffection would break out with all the fury of the former revolution, and require his own resurrection. "For then," he added, "the sovereigns of Europe will soon find it necessary for their own repose to call on me to tranquillise matters."

Sir Neil Campbell conceived some suspicions, but, upon the whole, thought it unlikely that the Emperor meditated an escape, unless a very tempting opening should present itself in France or Italy.

Napoleon frequently talked about his wife and son, whose society at Elba he claimed as a right, and as a thing indispensable to his happiness. On these topics his language was furious. General Kohler, on the other hand, insisted that her remaining apart from her husband was entirely voluntary on the part of Maria Louisa. He also expressed an opinion that Napoleon was actuated by other feelings than those of domestic affection; and this, though we believe he tenderly loved his child and his wife also, we can readily believe.

A curious incident made the simple-minded people of Elba believe for a short time that the Empress and the young Napoleon had really been among them to visit the fallen monarch. In August, 1814, a lady with a fine little boy arrived from Leghorn at Porto-Ferrajo in a very mysterious manner. She was received with distinction, around which, however, Bonaparte threw a certain veil of secrecy. She was lodged in a retired casino, or country-house, in the least frequented part of the island, where she only stopped two days, and then made sail for Naples. Even some of the French soldiery, who had only seen the lady at a distance or had not seen her at all, wrote to their friends that Maria Louisa had been to visit her husband, and that it was quite certain the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Austria were on the point of making up matters, and then making common head against the Allies.

The fine little boy was indeed the son of Bonaparte, but an illegitimate son, and the mysterious lady in question was not Maria Louisa, but a Polish Countess, with whom Napoleon had intrigued at Warsaw during the winter of 1807.[1]

As the winter approached, a change was discernible in Napoleon. The alterations which he had planned in the island ceased to interest him, he rode less frequently on horseback, and sunk occasionally into fits of deep contemplation, mingled with gloomy anxiety. "He became also," says Sir Walter Scott, "subjected to uneasiness, to which he had hitherto been a stranger, being that arising from pecuniary inconveniences. He had plunged into expenses with imprudent eagerness, and without weighing the amount of his resources against the cost of the proposed alterations. The ready money which he brought from France seems to have been soon exhausted, and to

[1] See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 108, The Countess Walewska.

raise supplies he commanded the inhabitants of his island to pay up, in the month of June, the contributions of the whole year. This produced petitions, personal solicitations, and discontent. It was represented to him that, so poor were the inhabitants of the island, in consequence of want of sale for their wine for months past, that they would be driven to the most extreme difficulties if the requisition should be persisted in. In some of the villages the tax-gatherers of the Emperor were resisted and insulted. Napoleon, on his side, sent part of his troops to quarter upon the insurgent peasantry, and to be supported by them without payment, till the contributions should be paid up."

An exhibition of poverty and destitution could hardly fail of exasperating and preparing for any enterprise, however desperate, his faithful followers and attached troops, who had been accustomed always to be well cared for. We suspect, however, that Bonaparte, who was then actually sending large sums of money to his brother Joseph for political objects, was not so poor as he seemed.

Sir Walter Scott, who believes his poverty to have been real, and who can hardly be suspected of favouring Bonaparte in opposition to the Bourbons, remarks: —

"The French administration were, of all others, most intimately bound in conscience, honour, and policy to see the Treaty of Fontainebleau, as forming the footstool by which Louis XVIII. mounted his restored throne, strictly observed towards Napoleon. The third article of that Treaty provides an annuity or revenue of 2,000,000 francs, to be registered in the Great Book of France, and paid without abatement or deduction to Napoleon Bonaparte. This annual provision was stipulated by the Marshals Macdonald and Ney as the price of Napoleon's abdication, and the French Ministers could not refuse a declaration

of payment without gross injustice to Bonaparte, and at the same time a severe insult to the Allied powers. So far from this pension being paid with regularity, we have seen no evidence that Napoleon ever received a single remittance on account of it. The British resident observing how much the ex-Emperor was harassed by pecuniary straits, gave it, not once but repeatedly, as his opinion, 'that, if these difficulties pressed upon him much longer, so as to prevent him from continuing the external show of a Court, he was perfectly capable of crossing over to Piombino with his troops, or committing any other extravagance.'"

This was Sir Neil Campbell's opinion on the 31st of October, 1814; and Lord Castlereagh made strong remonstrances on the subject, although Great Britain was the only power among the Allies who, being no principal party to the Treaty of Fontainebleau, might safely have left it to those States who were.

Not only were the claims of Napoleon left unsatisfied, but the pensions — 2,500,000 — stipulated for by the sixth article of the Treaty of Fontainebleau for the different members of his family were never paid by the restored Bourbons.[1]

Napoleon's conduct towards those who joined him at Elba was well calculated to make devoted partisans. On the 11th of July Colomboni, commandant of a battalion of the 4th regiment of the line in Italy, was presented to

[1] Some of this disgrace most undeniably fell upon such of the Allies as guaranteed the execution of the Treaty of Fontainebleau. Baron Fain says: —

"It must be recorded, to the disgrace of European diplomacy, that those generous professions were never carried into execution. The legacies which Napoleon distributed to persons about him, on the faith of the Treaty, have not been paid, and the legatees have not found in the signatures of Princes that security which is furnished by the signature of two attorneys in the most trifling matters of this nature between private individuals."

the Emperor as newly arrived. "Well, Colomboni, your business in Elba?" — "First, to pay my duty to your Majesty; secondly, to offer myself to carry a musket among your guards." — "That is too low a situation, you must have something better," said Napoleon; and instantly named him to an appointment of 1,200 francs yearly.

About the middle of summer Napoleon was visited by his mother and his sister the Princess Pauline. Both these ladies had very considerable talents for political intrigue, and their natural faculties in this way had not lain dormant or been injured by want of practice. In Pauline this finesse was partially concealed by a languor and indecision of manner and an occasional assumption of *niaiserie*, or almost infantine simplicity; but this only threw people the more off their guard, and made her finesse the more sure in its operation. Pauline was handsome, too, uncommonly graceful, and had all that power of fascination which has been attributed to the Bonaparte family. She could gain hearts with ease, and those whom her charms enslaved were generally ready to devote themselves absolutely to her brother. She went and came between Naples and Elba, and kept her brother-in-law, Murat, in mind of the fact that the lion was not yet dead, nor so much as sleeping, but merely retiring the better to spring forward on his quarry.

Having taken this resolution and chosen his time, Napoleon kept the secret of his expedition until the last moment; and means were found to privately make the requisite preparations. A portion of the soldiers was embarked in a brig called the Inconstant, and the remainder in six small craft. It was not till they were all on board that the troops first conceived a suspicion of the Emperor's purpose; 1,000 or 1,200 men had sailed to regain possession of an Empire containing a population of

30,000,000! He commenced his voyage on Sunday the 26th of February, 1815, and the next morning at ten o'clock was not out of sight of the island, to the great annoyance of the few friends he had left behind. At this time Colonel Sir Neil Campbell was absent on a tour to Leghorn, but, being informed by the French Consul and by Spanocchi, the Tuscan Governor of the town, that Napoleon was about to sail for the Continent, he hastened back, and gave chase to the little squadron in the Partridge sloop of war, which was cruising in the neighbourhood, but, being delayed by communicating with a French frigate, reached Antibes too late.[1]

[1] The conduct of Sir Neil Campbell was severely censured at the time in various quarters. The following defence of it was put forward by his friends, and published in a London newspaper. Campbell was a gallant officer, and it is but justice to him to reprint that statement here.

"From this period until the assembling of the Congress at Vienna, Bonaparte evinced the greatest predilection for the constant personal presence and society of Sir Neil Campbell; but the discussion of the Allied powers touching his future situation, and the arrangements of the Italian States seemed to awaken his slumbering passions and create rancour in his mind; he evidently alienated himself from the habits he had before cultivated with the British resident. Bonaparte's restlessness and dissatisfaction with his situation at Elba daily increased.

"About this time several of his relations and old friends arrived at Elba from the Continent; a frequent intercourse took place with Italy, and he evidently showed Sir Neil Campbell that his company was not so acceptable as formerly. Under these and other circumstances Colonel Campbell found it expedient occasionally to visit the Continent for the purpose of being the better enabled to watch, ascertain, and communicate to his Government and its functionaries on the Continent such intrigues of Bonaparte as might be carried forward, and which it was impossible to do by a constant residence at Elba; and there is reason to believe that he did not fail to report, from time to time, what appeared to him deserving of notice, as well on the Continent as in Elba. It is therefore to be presumed that even this exposition of the footing on which he was at Elba will evince the injustice of the language in which the public prints have indulged, in attributing to him a situation which he would have scorned to hold, — a power which he did not possess, and a negligence which the whole tenor of his military life most decidedly contradicts: nor will the public ascribe to an isolated individual, so situated, the means of preventing Napoleon's departure from Elba, the signal for which, had Colonel

There were between 400 and 500 men on board the brig (the Inconstant) in which Bonaparte embarked. On the passage they met with a French ship of war, with which they spoke. The Guards were ordered to pull off their caps and lie down on the deck or go below while the captain exchanged some words with the commander of the frigate, whom he afterwards proposed to pursue and capture. Bonaparte rejected the idea as absurd, and asked why he should introduce this new episode into his plan.

As they stood over to the coast of France, the Emperor was in the highest spirits. The die was cast, and he seemed to be quite himself again. He sat upon the deck and amused the officers collected round him with a narrative of his campaigns, particularly those of Italy and Egypt. When he had finished, he observed the deck to be encumbered with several large chests belonging to him. He asked the *maître d'hôtel* what they contained. Upon being told they were filled with wine, he ordered them to be immediately broken open, saying, "We will divide the booty." The Emperor superintended the distribution himself, and presented bottle by bottle to his comrades, till tired of this occupation he called out to Bertrand, "Grand Marshal, assist me, if you please. Let

Campbell been on the spot, would have been his imprisonment and consequent deprivation of all means of reporting to his Government." Fuller details will be found in a work since published by Sir Neil Campbell on the subject of his residence in the Mediterranean, when in attendance upon Napoleon Bonaparte.

The allusion in this letter to discussions carried on at Vienna "*touching his* (Napoleon's) *future situation*" merits particular attention. It is confidently asserted by many that *the island of St. Helena was talked of in Congress, and that Napoleon was told it was the intention of the Allies to send him to that island before he made up his mind to quit Elba and again try the fortune of his sword.* Such an announcement was certainly enough to force him again to appeal to the chances of war in his own defence. — *Editor of* 1836 *edition.*

us help these gentlemen. They will help *us* some day." It was with this species of *bonhomie* that he captivated when he chose all around him. The following day he was employed in various arrangements, and among others in dictating to Colonel Raoul the proclamations to be issued on his landing. In one of these, after observing, "We must forget that we have given law to the neighbouring nations," Napoleon stopped. "What have I said?" Colonel Raoul read the passage. "Stop!" said Napoleon. "Omit the word 'neighbouring;' say simply 'to nations.'" It was thus his pride revealed itself, and his ambition seemed to rekindle at the very recollections of his former greatness.

Napoleon landed without any accident on the 1st of March at Cannes, a small seaport in the Gulf of St. Juan, not far from Fréjus, where he had disembarked on his return from Egypt sixteen years before, and where he had embarked the preceding year for Elba. A small party of the Guards who presented themselves before the neighbouring garrison of Antibes were made prisoners by General Corsin, the Governor of the place. Some one hinted that it was not right to proceed till they had released their comrades, but the Emperor observed that this was poorly to estimate the magnitude of the undertaking; before them were 30,000,000 men *waiting to be set free!* He, however, sent the Commissariat Officer to try what he could do, calling out after him, "Take care you do not get yourself made prisoner too!"

At nightfall the troops bivouacked on the beach. Just before a postilion, in a splendid livery, had been brought to Napoleon. It turned out that this man had formerly been a domestic of the Empress Josephine, and was now in the service of the Prince of Monaco, who himself had been equerry to the Empress. The postilion, after expressing his great astonishment at finding the Emperor

there, stated, in answer to the questions that were put to him, that he had just come from Paris ; that all along the road, as far as Avignon, he had heard nothing but regret for the Emperor's absence ; that his name was constantly echoed from mouth to mouth ; and that, when once fairly through Provence, he would find the whole population ready to rally round him. The man added that his laced livery had frequently rendered him the object of odium and insult on the road. This was the testimony of one of the common class of society ; it was very gratifying to the Emperor, as it entirely corresponded with his expectations. The Prince of Monaco himself, on being presented to the Emperor, was less explicit. Napoleon refrained from questioning him on political matters. The conversation therefore assumed a more lively character, and turned altogether on the ladies of the former Imperial Court, concerning whom the Emperor was very particular in his inquiries.

As soon as the moon had risen, which was about one or two in the morning of the 2d, the bivouacs were broken up, and Napoleon gave orders for proceeding to Grasse. There he expected to find a road which he had planned during the Empire; but in this he was disappointed, the Bourbons having given up all such expensive works through want of money. Bonaparte was therefore obliged to pass through narrow defiles filled with snow, and left behind him in the hands of the municipality his carriage and two pieces of cannon, which had been brought ashore. This was termed a capture, in the bulletins of the day. The municipality of Grasse was strongly in favour of the Royalist cause, but the sudden appearance of the Emperor afforded but little time for hesitation, and they came to tender their submission to him. Having passed through the town, he halted on a little height some way beyond it, where he breakfasted.

He was soon surrounded by the whole population of the place; and he heard the same sentiments and the same prayers as before he quitted France. A multitude of petitions had already been drawn up, and were presented to him, just as though he had come from Paris and was making a tour through the departments. One complained that his pension had not been paid, another that his cross of the Legion of Honour had been taken from him. Some of the more discontented secretly informed Napoleon that the authorities of the town were very hostile to him, but that the mass of the people were devoted to him, and only waited till his back was turned to rid themselves of the miscreants. He replied, "Be not too hasty. Let them have the mortification of seeing our triumph without having anything to reproach us with." The Emperor advanced with all the rapidity in his power. "Victory," he said, "depended on my speed. To me France was in Grenoble. That place was a hundred miles distant, but I and my companions reached it in five days; and with what weather and what roads! I entered the city just as the Comte d'Artois, warned by the telegraph, was quitting the Tuileries."

Napoleon himself was so perfectly convinced of the state of affairs that he knew his success in no way depended on the force he might bring with him. A *piquet* of *gens d'armes*, he said, was all that was necessary. Everything turned out as he foresaw. At first he owned he was not without some degree of uncertainty and apprehension. As he advanced, however, the whole population declared themselves enthusiastically in his favour; but he saw no soldiers. It was not till he arrived between Mure and Vizille, within five or six leagues from Grenoble, and on the fifth day after his landing, that he met a battalion. The commanding officer refused to hold even a parley. The Emperor, without

hesitation, advanced alone, and 100 grenadiers marched at some distance behind him, with their arms reversed. The sight of Napoleon, his well-known costume, and his gray military greatcoat, had a magical effect on the soldiers, and they stood motionless. Napoleon went straight up to them, and baring his breast said, "Let him that has the heart kill his Emperor!" The soldiers threw down their arms, their eyes moistened with tears, and cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" resounded on every side. Napoleon ordered the battalion to wheel round to the right, and all marched on together.

At a short distance from Grenoble, Colonel Labédoyère,[1] who had been sent at the head of the 7th regiment to oppose his passage, came to join the Emperor. The impulse thus given in a manner decided the question. Labédoyère's superior officer in vain interfered to restrain his enthusiasm and that of his men. The tricoloured cockades, which had been concealed in the hollow of a drum, were eagerly distributed by Labédoyère among them, and they threw away the white cockade as a badge of their nation's dishonour. The peasantry of Dauphiny, the cradle of the Revolution, lined the roadside: they were transported and mad with joy. The first battalion, which has just been alluded to, had shown some signs of hesitation; but thousands of the country people crowded round it, and by their shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" endeavoured to urge the troops to decision, while others who followed in Napoleon's rear encouraged his little troop to advance by assuring them that they would meet with success. Napoleon said he could have taken 2,000,000

[1] Labédoyère was young, nobly born, gallant, handsome, and possessed of many high qualities, but his enthusiasm for Napoleon led him sadly astray. He was connected by his marriage with the loyal family of the Duc de Damas, and it was through that connection he obtained active employment from Louis XVIII. He paid dearly for his disloyalty, for after the second Restoration he was shot, like Ney. — *Editor of* 1836 *edition.*

of these peasants with him to Paris, but that then he would have been called "the King of the Jacquerie."

Napoleon issued two proclamations on the road. He at first regretted that he had not had them printed before he left Elba; but this could not have been done without some risk of betraying his secret designs. He dictated them on board the vessel, where every man who could write was employed in copying them. These copies soon became very scarce; many of them were illegible; and it was not till he arrived at Gap, on the 5th of March, that he found means to have them printed. They were from that time circulated and read everywhere with the utmost avidity.

The proclamation to the French people was as follows:

"Frenchmen! — the defection of the Duke of Castiglione delivered up Lyons without defence to our enemies. The army, the command of which I had intrusted to him, was, by the number of its battalions, the courage and patriotism of the troops that composed it, in a condition to beat the Austrian troops opposed to it, and to arrive in time on the rear of the left flank of the army which threatened Paris. The victories of Champ Aubert, of Montmirail, of Château-Thierry, of Vauchamps, of Mormans, of Montereau, of Craonne, of Rheims, of Arcis-sur-Aube, and of St. Dizier, the rising of the brave peasants of Lorraine and Champagne, of Alsace, Franche-Comté, and Burgundy, and the position which I had taken in the rear of the hostile army, by cutting it off from its magazines, its parks of reserve, its convoys, and all its equipages, had placed it in a desperate situation. The French were never on the point of being more powerful, and the *élite* of the enemy's army was lost without resource; it would have found a tomb in those vast plains which it had so mercilessly laid waste, when the treason of the Duke of Ragusa delivered up the capital and

disorganised the army. The unexpected misconduct of these two Generals, who betrayed at once their country, their Prince, and their benefactor, changed the fate of the war; the situation of the enemy was such that at the close of the action which took place before Paris, he was without ammunition, in consequence of his separation from his parks of reserve. In these new and distressing circumstances my heart was torn, but my mind remained immovable; I consulted only the interest of the country; I banished myself to a rock in the middle of the sea; my life was yours, and might still be useful to you. Frenchmen! in my exile I heard your complaints and your wishes; you blamed my long slumber; you reproached me with sacrificing the welfare of the country to my repose. I have traversed seas through perils of every kind; I return among you to reclaim my rights, which are yours."

The address to the army was considered as being still more masterly and eloquent, and it was certainly well suited to the taste of French soldiers, who, as Bourrienne remarks, are wonderfully pleased with grandiloquence, metaphor, and hyperbole, though they do not always understand what they mean. Even a French author of some distinction praises this address as something sublime. "The proclamation to the army," says he, "is full of energy: it could not fail to make all military imaginations vibrate. That prophetic phrase, 'The eagle, with the national colours, will fly from church steeple to church steeple, till it settles on the towers of Notre Dame,' was happy in the extreme."

The proclamation to the army ran thus: —

"Soldiers! — We have not been conquered: two men, sprung from our ranks, have betrayed our laurels, their country, their benefactor, and their Prince. Those whom we have beheld for twenty-five years traversing all Eu-

rope to raise up enemies against us, who have spent their lives in fighting against us in the ranks of foreign armies, and in cursing our beautiful France, shall they pretend to command or enchain our Eagles, — they who have never been able to look them in the face? Shall we suffer them to inherit the fruit of our glorious toils, to take possession of our honours, of our fortunes; to calumniate and revile our glory? If their reign were to continue, all would be lost, even the recollection of those memorable days. With what fury they misrepresent them! They seek to tarnish what the world admires; and if there still remain defenders of our glory, they are to be found among those very enemies whom we have confronted in fields of battle. Soldiers! in my exile I have heard your voice; I have come back in spite of all obstacles and all dangers. Your General, called to the throne by the choice of the people, and raised on your shields, is restored to you: come and join him. Mount the tricoloured cockade: you wore it in the days of our greatness. We must forget that we have been the masters of nations; but we must not suffer any to intermeddle in our affairs. Who would pretend to be master over us? Who would have the power? Resume those Eagles which you had at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Eylau, at Wagram, at Friedland, at Tudela, at Eckmuhl, at Essling, at Smolensk, at the Moskwa, at Lutzen, at Wurtzen, at Montmirail. The veterans of the armies of the Sambre and Meuse, of the Rhine, of Italy, of Egypt, of the West, of the Grand Army, are humiliated: their honourable scars are despised; their successes would be crimes, the brave would be rebels, if, as the enemies of the people pretend, the legitimate sovereigns were in the midst of the foreign armies. Honours, recompenses, favours, are alone reserved for those who have served with them against the country

and against us. Soldiers! come and range yourselves under the banners of your Chief: his existence is only made up of yours; his rights are only those of the people and yours; his interest, his honour, his glory, are no other than your interest, your honour, and your glory. Victory shall march at a charging step; the Eagle, with the national colours, shall fly from steeple to steeple, till it reaches the towers of Notre Dame! Then you will be able to show your scars with honour; then you will be able to boast of what you have done; you will be the liberators of the country! In your old age, surrounded and looked up to by your fellow-citizens, they will listen to you with respect as you recount your high deeds; you will each of you be able to say with pride, 'And I also made part of that Grand Army which entered twice within the walls of Vienna, within those of Rome, of Berlin, of Madrid, of Moscow, and which delivered Paris from the stain which treason and the presence of the enemy had imprinted on it.' Honour to those brave Soldiers, the glory of their country!"

These words certainly produced an immense effect on the French soldiery, who everywhere shouted, "Vive l'Empereur! Vive le petit Caporal!" "We will die for our old comrade!" with the most genuine enthusiasm.

It was some distance in advance of Grenoble that Labédoyère joined, but he could not make quite sure of the garrison of that city, which was commanded by General Marchand, a man resolved to be faithful to his latest master. The shades of night had fallen when Bonaparte arrived in front of the fortress of Grenoble, where he stood for some minutes in a painful state of suspense and indecision.

It was on the 7th of March, at nightfall, that Bonaparte thus stood before the walls of Grenoble. He found the gates closed, and the commanding officer refused to open

them. The garrison assembled on the ramparts shouted "Vive l'Empereur!" and shook hands with Napoleon's followers through the wickets, but they could not be prevailed on to do more. It was necessary to force the gates, and this was done under the mouths of ten pieces of artillery, loaded with grapeshot. In none of his battles did Napoleon ever imagine himself to be in so much danger as at the entrance into Grenoble. The soldiers seemed to turn upon him with furious gestures: for a moment it might be supposed that they were going to tear him to pieces. But these were the suppressed transports of love and joy. The Emperor and his horse were both borne along by the multitude, and he had scarcely time to breathe in the inn where he alighted when an increased tumult was heard without; the inhabitants of Grenoble came to offer him the broken gates of the city, since they could not present him with the keys.

From Grenoble to Paris Napoleon found no further opposition. During the four days of his stay at Lyons, where he had arrived on the 10th, there were continually upwards of 20,000 people assembled before his windows, whose acclamations were unceasing. It would never have been supposed that the Emperor had even for a moment been absent from the country. He issued orders, signed decrees, reviewed the troops, as if nothing had happened. The military corps, the public bodies, and all classes of citizens eagerly came forward to tender their homage and their services. The Comte d'Artois, who had hastened to Lyons, as the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême had done to Bourdeaux, like them in vain attempted to make a stand. The Mounted National Guard (who were known Royalists) deserted him at this crisis, and in his flight only one of them chose to follow him. Bonaparte refused their services when offered to him, and with a chivalrous feeling worthy of being recorded sent the decoration of

the Legion of Honour to the single volunteer who had thus shown his fidelity by following the Duke.

As soon as the Emperor quitted Lyons, he wrote to Ney, who with his army was at Lons-le-Saulnier, to come and join him. Ney had set off from the Court with a promise to bring Napoleon, "like a wild beast in a cage, to Paris." Scott excuses Ney's heart at the expense of his head, and fancies that the Marshal was rather carried away by circumstances, by vanity, and by fickleness than actuated by premeditated treachery, and it is quite possible that these protestations were sincerely uttered when Ney left Paris, but, infected by the ardour of his troops, he was unable to resist a contagion so much in harmony with all his antecedents, and to attack not only his leader in many a time of peril, but also the sovereign who had forwarded his career through every grade of the army.

The facts of the case were these: —

On the 11th of March Ney, being at Besançon, learned that Napoleon was at Lyons. To those who doubted whether his troops would fight against their old comrades, he said, "They *shall* fight! I will take a musket from a grenadier and begin the action myself! I will run my sword to the hilt in the body of the first man who hesitates to fire!" At the same time he wrote to the Minister of War at Paris that he hoped "to see a fortunate close to this mad enterprise."

He then advanced to Lons-le-Saulnier, where, on the night between the 13th and 14th of March, not quite three days after his vehement protestations of fidelity, he received, without hesitation, a letter from Bonaparte, inviting him, by his old appellation of the "Bravest of the Brave," to join his standard. With this invitation Ney complied, and published an order of the day that declared the cause of the Bourbons, which he had sworn to defend, lost for ever.

It is pleaded in extenuation of Ney's defection that both his officers and men were beyond his control, and determined to join their old Master; but in that case he might have given up his command, and retired in the same honourable way that Marshals Macdonald and Marmont and several other Generals did.[1] But even among his own officers Ney had an example set him. for many of them, after remonstrating in vain, threw up their commands. One of them broke his sword in two and threw the pieces at Ney's feet, saying, "It is easier for a man of honour to break iron than to break his word."

Napoleon, when at St. Helena, gave a very different reading to these incidents. On this subject he was heard to say, "If I except Labédoyère, who flew to me with enthusiasm and affection, and another individual, who of his own accord rendered me important services, nearly all the other Generals whom I met on my route evinced hesitation and uncertainty; they yielded only to the impulse about them, if indeed they did not manifest a hostile feeling towards me. This was the case with Ney, with Masséna, St. Cyr, Soult, as well as with Macdonald and the Duke of Belluno, so that if the Bourbons had reason to complain of the complete desertion of the soldiers and the people, they had no right to reproach the chiefs of the army with conspiring against them, who had shown themselves mere children in politics, and would be looked upon as neither emigrants nor patriots."

Between Lyons and Fontainebleau Napoleon often travelled several miles ahead of his army with no other escort than a few Polish lancers. His advanced guard now generally consisted of the troops (miscalled *Royal*)

[1] Marshal Augereau kept himself aloof. He could not be much flattered by the mention made of him in Bonaparte's proclamation to the troops!

who happened to be before him on the road whither they had been sent to oppose him, and to whom couriers were sent forward to give notice of the Emperor's approach, in order that they might be quite ready to join him with the due military ceremonies. White flags and cockades everywhere disappeared; the tricolour resumed its pride of place. It was Spring, and true to its season the violet had reappeared! The joy of the soldiers and the lower orders was almost frantic, but even among the industrious poor there were not wanting many who regretted this precipitate return to the old order of things, — to conscription, war, and bloodshed, — while in the superior classes of society there was a pretty general consternation. The vain, volatile soldiery, however, thought of nothing but their Emperor, saw nothing before them but the restoration of all their laurels, the humiliation of England, and the utter defeat of the Russians, Prussians, and Austrians.

On the night between the 19th and 20th of March, Napoleon reached Fontainebleau, and again paced, as had formerly been his custom, with short, quick steps through the antiquated but splendid galleries of that old palace. What must have been his feelings on revisiting the chamber in which, the year before, it is said he had attempted suicide![1]

[1] Baron Fain thus relates this report: —

"On the night of the 12th the silence which reigned in the long corridors of the palace was suddenly interrupted by the sound of hurried footsteps. The servants of the palace were heard running to and fro, candles were lighted in the inner apartment, and the *valets de chambre* were called up. Dr. Yvan and the Grand Marshal Bertrand were also summoned. The Duke of Vicenza was sent for, and a message was despatched to the Duke of Bassano, who resided at the Chancellerie. All these individuals arrived, and were successively introduced into the Emperor's bedchamber. Curiosity in vain lent an anxious ear; nothing was heard but groans and sobs escaping from the antechamber, and resounding through the gallery. At length Yvan came out of the chamber; he hastily descended into the

Louis XVIII. left the Palace of the Tuileries at nearly the same hour that Bonaparte entered that of Fontainebleau.

The most forlorn hope of the Bourbons was now in a considerable army posted between Fontainebleau and Paris. Meanwhile the two armies approached each other at Melun; that of the King was commanded by Marshal Macdonald. On the 20th his troops were drawn up in three lines to receive the invaders, who were said to be advancing from Fontainebleau. There was a long pause of suspense, of a nature which seldom fails to render men more accessible to strong and sudden emotions. The glades of the forest, and the acclivity which leads to it, were in full view of the Royal army, but presented the

courtyard, where, finding a horse fastened to the railing, he mounted him and galloped off. The secret of this night has always been involved in profound obscurity The following story has, however, been related: —

"During the retreat from Moscow Napoleon had, in case of accident, taken means to prevent his falling alive into the hands of the enemy. He procured from his surgeon Yvan a bag of opium,* which he wore hung about his neck as long as danger was to be apprehended. He afterwards carefully deposited this bag in a secret drawer of his cabinet. On the night of the 12th he thought the moment had arrived for availing himself of this last expedient. The *valet de chambre*, who slept in the adjoining room, the door of which was half open, heard Napoleon empty something into a glass of water, which he drank, and then returned to bed. Pain soon extorted from him an acknowledgment of his approaching end. He then sent for the most confidential persons in his service. Yvan was sent for also; but learning what had occurred, and hearing Napoleon complain that the poison was not sufficiently quick in its effect, he lost all self-possession, and hastily fled from Fontainebleau. It is added that Napoleon fell into a long sleep, and that after copious perspiration every alarming symptom disappeared. The dose was either insufficient in quantity, or time had mitigated the power of the poison. It is said that Napoleon, astonished at the failure of his attempt, after some moments of reflection, said, 'God has ordained that I shall live!' and yielding to the will of Providence, which had preserved his existence, he resigned himself to a new destiny. The whole affair was hushed in secrecy."

* It was not opium alone, but a preparation described by Cabanis, and the same which Condorcet made use of to destroy himself.

appearance of a deep solitude. All was silence, except when the regimental bands of music, at the command of the officers, who remained generally faithful, played the airs of "Vive Henri Quatre," "O Richard," "La Belle Gabrielle," and other tunes connected with the cause and family of the Bourbons. The sounds excited no corresponding sentiments among the soldiers.

At length, about noon, a galloping of horse was heard. An open carriage appeared, surrounded by a few hussars, and drawn by four horses. It came on at full speed, and Napoleon, jumping from the vehicle, was in the midst of the ranks which had been formed to oppose him. His escort threw themselves from their horses, mingled with their ancient comrades, and the effect of their exhortations was instantaneous on men whose minds were already half made up to the purpose which they now accomplished. There was a general shout of "Vive Napoléon!" The last army of the Bourbons passed from their side, and no further obstruction existed betwixt Napoleon and the capital, which he was once more — but for a brief space — to inhabit as a sovereign.[1]

Louis, accompanied only by a few household troops, had scarcely turned his back on the capital of his ancestors when Lavalette hastened from a place of concealment and seized on the Post-Office in the name of Napoleon. By this measure all the King's proclamations [2] were intercepted, and the restoration of the Emperor was announced to all the departments. General Excelmans, who had just renewed his oath to Louis, pulled down with his own hands the white flag that was floating over the Tuileries, and hoisted the three-coloured banner.

[1] Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Napoleon," vol. viii. p. 385.

[2] On the 12th of April Louis XVIII. issued a Declaration to the French people at Ghent, but even that paper could not be circulated in France until after the battle of Waterloo.

It was late in the evening of the 20th that Bonaparte entered Paris in an open carriage, which was driven straight to the gilded gates of the Tuileries. He received the acclamations of the military and of the lower classes of the suburbs, but most of the respectable citizens looked on in silent wonderment. It was quite evident then that he was recalled by a party, — a party, in truth, numerous and powerful, but not by the unanimous voice of the nation. The enthusiasm of his immediate adherents, however, made up for the silence and lukewarmness of others. They filled and crammed the square of the Carrousel, and the courts and avenues of the Tuileries; they pressed so closely upon him that he was obliged to cry out, "My friends, you stifle me!" and his aides-de-camp were compelled to carry him in their arms up the grand staircase, and thence into the royal apartments. It was observed, however, that amongst these *ardent friends* were many men who had been the first to desert him in 1814, and that these individuals were the most enthusiastic in their demonstrations, the loudest in their shouts!

And thus was Napoleon again at the Tuileries, where, even more than at Fontainebleau, his mind was flooded by the deep and painful recollections of the past! A few nights after his return thither, he sent for M. Horan, one of the physicians who had attended Josephine during her last illness. "So, Monsieur Horan," said he, "you did not leave the Empress during her malady?" — "No, Sire." — "What was the cause of that malady?" — "Uneasiness of mind . . . grief." — "You believe that?" (and Napoleon laid a strong emphasis on the word "believe," looking steadfastly in the doctor's face). He then asked, "Was she long ill? Did she suffer much?" — "She was ill a week, Sire; her Majesty suffered little bodily pain." — "Did she see that she was dying? Did she show courage?" — "A sign her Majesty made when she could

no longer express herself leaves me no doubt that she felt her end approaching; she seemed to contemplate it without fear." — "Well! . . . well!" and then Napoleon, much affected, drew close to M. Horan, and added, "You say that she was in grief; from what did that arise?" — "From passing events, Sire; from your Majesty's position last year." — "Ah! she used to speak of me, then?" — "Very often." Here Napoleon drew his hand across his eyes, which seemed filled with tears. He then went on. "Good woman! — Excellent Josephine! She loved me truly — she — did she not? . . . Ah! She was a Frenchwoman!" — "Yes, Sire, she loved you, and she would have proved it had it not been for dread of displeasing you: she had conceived an idea. . . ." — "How? . . . What would she have done?" — "She one day said that as Empress of the French she would drive through Paris with eight horses to her coach, and all her household in gala livery, to go and rejoin you at Fontainebleau, and never quit you more." — "She would have done it, — she was capable of doing it!"

Napoleon again betrayed deep emotion, on recovering from which he asked the physician the most minute questions about the nature of Josephine's disease, the friends and attendants who were around her at the hour of her death, and the conduct of her two children, Eugène and Hortense.

CHAPTER V.

1815.

Those who opposed the execution of the treaty concluded with Napoleon at the time of his abdication were guilty of a great error, for they afforded him a fair pretext for leaving the island of Elba.[1] The details of that extraordinary enterprise are known to every one, and I shall not repeat what has been told over and over again.[2]

[1] The island of Elba appears to have been (at least publicly) suggested by Marshal Ney. It is said that Bonaparte originally demanded Corfu, which was refused as too valuable a possession, under the ludicrous pretext that his residence there *might disturb the tranquillity of Turkey!* The island to which he was sent united every property which Bonaparte could have desired for new plans of ambition. Its small size and population disarmed jealousy, and gave it the appearance of a mere retreat. It contained an impregnable fortress, capable of being defended by a handful of faithful soldiers. It was within a few hours' sail of the coast of Italy, even then dreading the yoke of her old masters. Through Italy and Switzerland communications with the French army might be opened through unsuspected channels, and in the long line of the Alps and the Jura it was scarcely possible to intercept them. The distance from the coast of France somewhat diminished the facility of watching the port, and he was near enough to Provence for such a sudden enterprise as his situation allowed. If the globe had been searched for that residence in which Napoleon was most dangerous to France, all sagacious searchers must have pointed to Elba. — *Editor of* 1836 *edition.*

[2] In 1815 it was customary and convenient to treat Napoleon's return from Elba as a breach of faith justifying his eventual removal to St. Helena and making him an outlaw. All the petty but rankling annoyances inflicted on him, such as denying to the man who had made kings any higher title than that of General, were supposed to be justified by this act of his. It is now certain that when Napoleon left Elba he knew that his removal to St. Helena or some similar and detestable residence

For my own part, as soon as I saw with what rapidity Bonaparte was marching upon Lyons, and the enthusiasm

was practically determined on. Further, the Bourbons, by withholding the pensions due to him and his family, not only had broken the treaty with him, but had made it difficult for him to maintain himself in his little State. The determination not to pay the pensions and to remove him from Elba can be seen in the "Correspondence" of Talleyrand during the Congress of Vienna (London, Bentley), especially vol. ii. p. 27, where the Czar says to Talleyrand at Vienna, "Why do you not execute the treaty of 11th of April (giving the pensions)? . . . The treaty has not been executed, we ought to insist on its execution; our honour is at stake, we cannot possibly draw back; the Emperor of Austria insists on it as much as I do." Talleyrand goes on to tell the King (vol. ii. p. 28), "Lord Castlereagh also spoke to me warmly about the treaty of the 11th of April, and I have no doubt he will mention it to your Majesty. This subject has been revived lately, and is now in every one's mouth. I ought to tell your Majesty that it is constantly recurring, and in a disagreeable way." Talleyrand's only hope of getting the treaty performed by his master seems to have been to make a disgraceful bargain by which France should abandon the slave trade, in return for which piece of humanity his neighbours, the eccentric islanders, were to undertake the performance of the contract by which Louis held his throne. As for the removal, see the same "Correspondence," vol. i. p. 48, where Talleyrand writes to the King on 13th October, 1814, "A very decided intention of removing Bonaparte from the island of Elba is manifesting itself. I have proposed one of the Azores; it is 500 leagues from any coast. This the King considers an excellent idea." It was not unnatural for Napoleon to suspect some worse motive for this step than the wish to place him at a distance, and the knowledge of this plot may have had some weight with him when he surrendered himself to a Government which at least would not go farther than imprisoning him. See a curious but probably unintentionally sinister allusion by Alexander to the King of Saxony, another monarch held in disgrace by the Allies. "If the King of Saxony does not abdicate, he shall be taken to Russia: he will die there" (Talleyrand's *Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 87). The treaty is plain enough. "The Island of Elba adopted by his Majesty Napoleon I. as his place of residence shall form during his life a separate principality which shall be possessed by him in full sovereignty and property" (Talleyrand's *Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 37; *Thiers*, tome xvii. p. 790; *Martens*, tome vi. p 696).

It must be remembered that this treaty was not a mere favour granted to Napoleon when helpless. It was a contract for which the Allies and certainly the Bourbons had received full value. So well was this understood at the time that it was only when the Allies had actually signed the treaty that Caulaincourt handed to Talleyrand the formal abdication of

with which he was received by the troops and the people, I prepared to retire to Belgium, there to await the *dénouement* of this new drama.

Every preparation for my departure was completed on the evening of the 13th of March, and I was ready to depart, to avoid the persecutions of which I expected I should be the object, when I received a message from the Tuileries stating that the King desired to see me. I of

Napoleon; see Thiers, tome xvii. p. 792. The cession of Elba was a bargain, not a gift. Napoleon was far from helpless. It was the extraordinary step taken later by Talleyrand in surrendering the fortresses held by French troops which placed France at the feet of the Allies. Napoleon could have protracted the war: the bond which held the Allies was not one to stand much strain, and a petty island left to Napoleon was a small price to pay for the cessation of a struggle in which they had little more to gain and everything to lose. The Emperor of Austria had given Napoleon his daughter, the Czar had treated him as a brother, Bavaria and Würtemberg were Kings by his grace; not a sovereign on the Continent had scrupled to accept any gift from him in his days of power; witness the acceptance of Hanover by Prussia. Even England had recognised him as Consul. Why no faith was to be kept with him in his fall is difficult to explain. As for there being ground for surprise at his return, see the same Talleyrand "Correspondence." D'Hauterive writes to Talleyrand, then at Vienna, on the 14th of February, 1815, "Savary said to me with an air of extraordinary conviction, 'We shall see Bonaparte again, and it will be entirely their (the Bourbons') fault.' I feel that Daru and Maret agree with him" (vol. ii. pp. 9, 10). Daru, it should be remarked, was very far from an enthusiastic partisan of Napoleon, and indeed had a personal distrust of him. Jaucourt himself, then in temporary charge of the French Foreign Office, if he did not believe in the return, could not have been surprised at the catastrophe of the Bourbons, for he writes on 25th January, 1815 (vol. ii. p. 12), "We are really going on very badly, and we (the Government) must do better if we do not wish to perish utterly;" and after the return he writes on 10th April, 1815, (vol. ii. p. 143), "To express it in one word, — the road led straight to the island of Elba." There can be no doubt that the whole conduct of the Allied sovereigns at this period towards Napoleon, France, and the nations of Europe dealt a blow to the so-called principle of legitimacy at the very time it seemed triumphant in Talleyrand's mouth, which it never recovered from. The number of independent monarchs has rapidly lessened since 1815, and a strange sacrosanctity has become attached to the act of conquest. Napoleon was not far wrong when he said that if he fell the whole system would fall with him.

course lost no time in proceeding to the palace, and went straight to M. Hue to inquire of him why I had been sent for. He occupied the apartments in which I passed the three most laborious and anxious years of my life. M. Hue, perceiving that I felt a certain degree of uneasiness at being summoned to the Tuileries at that hour of the night, hastened to inform me that the King wished to appoint me Prefect of the Police. He conducted me to the King's chamber, where his Majesty thus addressed me kindly, but in an impressive manner, "M. de Bourrienne, can we rely upon you? I expect much from your zeal and fidelity." — "Your Majesty," replied I, "shall have no reason to complain of my betraying your confidence." — "Well, I re-establish the Prefecture of the Police, and I appoint you Prefect. Do your best, M. de Bourrienne, in the discharge of your duties; I count upon you."

By a singular coincidence, on the very day (the 13th of March) when I received this appointment, Napoleon, who was at Lyons, signed the decree which excluded from the amnesty he had granted thirteen individuals, among whose names mine was inscribed.[1] This decree confirmed me in the presentiments I had conceived as soon as I heard of the landing of Bonaparte. On returning home from the Tuileries after receiving my appointment, a multitude of ideas crowded on my mind. At the first moment I had been prompted only by the wish to serve the cause of the King, but I was alarmed when I came to examine the extent of the responsibility I had taken upon myself.

[1] This was Napoleon's list of proscription: "The Prince of Benevento (Talleyrand), the Duc de Raguse (Marmont), the Duc d'Alberg, the Abbé de Montesquiou, the Comte de Jaucourt, the Comte de Beurnonville, Lynch, Vitrolles, Alexis de Noailles, Bourrienne, Bellard, Larochejacquelin, and Sosthènes de la Rochefoucauld." — *Bourrienne.* According to Fouché, the name of Augereau originally stood in this black list; but it was erased at the entreaties of his wife, and in consequence of his proclamation of 23d March. — *Editor of* 1836 *edition.*

However, I determined to meet with courage the difficulties that presented themselves, and I must say that I had every reason to be satisfied with the manner in which I was seconded by M. Foudras, the Inspector-General of the Police.

Even now I am filled with astonishment when I think of the Council that was held at the Tuileries on the evening of the 13th of March, in M. de Blacas' apartments.[1] The ignorance of the members of that Council respecting our situation, and their confidence in the useless measures they had adopted against Napoleon, exceed all conception. Will it be believed that those great statesmen, who had the control of the telegraph, the post-office, the police and its agents, money, — in short, everything which constitutes power, — asked me to give them information respecting the advance of Bonaparte? What could I say to them? I could only repeat the reports which were circulated on the Exchange, and those which I had collected here and there during the last twenty-four hours. I did not conceal that the danger was imminent, and that all their precautions would be of no avail. The question then arose as to what course should be adopted by the King. It was impossible that the monarch could remain at the capital, and yet where was he to go? One proposed that he should go to Bourdeaux, another to La Vendée, and a third to Normandy, and a fourth member of the Council was of opinion that the King should be conducted to

[1] "When I went out, I left my vote in writing for M. de Bourrienne, whom it is proposed to make Prefect of Police" (Talleyrand's *Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 95, Jancourt to Talleyrand, 14th March, 1815). Bourrienne's surprise was shared by others more accustomed to the Bourbons, and who now at last saw with astonishment the true character of the sovereign for whom they had forced France to make such enormous sacrifices. "The tears came into my eyes at the Council yesterday when I saw the King, his brother, his nephew, and all his ministers deliberate for three hours on the arrests to be made" (Jancourt to Talleyrand, 14th March, 1815, Talleyrand's *Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 94).

Melun. I conceived that if a battle should take place anywhere it would probably be in the neighbourhood of that town; but the councillor who made this last suggestion assured us that the presence of the King in an open carriage and eight horses would produce a wonderful effect on the minds of the troops. This project was merely ridiculous; the others appeared to be dangerous and impracticable. I declared to the Council that, considering the situation of things, it was necessary to renounce all idea of resistance by force of arms; that no soldier would fire a musket, and that it was madness to attempt to take any other view of things. "Defection," said I, "is inevitable. The soldiers are drinking in their barracks the money which you have been giving them for some days past to purchase their fidelity. They say Louis XVIII. is a very decent sort of man, but *Vive le petit Caporal!*"

Immediately on the landing of Napoleon, the King sent an extraordinary courier to Marmont, who was at Châtillon, whither he had gone to take a last leave of his dying mother. I saw him one day after he had had an interview with the King; I think it was on the 6th or 7th of March. After some conversation on the landing of Napoleon, and the means of preventing him from reaching Paris, Marmont said to me, "This is what I dwelt most strongly upon in the interview I have just had with the King. 'Sire,' said I, 'I doubt not Bonaparte's intention of coming to Paris, and the best way to prevent him doing so would be for your Majesty to remain here. It is necessary to secure the Palace of the Tuileries against a surprise, and to prepare it for resisting a siege, in which it would be indispensable to use cannon. You must shut yourself up in your palace, with the individuals of your household and the principal public functionaries, while the Duc d'Angoulême should go to Bourdeaux, the Duc de Berri to

La Vendée, and Monsieur[1] to the Franche-Comté; but they must set off in open day, and announce that they are going to collect defenders for your Majesty.' . . . This is what I said to the King this morning, and I added that I would answer for everything if my advice were followed. I am now going to direct my aide-de-camp, Colonel Fabvier, to draw up the plan of defence." I did not concur in Marmont's opinion. It is certainly probable that had Louis XVIII. remained in his palace the numerous defections which took place before the 20th of March would have been checked, and some persons would not have found so ready an excuse for breaking their oaths of allegiance. There can be little doubt, too, but Bonaparte would have reflected well before he attempted the siege of the Tuileries.[2]

Marmont supported his opinion by observing that the admiration and astonishment excited by the extraordinary enterprise of Napoleon and his rapid march to Paris would be counterbalanced by the interest inspired by a venerable monarch defying his bold rival and courageously defending his throne. While I rendered full justice to the good intentions of the Duke of Ragusa, yet I did not think that his advice could be adopted. I opposed it, as I opposed all the propositions that were made in the Council relative to the different places to which

[1] Monsieur, the brother of the King, the Comte d'Artois, later, Charles X.

[2] Marmont (tome vii. p. 87) gives the full details of his scheme for provisioning and garrisoning the Tuileries which the King was to hold while his family spread themselves throughout the provinces. The idea had nothing strange in it, for the same advice was given by General Mathieu Dumas (*Souvenirs*, tome iii. p. 564), a man not likely to suggest any rash schemes. Jaucourt, writing to Talleyrand, obviously believed in the wisdom of the King's remaining, as did the Czar; see Talleyrand's "Correspondence," vol. ii. pp. 94, 122, 129. Napoleon would certainly have been placed in a strange difficulty, but a king capable of adopting such a resolution would never have been required to consider it.

the King should retire. I myself suggested Lille as being the nearest, and as presenting the greatest degree of safety, especially in the first instance.

It was after midnight when I left the Council of the Tuileries. The discussion had terminated, and without coming to any precise resolution it was agreed that the different opinions which had been expressed should be submitted to Louis XVIII. in order that his Majesty might adopt that which should appear to him the best. The King adopted my opinion, but it was not acted upon until five days after.

My appointment to the Prefecture of the Police was, as will be seen, a late-thought-of measure, almost as late indeed as Napoleon's proposition to send me as his Minister Plenipotentiary to Switzerland. In now accepting office I was well convinced of the inutility of any effort that might be made to arrest the progress of the fast-approaching and menacing events. Being introduced into the King's cabinet, his Majesty asked me what I thought of the situation of affairs. "I think, Sire, that Bonaparte will be here in five or six days." — "What, sir?" — "Yes, Sire." — "But proper measures are taken, the necessary orders given, and the Marshals are faithful to me." — "Sire, I suspect no man's fidelity; but I can assure your Majesty that, as Bonaparte has landed, he will be here within a week. I know him, and your Majesty cannot know him as well as I do; but I can venture to assure your Majesty with the same confidence that he will not be here six months hence. He will be hurried into acts of folly which will ruin him." — "M. de Bourrienne, I hope the best from events; but if misfortune again compel me to leave France, and your second prediction be fulfilled, you may rely on me." During this short conversation the King appeared perfectly tranquil and resigned.

The next day I again visited the Tuileries, whither I had at those perilous times frequent occasion to repair. On that day I received a list of twenty-five persons whom I was ordered to arrest. I took the liberty to observe that such a proceeding was not only useless but likely to produce a very injurious effect at that critical moment. The reasons I urged had not all the effect I expected. However, some relaxation as to twenty-three of the twenty-five was conceded, but it was insisted that Fouché and Davoust should be arrested without delay. The King repeatedly said, "I wish you to arrest Fouché." — "Sire, I beseech your Majesty to consider the inutility of such a measure." — "I am resolved upon Fouché's arrest. But I am sure you will miss him, for André could not catch him."

After this formal order from the King, I left the Tuileries, carrying with me the following list. I have preserved the autograph in the handwriting of M. de Blacas, and I here insert a faithful copy without even correcting the erroneous orthography of some of the names: —

"Fouché; Davoust; Le Comte, Rue du Bac, corner of the Rue de l'Université — he holds funds belonging to Fouché; M. Gaillard, Councillor, of the Royal Court; Hinguerlot; Le Maire; Gérard; Mejean; Le Grand; Etienne; Rovigo; Réal; Mounier; Arnauld; Norwins; Bouvier-Dumolard; Maret; Duviquet; Patris; Lavalette; Syèyes; Pierre Pierre; Flao; Excellmonce; Jos. Thurot."

My nocturnal installation as Prefect of the Police took place some time after midnight. I had great repugnance to the arrest of Fouché, but the order having been given, there was no alternative but to obey it. I communicated the order to M. Foudras, who very coolly observed, "Since we are to arrest him, you need not be afraid; we shall have him fast to-morrow."

The next day my agents repaired to the Duke of Otranto's hôtel, in the Rue d'Artois. On showing their warrant, Fouché said, "What does this mean? Your warrant is of no force; it is mere waste-paper. It purports to come from the Prefect of the Police, but there is no such Prefect." In my opinion Fouché was right; for my appointment, which took place during the night, had not been legally announced. Be that as it may, on his refusal to surrender, one of my agents applied to the staff of the National Guard, requesting the support, in case of need, of an armed force. General Dessolles repaired to the Tuileries to take the King's orders on the subject. Meanwhile Fouché, who never lost his self-possession, after talking to the police officers who remained with him, pretended to step aside for some indispensable purpose; but the door which he opened led into a dark passage through which he slipped, leaving my unfortunate agents groping about in the obscurity.[1] As for him-

[1] The following is the account in the spurious Memoirs of Fouché, which are probably pretty accurate on this particular incident: —

"I was sitting without any mistrust in my hôtel, when some agents of the Parisian police, at the head of which Bourrienne had just been placed, suddenly made their appearance accompanied by *gendarmes*, to arrest me. Having timely intelligence, I hastily took measures for my escape. The agents of police had already proceeded to active search in my apartments, when the *gendarmes* commissioned to execute the order of the new prefect presented themselves before me. These men, who had so long obeyed my orders, not daring to lay their hands on my person, contented themselves with giving me their written authority. I took the paper, opened it, and confidently said, 'This order is not regular: stay where you are while I go and protest it.' I entered my closet, seated myself at my desk, and began to write. I then rose with a paper in my hand, and, making a sudden turn, I precipitately descended into my garden by a secret door; there I found a ladder attached to a wall contiguous to the hôtel of Queen Hortense. I nimbly climbed it; one of my people raised the ladder, which I took and let it fall on its feet on the other side of the wall; this I quickly adjusted, and descended with still more promptitude. I arrived, in the character of a fugitive, at the house of Hortense, who extended her hospitality to me; and, as if by some sudden transition of an Eastern tale, I suddenly found myself in the midst of the *élite* of the Bonapartists, in the

self, he speedily gained the Rue Taitbout, where he stepped into a coach, and drove off. This is the whole history of the notable arrest of Fouché.

As for Davoust, I felt my hands tied with respect to him. I do not mean to affect generosity, for I acknowledge the enmity I bore him; but I did not wish it to be supposed that I was acting towards him from a spirit of personal vengeance. I therefore merely ordered him to be watched. The other twenty-three were to me in this matter as if they had never existed; and some of them, perhaps, will only learn, in reading my Memoirs, what dangerous characters they were thought to be.

On the 15th of March, after the conversation which, as I have already related, I had with Louis XVIII., I went to M. de Blacas and repeated to him what I had stated to the King on the certainty of Bonaparte's speedy arrival in Paris. I told him that I found it necessary to devote the short time still in our power to prevent a reaction against the Royalists, and to preserve public tranquillity until the departure of the Royal family, and that

headquarters of the party, whom I found in excellent spirits, and where my presence added to the rejoicing" (Fouché's *Memoirs*, tome ii.).

Fouché, after making his escape, went straight to the hôtel of Hortense, Duchesse de St. Leu, ex-Queen of Holland, where he was welcomed by the Bonapartists, who had made that their headquarters. He himself made little secret that it was not Napoleon that he and his friends had hoped to set at the head of the Government instead of the elder Bourbons. He acknowledged this openly, saying, for example, to Méneval, long secretary of Napoleon, and who remained faithful to the Emperor, "So he is here. He is not the man wished for, but he cannot be taken away like a chess pawn. We will see what we can do to keep him." — "I," says Méneval (tome ii. p. 339), "told the Emperor of this. He doubtless knew what to expect from Fouché, for he only shrugged his shoulders as a sign of contempt." See also Thiers (tome xix. p. 213) for a curious conversation of Fouché's with a messenger from the King, before Napoleon arrived, when he intimated that he would probably soon be a Minister of Napoleon, but only to betray him. Lucien Bonaparte, however, avowing his dislike of Fouché, declares that "it is not true that Fouché betrayed the Emperor during the *Cent Jours*" (Imng's *Lucien*, tome iii. p. 294).

I would protect the departure of all persons who had reasons for withdrawing themselves from the scene of the great and perhaps disastrous events that might ensue. "You may readily believe, Count," added I, "that, considering the great interests with which I am intrusted, I am not inclined to lose valuable time in arresting the persons of whose names I have received a list. The execution of such a measure would be useless; it would lead to nothing, or rather it would serve to irritate public feeling. My conviction of this fact has banished from me all idea of keeping under restraint for four or five days persons whose influence, whether real or supposed, is nil, since Bonaparte is at Auxerre. Mere supervision appears to me sufficient, and to that I propose confining myself." — "The King," replied M. de Blacas, "relies on you. He knows that though only forty-eight hours have elapsed since you entered upon your functions, you have already rendered greater services than you are perhaps aware of." I then asked M. de Blacas whether he had not received any intimation of Bonaparte's intended departure from the island of Elba by letters or by secret agents. "The only positive information we received," answered the Minister, "was an intercepted letter, dated Elba, 6th February. It was addressed to M. ——, near Grenoble. I will show it you." M. de Blacas opened a drawer of his writing-table and took out the letter, which he gave to me. The writer thanked his correspondent for the information he had transmitted to "the inhabitant of Elba." He was informed that everything was ready for departure, and that the first favourable opportunity would be seized, but that it would be desirable first to receive answers to some questions contained in the letter.[1] These questions related to the regiments

[1] In the villages around Paris as well as on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, the violet was the secret symbol by which the Napoleonists denoted

which had been sent into the South, and the places of their cantonment. It was inquired whether the choice of the commanders was conformable to what had been agreed on in Paris, and whether Labédoyère was at his post. The letter was rather long, and it impressed me by the way in which the plan of a landing on the coast of Provence was discussed. Precise answers were requested on all these points. On returning the letter to M. de Blacas, I remarked that the contents of the letter called for the adoption of some decided measures, and I asked him what had been done. He answered, "I immediately sent a copy of the letter to M. d'André, that he might give orders for arresting the individual to whom it was addressed."

Having had the opportunity of closely observing the machinery of a vigilant and active Government, I was, I must confess, not a little amazed at the insufficiency of the measures adopted to defeat this well-planned conspiracy. When M. de Blacas informed me of all that had been done, I could not repress an exclamation of surprise. "Well," said he, "and what would *you* have done?" — "In the first place I would not have lost twenty-four hours, which were an age in such a crisis." I then explained the plan I would have adopted. A

their Chief and recognised each other. They wore rings of a violet colour, with the device, "Elle reparaîtra au printems," "It will reappear in the spring." When they asked, "Aimez-vous la violette?" "Do you love the violet?" if the answer was "Oui," "Yes," they inferred that the answerer was not a confederate. But if the answer was "Eh, bien," "Well, then," they recognised a brother initiated in the secrets of the conspiracy, and they completed his sentence, "Elle reparaîtra au printems." These secret symbols, less important for their professed purposes of secrecy than as a romantic garniture of conspiracy, calculated to excite the imagination, and peculiarly adapted in that respect to the character of Frenchmen, had been employed a twelvemonth before by the partisans of the House of Bourbon. A Royalist then sounded any man of whom he entertained hopes by saying "Déli." If the answer was "vrance," the recognition of principle was reciprocal and satisfactory. — *Editor of* 1836 *edition.*

quarter of an hour after the receipt of the letter I would have sent trustworthy men to Grenoble, and above all things I would have taken care not to let the matter fall into the hands of the police. Having obtained all information from the correspondent at Grenoble, I would have made him write a letter to his correspondent at Elba to quiet the eagerness of Napoleon, telling him that the movement of troops he spoke of had not been made, that it would take eight days to carry it out, and that it was necessary to the success of the enterprise to delay the embarkation for some days. While Bonaparte was thus delayed, I would have sent to the coast of Provence a sufficient body of men devoted to the Royal cause, sending off in another direction the regiments whose chiefs were gained over by Napoleon, as the correspondence should reveal their names.[1] "You are perhaps right, sir," said M. de Blacas, "but what could I do? I am new here. I had not the control of the police, and I trusted to M. d'André." — "Well," said I, "Bonaparte will be here on the 20th of March." With these words I parted from M. de Blacas. I remarked a great change in him. He had already lost a vast deal of that *hauteur* of favouritism which made him so much disliked.

When I entered upon my duties in the Prefecture of Police, the evil was already past remedy. The incorrigible *émigrés* required another lesson, and the temporary resurrection of the Empire was inevitable. But if Bonaparte was recalled, it was not owing to any attachment to him personally; it was not from any fidelity to the recollections of the Empire. It was resolved at any price

[1] The plan of Bourrienne would have been wrecked by the impossibility of getting men who were, at one and the same time, devoted to the Bourbons and of capacity to save them. If the statesmen in power under Louis XVIII. had been capable of forming any good plan of meeting the expedition of Napoleon, the enterprise would not have been dreamt of.

to get rid of those imbecile councillors, who thought they might treat France like a country conquered by the emigrants. The people determined to free themselves from a Government which seemed resolved to trample on all that was dear to France. In this state of things some looked upon Bonaparte as a liberator, but the greater number regarded him as an instrument. In this last character he was viewed by the old Republicans, and by a new generation, who thought they caught a glimpse of liberty in promises, and who were blind enough to believe that the idol of France would be restored by Napoleon.[1]

In February, 1815, while everything was preparing at Elba for the approaching departure of Napoleon, Murat applied to the Court of Vienna for leave to march through the Austrian Provinces of Upper Italy an army directed on France. It was on the 26th of the same month that Bonaparte escaped from Elba. These two facts were necessarily connected together, for in spite of Murat's extravagant ideas, he never could have entertained the expectation of obliging the King of France, by the mere force of arms, to acknowledge his continued possession of the throne of Naples. Since the return of Louis XVIII., the Cabinet of the Tuileries had never regarded Murat in any other light than as a usurper, and I know from good authority that the French Plenipoten-

[1] Napoleon's return in 1815 has much resemblance to that in 1799 from Egypt. In both cases, whether he had come or not, it was certain that the Government would have been overthrown: in neither case was he himself the person first intended by the conspirators to be made their instrument. In 1799 Hoche, and then Joubert, had been first chosen as the man to strike the blow. In 1815 it was the Duke of Orleans later Louis Philippe, that the discontented party had chosen to replace Louis XVIII. and to give France a Government at once liberal and strong. In both cases the sudden arrival of Napoleon forced the hand of the conspirators. As he himself said in 1815, "It is not Louis XVIII., but the Duke of Orleans, that I have dethroned."

tiaries at the Congress of Vienna were especially instructed to insist that the restoration of the throne of Naples in favour of the Bourbons of the Two Sicilies should be a consequence of the restoration of the throne of France. I also know that the proposition was firmly opposed on the part of Austria, who had always viewed with jealousy the occupation of three thrones of Europe by the single House of Bourbon.

According to information, for the authenticity of which I can vouch, the following were the plans which Napoleon conceived at Elba. Almost immediately after his arrival in France, he was to order the Marshals on whom he could best rely to defend to the utmost the entrances to the French territory and the approaches to Paris, by pivoting on the triple line of fortresses which gird the north and east of France. Davoust was *in petto* singled out for the defence of Paris. He was to arm the inhabitants of the suburbs, and to have, besides, 20,000 men of the National Guard at his disposal. Napoleon, not being aware of the situation of the Allies, never supposed that they could concentrate their forces and march against him so speedily as they did. He hoped to take them by surprise, and defeat their projects, by making Murat march upon Milan, and by stirring up insurrections in Italy. The Po being once crossed, and Murat approaching the capital of Lombardy, Napoleon with the corps of Suchet, Brune, Grouchy, and Masséna, augmented by troops sent, by forced marches, to Lyons, was to cross the Alps and revolutionise Piedmont. There, having recruited his army and joined the Neapolitans in Milan, he was to proclaim the independence of Italy, unite the whole country under a single chief, and then march at the head of 100,000 men on Vienna, by the Julian Alps, across which victory had conducted him in 1797. This was not all: numerous emissaries scattered through

Poland and Hungary were to foment discord and raise the cry of liberty and independence, to alarm Russia and Austria. It must be confessed it would have been an extraordinary spectacle to see Napoleon giving liberty to Europe in revenge for not having succeeded in enslaving her.

By means of these bold manœuvres and vast combinations, Napoleon calculated that he would have the advantage of the initiative in military operations. Perhaps his genius was never more fully developed than in this vast conception. According to this plan he was to extend his operations over a line of 500 leagues, from Ostend to Vienna, by the Alps and Italy, to provide himself with immense resources of every kind, to prevent the Emperor of Austria from marching his troops against France, and probably force him to terminate a war from which the hereditary provinces would have exclusively suffered. Such was the bright prospect which presented itself to Napoleon when he stepped on board the vessel which was to convey him from Elba to France. But the mad precipitation of Murat put Europe on the alert, and the brilliant illusion vanished like a dream.[1]

[1] "The festivals and entertainments at the Court of Naples at the beginning of 1815 were more splendid than ever, but much less gay, for the apparent security and confidence of Murat did not sufficiently conceal his real uneasiness, nor did the show of respect on the part of the foreign ambassadors prevent people from seeing that they felt an aversion to his continuing on the throne. To the surprise of everybody not in the secret, Joachim continued his warlike preparations. The activity in the interior of the palace increased every day; couriers were continually despatched, and the arrival and departure of foreigners was more and more frequent. After some days of extraordinary agitation at Court, the news arrived that the Emperor Napoleon, having embarked on the 26th of February at Porto-Ferrajo with 1,000 soldiers, was sailing for France. The messenger who brought this news to Murat, to whom the whole plot was well known previously, arrived in Naples on the evening of the 4th of March, while the King was amusing himself in the private apartments of his wife, where only a few courtiers, ministers, and foreign ambassadors were

After being assured that all was tranquil, and that the Royal family was secure against every danger, I myself set out at four o'clock on the morning of the 20th of March, taking the road to Lille. Nothing extraordinary occurred until I arrived at the post-office of Fins, in front of which were drawn up a great number of carriages, which had arrived before mine, and the owners of which, like myself, were impatiently waiting for horses. I soon

present. The King and Queen instantly retired alone to another room, whence in a few minutes they returned and joyfully announced the news so welcome to them.

"On the following day Murat despatched extraordinary couriers to the Courts of Austria and England, with letters declaring that, whether Napoleon succeeded or failed in his enterprise, he (Joachim), firm in his policy, would not fail in faithfully maintaining the anti-Bonaparte alliances he had formed. These declarations were frauds and deceptions, for the King nourished in his heart designs perfectly contrary to them. He doubted the good faith of Austria and the Congress assembled at Vienna: he remembered all the faults and acts of injustice committed there, as also the threats he had received. He again relied upon the good fortune of Napoleon, whom he already fancied reseated on his throne, the most powerful — the first monarch in Europe! His heart grieved at the recollection of the evil he had recently done the French in Upper Italy, and he now hoped to make amends for it by deeds which should aid and assist the bold enterprise of his brother-in-law. And mixed up with all these thoughts was the ambitious desire of making himself master of all Italy; to hold it, and then after the event to treat diplomatically with Austria or with France, according as victory should declare herself for Napoleon or for the Allies. He knew he should surprise the Austrians; he did not fear the English, because he had concluded an armistice with them; nor did the Allies cause him uneasiness, as they would be fully occupied with the war on the French frontiers."

Murat's ministers, his friends, nay, even his wife, the very sister of Bonaparte, endeavoured to dissuade him from this rash undertaking, or to induce him at least to delay its execution and quietly wait events. But he would not listen to reason. He would not be bound by the engagements he had entered into with Napoleon, who was to give him the *mot-d'ordre*, when he was to throw off the mask, and on the 15th of March, just eleven days after his receiving the news of his brother-in-law's escape from Elba, he openly declared war. On the 22d of March the Neapolitan army advanced upon Upper Italy, and Murat rushed blindly and precipitately to his ruin (*Storia del Reame di Napoli, del Generale Pietro Colletta*, vol. ii. p. 205, English edition).

observed that some one called the postmaster aside in a way which did not appear entirely devoid of mystery, and I acknowledge I felt some degree of alarm. I was in the room in which the travellers were waiting, and my attention was attracted by a large bill fixed against the wall. It was printed in French and Russian, and it proved to be the order of the day which I had been fortunate enough to obtain from the Emperor Alexander to exempt post-horses, etc., from the requisitions of the Allied troops.

I was standing looking at the bill when the postmaster came into the room and advanced towards me. "Sir," said he, "that is an order of the day which saved me from ruin." — "Then surely you would not harm the man by whom it is signed?" — "I know you, sir; I recognised you immediately. I saw you in Paris when you were Director of the Post-Office, and you granted a just claim which I had upon you. I have now come to tell you that they are harnessing two horses to your calash, and you may set off at full speed." The worthy man had assigned to my use the only two horses at his disposal; his son performed the office of postilion, and I set off, to the no small dissatisfaction of some of the travellers who had arrived before me, and who, perhaps, had as good reasons as I to avoid the presence of Napoleon.

We arrived at Lille at eleven o'clock on the night of the 21st. Here I encountered another vexation, though not of an alarming kind. The gates of the town were closed, and I was obliged to content myself with a miserable night's lodging in the suburb.

I entered Lille on the 22d, and Louis XVIII. arrived on the 23d. His Majesty also found the gates closed, and more than an hour elapsed before an order could be obtained for opening them; for the Duke of Orleans, who commanded the town, was inspecting the troops

when his Majesty arrived. The King was perfectly well received at Lille. There indeed appeared some symptoms of defection; but it must be acknowledged that the officers of the old army had been so singularly sacrificed to the promotion of the returned emigrants that it was very natural the former should hail the return of the man who had so often led them to victory. I put up at the Hôtel de Grand, certainly without forming any prognostic respecting the future residence of the King. When I saw his Majesty's retinue, I went down and stood at the door of the hôtel, where as soon as Louis XVIII. perceived me he distinguished me from among all the persons who were awaiting his arrival, and, holding out his hand for me to kiss, he said, "Follow me, M. de Bourrienne."

On entering the apartments prepared for him, the King expressed to me his approval of my conduct since the Restoration, and especially during the short interval in which I had discharged the functions of Prefect of the Police. He did me the honour to invite me to breakfast with him. The conversation naturally turned on the events of the day, of which every one present spoke according to his hopes or fears. Observing that Louis XVIII. concurred in Berthier's discouraging view of affairs, I ventured to repeat what I had already said at the Tuileries, that, judging from the disposition of the sovereigns of Europe and the information which I had received it appeared very probable that his Majesty would be again seated on his throne in three months. Berthier bit his nails, as he did when he wanted to leave the army of Egypt and return to Paris to the object of his adoration. Berthier was not hopeful; he was always one of those men who have the least confidence and the most depression. I could perceive that the King regarded my observation as one of those compliments which he was accustomed to receive, and that he had no great confi-

dence in the fulfilment of my prediction. However, wishing to seem to believe it, he said, what he had more than hinted before, "M. de Bourrienne, as long as I am King you shall be my Prefect of the Police."

It was the decided intention of Louis XVIII. to remain in France as long as he could; but the Napoleonic fever, which spread like an epidemic among the troops, had infected the garrison of Lille. Marshal Mortier, who commanded at Lille, and the Duke of Orleans, expressed to me their well-founded fears, and repeatedly recommended me to urge the King to quit Lille speedily, in order to avoid any fatal occurrence. During the two days I passed with his Majesty I entreated him to yield to the imperious circumstances in which he was placed. At length the King, with deep regret, consented to go, and I left Lille the day before that fixed for his Majesty's departure.

In September, 1814, the King had appointed me *chargé d'affaires* from France to Hamburg, but, not having received orders to repair to my post, I have not hitherto mentioned this nomination. However, when Louis XVIII. was on the point of leaving France, he thought that my presence in Hamburg might be useful for the purpose of making him acquainted with all that might interest him in the North of Germany. But it was not there that danger was to be apprehended. There were two points to be watched, — the headquarters of Napoleon and the King's Council at Ghent. I, however, lost no time in repairing to a city where I was sure of finding a great many friends. On passing through Brussels I alighted at the Hôtel de Bellevue, where the Duc de Berri arrived shortly after me. His Royal Highness then invited me to breakfast with him, and conversed with me very confidentially. I afterwards continued my journey.

CHAPTER VI.

1815.

At Lille, and again at Hamburg, I received letters from my family, which I had looked for with great impatience. They contained particulars of what had occurred relative to me since Bonaparte's return to Paris. Two hours after my departure Madame de Bourrienne also left Paris, accompanied by her children, and proceeded to an asylum which had been offered her seven leagues from the capital. She left at my house in Paris her sister, two of her brothers, and her friend the Comtesse de Neuilly, who had resided with us since her return from the emigration.

On the very morning of my wife's departure (namely, the 20th of March), a person with whom I had always been on terms of friendship, and who was entirely devoted to Bonaparte, sent to request that Madame de Bourrienne would call on him, as he wished to speak to her on most important and urgent business. My sister-in-law informed the messenger that my wife had left Paris, but, begging a friend to accompany her, she went herself to the individual, whose name will be probably guessed, though I do not mention it. The person who came with the message to my house put many questions to Madame de Bourrienne's sister respecting my absence, and advised her, above all things, to conjure me not to follow the King, observing that the cause of Louis XVIII. was utterly lost, and that I should do well to retire quietly to Burgundy, as there was no doubt of my obtaining the Emperor's pardon.

Nothing could be more gloomy than Bonaparte's entrance into Paris. He arrived at night in the midst of a thick fog. The streets were almost deserted, and a vague feeling of terror prevailed almost generally in the capital.

At nine o'clock on the same evening, the very hour of Bonaparte's arrival at the Tuileries, a lady, a friend of my family, and whose son served in the Young Guard, called and requested to see Madame de Bourrienne. She refused to enter the house lest she should be seen, and my sister-in-law went down to the garden to speak to her without a light. This lady's brother had been on the preceding night to Fontainebleau to see Bonaparte, and he had directed his sister to desire me to remain in Paris, and to retain my post in the Prefecture of the Police, as I was sure of a full and complete pardon.

On the morning of the 21st, General Berton, who has since been the victim of his mad enterprises, called at my house and requested to speak with me and Madame de Bourrienne. He was received by my wife's sister and brothers, and stated that he came from M. de Caulaincourt to renew the assurances of safety which had already been given to me. I was, I confess, very sensible of these proofs of friendship when they came to my knowledge, but I did not for a single moment repent the course I adopted. I could not forget the intrigues of which I had been the object since 1811, nor the continual threats of arrest which during that year had not left me a moment's quiet; and since I now revert to that time, I may take the opportunity of explaining how in 1814 I was made acquainted with the real causes of the persecution to which I had been a prey. A person, whose name prudence forbids me mentioning, communicated to me the following letter, the original copy of which is in my possession:

Monsieur le Duc de Bassano, — I send you some very important documents respecting the Sieur Bourrienne, and beg you

will make me a *confidential* report on this affair. Keep these documents for yourself alone. This business demands the utmost secrecy. Everything induces me to believe that Bourrienne has carried on a series of intrigues with London. Bring me the report on Thursday. I pray God, etc.

(Signed) NAPOLEON.

PARIS, 25th December, 1811.

I could now clearly perceive what to me had hitherto been enveloped in obscurity; but I was not, as yet, made acquainted with the documents mentioned in Napoleon's epistle. Still, however, the cause of his animosity was an enigma which I was unable to guess, but I obtained its solution some time afterwards.

General Driesen, who was the Governor of Mittau while Louis XVIII. resided in that town, came to Paris in 1814. I had been well acquainted with him in 1810, at Hamburg, where he lived for a considerable time. While at Mittau, he conceived a chivalrous and enthusiastic friendship for the King of France. We were at first distrustful of each other, but afterwards the most intimate confidence arose between us. General Driesen looked forward with certainty to the return of the Bourbons to France, and in the course of our frequent conversations on his favourite theme he gradually threw off all reserve, and at length disclosed to me that he was maintaining a correspondence with the King.

He told me that he had sent to Hartwell several drafts of proclamations, with none of which, he said, the King was satisfied. On showing me the copy of the last of these drafts, I frankly told him that I was quite of the King's opinion as to its unfitness. I observed that if the King should one day return to France and act as the General advised, he would not keep possession of his throne six months. Driesen then requested me to dictate a draft of a proclamation conformably with my ideas. This

I consented to do on one condition, viz., that he would never mention my name in connection with the business, either in writing or conversation. General Driesen promised this, and then I dictated to him a draft which I would now candidly lay before the reader if I had a copy of it. I may add that in the different proclamations of Louis XVIII. I remarked several passages precisely corresponding with the draft I had dictated at Hamburg.

During the four years which intervened between my return to Paris and the downfall of the Empire, it several times occurred to me that General Driesen had betrayed my secret, and on his very first visit to me after the Restoration, our conversation happening to turn on Hamburg, I asked him whether he had not disclosed what I wished him to conceal. "Well," said he, "there is no harm in telling the truth now. After you had left Hamburg, the King wrote to me inquiring the name of the author of the last draft I had sent him, which was very different from all that had preceded it. I did not answer this question, but, the King having repeated it in a second letter, and having demanded an answer, I was compelled to break my promise to you, and I put into the post-office of Gothenberg in Sweden a letter for the King, in which I mentioned your name."

The mystery was now revealed to me. I clearly saw what had excited in Napoleon's mind the suspicion that I was carrying on intrigues with England. I have no doubt as to the way in which the affair came to his knowledge. The King must have disclosed my name to one of those persons whose situations placed them above the suspicion of any betrayal of confidence, and thus the circumstance must have reached the ear of Bonaparte. This is not a mere hypothesis, for I well know how promptly and faithfully Napoleon was informed of all that was said and done at Hartwell.

Having shown General Driesen Napoleon's accusatory letter, he begged that I would intrust him with it for a day or two, saying he would show it to the King at a private audience. His object was to serve me, and to excite Louis XVIII.'s interest in my behalf, by briefly relating to him the whole affair. The General came to me on leaving the Tuileries, and assured me that the King, after perusing the letter, had the great kindness to observe that I might think myself very happy in not having been shot. I know not whether Napoleon was afterwards informed of the details of this affair, which certainly had no connection with any intrigues with England, and which, after all, would have been a mere peccadillo in comparison with the conduct I thought it my duty to adopt at the time of the Restoration.

Meanwhile Madame de Bourrienne informed me by an express that seals were to be placed on the effects of all the persons included in the decree of Lyons, and consequently upon mine. As soon as my wife received information of this, she quitted her retreat and repaired to Paris to face the storm. On the 29th of March, at nine in the evening, the police agents presented themselves at my house. Madame de Bourrienne remonstrated against the measure and the inconvenient hour that was chosen for its execution; but all was in vain, and there was no alternative but to submit.

But the matter did not end with the first formalities performed by Fouché's alguazils. During the month of May seven persons were appointed to examine my papers, and among the inquisitorial septemvirate were two men well known and filling high situations. One of these executed his commission; but the other, sensible of the odium attached to it, wrote to say he was unwell, and never came. The number of my inquisitors, *in domo*, was thus reduced to six. They behaved with great rude-

ness, and executed their mission with a rigour and severity exceedingly painful to my family. They carried their search so far as to rummage the pockets of my old clothes, and even to unrip the linings. All this was done in the hope of finding something that would commit me in the eyes of the new master of France. But I was not to be caught in that way, and before leaving home I had taken such precautions as to set my mind perfectly at ease.

However, those who had declared themselves strongly against Napoleon were not the only persons who had reason to be alarmed at his return. Women even, by a system of inquisition unworthy of the Emperor, but unfortunately quite in unison with his hatred of all liberty, were condemned to exile, and had cause to apprehend further severity. It is for the exclusive admirers of the Chief of the Empire to approve of everything which proceeded from him, even his rigour against a defenceless sex; it is for them to laugh at the misery of a woman, and a writer of genius, condemned without any form of trial to the most severe punishment short of death. For my part, I saw neither justice nor pleasantry in the exile of Madame de Chevreuse for having had the courage (and courage was not common then even among men) to say that she was not made to be the gaoler of the Queen of Spain.[1] On Napoleon's return from the isle of Elba, Madame de Staël was in a state of weakness which rendered her unable to bear any sudden and violent emotion. This debilitated state of health had been produced by her flight from Coppet to Russia immediately after the birth of the son who was the fruit of her marriage with M. Rocca. In spite of the danger of a journey

[1] Napoleon, on being informed of this remark, said, "She would like to act the part of the Duchesse de Chevreuse of the Fronde; but I will let her see that she has not to deal with a minor king." Madame de Chevreuse died of a broken heart, caused by her exile. — *Bourrienne.*

in such circumstances, she saw greater danger in staying where she was, and she set out on her new exile. That exile was not of long duration; but Madame de Staël never recovered from the effect of the alarm and fatigue it occasioned her.

The name of the authoress of "Corinne" naturally calls to mind that of the friend who was most faithful to her in misfortune, and who was not herself screened from the severity of Napoleon by the just and universal admiration of which she was the object. In 1815 Madame Récamier did not leave Paris, to which she had returned in 1814, though her exile was not revoked. I know positively that Hortense assured her of the pleasure she would feel in receiving her, and that Madame Récamier, as an excuse for declining the perilous honour, observed that she had determined never again to appear in the world as long as her friends should be persecuted. The "Mémorial de Sainte Hélène," referring to the origin of the ill-will of the Chief of the Empire towards the society of Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier, etc., seems to reproach Madame Récamier, "accustomed," says the "Mémorial," "to ask for everything and to obtain everything," for having claimed nothing less than the complete reinstatement of her father. Whatever may have been the pretensions of Madame Récamier, Bonaparte, not a little addicted to the custom he complains of in her, could not have, with a good grace, made a crime of her ingratitude if he on his side had not claimed a very different sentiment from gratitude. I was with the First Consul at the time M. Bernard, the father of Madame Récamier, was accused, and I have not forgotten on what conditions the re-establishment would have been granted.[1]

[1] Madame de Chevreuse had accepted the place of Dame du Palais to the Empress. When nominated to the same place with the Queen of

The frequent interviews between Madame Récamier and Madame de Staël were not calculated to bring Napoleon to sentiments and measures of moderation. He became more and more irritated at this friendship between two women formed for each other's society; and, on the occasion of one of Madame Récamier's journeys to Coppet, he informed her, through the medium of Fouché, that she was perfectly at liberty to go to Switzerland, but not to return to Paris. "Ah, Monseigneur! a great man may be pardoned for the weakness of loving women, but not for fearing them." This was the only reply of Madame Récamier to Fouché when she set out for Coppet.[1] I may

Spain on the arrival in France of the Spanish Royal family, a family to which her Royalist leanings could not have indisposed her, she refused to go, saying she was not made of the stuff for a gaoler. The *cruel* treatment of Napoleon consisted in exiling her forty leagues from Paris. Madame Récamier had not much to complain of. Her father, M. Bernard, one of the administrators of the posts, used his privilege of franking letters to regularly circulate a Royalist journal attacking Napoleon and his family. Instead of being tried he was simply dismissed, and it is his proposed reinstalment that is here alluded to. Forced to leave Paris by the failure of her husband's bank, Madame Récamier gave out that her absence was due to the Emperor, thus drawing down on her the order not to return. Absence from Paris would of course seem harsh to a Parisian, but English readers are often deluded by the use in such a case of the word "exile." See, on the subject of these two ladies, Savary, tome v. pp. 3–10, and Méneval, tome iii. pp. 146–152. The claims of Madame Récamier to distinction seem to have been her great beauty, and her skill in keeping her host of admirers, Benjamin Constant, etc., round her without granting them any substantial reward. Her "Souvenirs, etc.," are published; Paris, Levy, 1859.

[1] The beautiful Madame Récamier, whose reputation stood unassailed during these stormy times in which few escaped censure, was residing with Madame de Staël, to whom she had heroically devoted herself, when one of the Prussian Princes, Prince Augustus, who had been made prisoner at Eylau, and who was proceeding to Italy by Napoleon's permission, alighted at the castle of Coppet, with the intention of resting only for a few hours. Here, however, he was detained during the whole of the summer by the charms of Madame Récamier, who was voluntarily sharing the exile of her friend. This lady and the young Prince both considered themselves as the victims of Napoleon, and their common hatred of him whom they looked upon as their oppressor, probably engen-

here observe that the personal prejudices of the Emperor would not have been of a persevering and violent character if some of the people who surrounded him had not sought to foment them. I myself fell a victim to this. Napoleon's affection for me would perhaps have got the upper hand if his relenting towards me had not been incessantly combated by my enemies around him.

I had no opportunity of observing the aspect of Paris during that memorable period recorded in history by the name of the Hundred Days; but the letters which I received at the time, together with all that I afterwards heard, concurred in assuring me that the capital never presented so melancholy a picture as during those three months. No one felt any confidence in Napoleon's second reign, and it was said, without any sort of reserve, that Fouché, while serving the cause of usurpation, would secretly betray it. The future was viewed with alarm, and the present with dissatisfaction. The sight of the federates who paraded the faubourgs and the boulevards, vociferating, "The Republic for ever!" and "Death to the Royalists!" their sanguinary songs, the revolutionary airs played in our theatres, all tended to produce a fearful torpor in the public mind, and the issue of the impending events was anxiously awaited.

dered the interest which they mutually conceived for each other. Inspired with an ardent passion, the Prince, in spite of the difficulties which his exalted rank naturally suggested, conceived the idea of marrying Madame Récamier. He communicated his designs to Madame de Staël, whose poetic imagination prompted her to favour a scheme that was calculated to diffuse a sort of romantic interest over Coppet. The Prince was recalled to Berlin, but absence produced no change in his sentiments. He still ardently prosecuted his suit; but Madame Récamier constantly declined this unexpected elevation, either from natural generosity of feeling or from her Catholic prejudices against divorce.

"To this circumstance we are indebted for the picture of Corinne, which is accounted one of the most original creations of Gérard's pencil. The Prince ordered the picture as a compliment to Madame Récamier" (*Mémorial de Sainte Hélène*, tome vii. p. 231).

One of the circumstances which, at the commencement of the Hundred Days, most contributed to open the eyes of those who were yet dazzled by the past glory of Napoleon, was the assurance with which he declared that the Empress and his son would be restored to him, though nothing warranted that announcement.[1] It was evident that he could not count on any ally, and in spite of the prodigious activity with which a new army was raised, those persons must have been blind indeed who could imagine the possibility of his triumphing over Europe, again armed to oppose him. I deplored the inevitable disasters which Bonaparte's bold enterprise would entail, but I had such certain information respecting the intentions of the Allied powers, and the spirit which animated the Plenipotentiaries at Vienna, that I could not for a moment doubt the issue of the conflict. Thus I was not at all surprised when I received at Hamburg the minutes of the conferences at Vienna in May, 1815.

[1] Although Napoleon constantly tried to make it be believed during the *Cent Jours* that Maria Louisa would return, she herself seems not to have wished it. Méneval, who had accompanied her to Austria in 1814 as her secretary, says that when, in 1815, he gave her a letter from Napoleon which had reached him, she would not take it except she could show it to her father, according to the oath she had taken. "Some words were exchanged between us on the painful subject of her refusal to rejoin the Emperor. She answered with some animation, but still with her usual gentleness, that on that matter her resolution was irrevocable. When I objected that there was no irrevocable engagement, and that events might occur to render her return to France obligatory, she hastened to reply that her father himself had not the right to force her to that. . . . Her decision appeared to me to be taken so obstinately that I judged it useless to recur to the subject" (*Méneval*, tome ii. pp. 314, 315). She even seems to have dreaded any attempt on the part of her husband to seize her in 1814. "At the very first word the Archduchess Maria Louisa showed her indisposition to content herself with Lucca, or even to care at all about that principality, where, she said, it would not be agreeable for her to reside as long as Napoleon was at Elba" (Talleyrand's *Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 19). The affectionate wife showed no dislike to retain the title of Empress given to her by her parvenu husband; it was only his misfortunes she was unwilling to share.

When the first intelligence of Bonaparte's landing was received at Vienna, it must be confessed that very little had been done at the Congress,[1] for measures calculated to reconstruct a solid and durable order of things could only be framed and adopted deliberately, and upon mature reflection. Louis XVIII. had instructed his Plenipotentiaries to defend and support the principles of justice and the law of nations, so as to secure the rights of all parties and avert the chances of a new war. The Congress was occupied with these important objects when intelligence was received of Napoleon's departure from Elba and his landing at the Gulf of Juan. The Plenipotentiaries then signed the protocol of the conferences to which I have above alluded.

[ANNEX TO THE PRECEDING CHAPTER.]

The following despatch of Napoleon's to Marshal Davoust (given in Captain Bingham's Translation, vol. iii. p. 121), though not strictly bearing upon the subject of the Duke of Bassano's inquiry (p. 256), may perhaps find a

[1] The Congress of Vienna, if Napoleon had not landed, might have ended in a regular struggle of the Allies over the booty. Russia had demanded all the former Duchy of Westphalia, and thus practically all Poland, while Prussia had seized and claimed all Saxony. Napoleon was dethroned in April, 1814, and it is strange and instructive for us, who in our day have been led to expect peace from the downfall of France, to find Austria, England, and France making an offensive treaty on the 3d of January, 1815, each to find 150,000 men, against Russia and Prussia. Bavaria, Hanover, and Holland acceded to this treaty in February. If Napoleon could have postponed his return from Elba a few months later, he might have found Europe divided and helpless! For the feeling among the Allies, see Talleyrand as late as 3d March, 1815. "I exhorted the two negotiators (Austria and Bavaria) severally to try to come to an understanding in order to give Russia and Prussia no loophole for intervention, which would be inevitable if they could not come to an agreement" (Talleyrand's *Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 60).

place here, as indicative of the private feeling of the Emperor towards Bourrienne. As the reader will remember, it has already been alluded to earlier in the work : —

To Marshal Davoust.

Compiègne, 3d September, 1811.

I have received your letter concerning the cheating of Bourrienne at Hamburg. It will be important to throw light upon what he has done. Have the Jew, Gumprecht Mares, arrested, seize his papers, and place him in solitary confinement. Have some of the other principal agents of Bourrienne arrested, so as to discover his doings at Hamburg, and the embezzlements he has committed there.

(Signed) Napoleon.

CHAPTER VII.[1]

1815.

Napoleon was scarcely reseated on his throne when he found he could not resume that absolute power he had possessed before his abdication at Fontainebleau. He was obliged to submit to the curb of a representative government, but we may well believe that he only yielded, with a mental reservation that as soon as victory should return to his standards and his army be reorganised he would send the representatives of the people back to their departments, and make himself as absolute as he had ever been. His temporary submission was indeed obligatory.

The Republicans and Constitutionalists who had assisted, or not opposed his return, with Carnot, Fouché, Benjamin Constant, and his own brother Lucien (a lover of constitutional liberty) at their head, would support him only on condition of his reigning as a constitutional sovereign; he therefore proclaimed a constitution under the title of *Acte additionnel aux Constitutions de l'Empire*, which greatly resembled the charter granted by Louis XVIII. the year before. An hereditary Chamber of Peers was to be appointed by the Emperor, a Chamber of Representatives chosen by the Electoral Colleges, to be renewed every five years, by which all taxes were to be

[1] By the Editor of the 1836 edition, but newly collated with any works of authority which have since appeared, and with some alterations made in dates or figures in consequence.

voted, ministers were to be responsible, judges irremovable, the right of petition was acknowledged, and property was declared inviolable. Lastly, the French nation was made to declare that they would never recall the Bourbons.

Even before reaching Paris, and while resting on his journey from Elba at Lyons, the second city in France, and the ancient capital of the Franks, Napoleon arranged his ministry, and issued sundry decrees, which show how little his mind was prepared for proceeding according to the majority of votes in representative assemblies.

Cambacérès was named Minister of Justice, Fouché Minister of Police (a boon to the Revolutionists), Davoust appointed Minister of War. Decrees upon decrees were issued with a rapidity which showed how laboriously Bonaparte had employed those studious hours at Elba which he was supposed to have dedicated to the composition of his Memoirs. They were couched in the name of "Napoleon, by the grace of God, Emperor of France," and were dated on the 13th of March, although not promulgated until the 21st of that month. The first of these decrees abrogated all changes in the courts of justice and tribunals which had taken place during the absence of Napoleon. The second banished anew all emigrants who had returned to France before 1814 without proper authority, and displaced all officers belonging to the class of emigrants introduced into the army by the King. The third suppressed the Order of St. Louis, the white flag, cockade, and other Royal emblems, and restored the tricoloured banner and the Imperial symbols of Bonaparte's authority. The same decree abolished the Swiss Guard and the Household troops of the King.[1] The fourth sequestered the effects of the Bour-

[1] For information concerning the Household troops of the Bourbons, consult a recently published work, "Les Régiments sous Louis XV."

bons. A similar Ordinance sequestered the restored property of emigrant families.

The fifth decree of Lyons suppressed the ancient nobility and feudal titles, and formally confirmed proprietors of national domains in their possessions. (This decree was very acceptable to the majority of Frenchmen.) The sixth declared sentence of exile against all emigrants not erased by Napoleon from the list previously to the accession of the Bourbons, to which was added confiscation of their property. The seventh restored the Legion of Honour in every respect as it had existed under the Emperor, uniting to its funds the confiscated revenues of the Bourbon order of St. Louis. The eighth and last decree was the most important of all. Under pretence that emigrants who had borne arms against France had been introduced into the Chamber of Peers, and that the Chamber of Deputies had already sat for the legal time, it dissolved both Chambers, and convoked the Electoral Colleges of the Empire, in order that they might hold, in the ensuing month of May, an extraordinary assembly, — the Champ-de-Mai.

This National Convocation, for which Napoleon claimed a precedent in the history of the ancient Franks, was to have two objects: first, to make such alterations and reforms in the Constitution of the Empire as circumstances should render advisable; secondly, *to assist at the coronation of the Empress Maria Louisa.* Her presence, and that of her son, was spoken of as something that admitted of no doubt, though Bonaparte knew there was little hope of their return from Vienna. These various enactments were well calculated to serve Napoleon's cause. They flattered the army, and at the same time stimulated their resentment against the emigrants, by insinuating that they had been sacrificed by Louis to the interest of his followers. They held out to the Republicans a prospect of confisca-

tion, proscription, and revolution of government, while the Imperialists were gratified with a view of ample funds for pensions, offices, and honorary decorations. To proprietors of the national domains security was promised, to the Parisians the grand spectacle of the Champ-de-Mai, and to France peace and tranquillity, since the arrival of the Empress and her son, confidently asserted to be at hand, was taken as a pledge of the friendship of Austria.

Napoleon at the same time endeavoured to make himself popular with the common people, — the mob of the Faubourg St. Antoine and other obscure quarters of Paris. On the first evening of his return, as he walked round the glittering circle met to welcome him in the State apartments of the Tuileries, he kept repeating, "Gentlemen, it is to the poor and disinterested mass of the people that I owe everything; it is they who have brought me back to the capital. It is the poor subaltern officers and common soldiers that have done all this. I owe everything to the common people and the ranks of the army. Remember that! I owe everything to the *army* and the *people!*" Some time after, he took occasional rides through the Faubourg St. Antoine; but the demonstrations of the mob gave him little pleasure, and it was easy to detect a sneer in his addresses to them. He had some slight intercourse with the men of the Revolution, — the fierce, bloodthirsty Jacobins, — but even now he could not conceal his abhorrence of them, and, be it said to his honour, he had as little to do with them as possible.

When Napoleon departed for the summer campaign, he took care beforehand to leave large sums of money for the *fédérés*, in the hands of the devoted Réal, under whose management the mob was placed. These sums were to be distributed at appropriate seasons, to make the people cry in the streets of Paris, "Napoleon or death."[1] He

[1] The market-women (*dames de la halle*), the fishwomen (*poissardes*), those valuable allies of the *sans culottes* revolutionists, and formerly of Napoleon,

also left in the hands of Davoust a written authority for the publication of his bulletins, many clauses of which were written long before the battles were fought that they were to describe. He gave to the same Marshal a plan of his campaign, which he had arranged for the defensive. This was not confided to him without an injunction of the strictest secrecy, but it is said that Davoust communicated the plan to Fouché. Considering Davoust's character, this is very unlikely; but if so, it is far from improbable that Fouché communicated the plan to the Allies, with whom, and more particularly with Prince Metternich, he is well known to have been corresponding at the time.

Shortly after the Emperor's arrival in Paris, Benjamin Constant, a moderate and candid man, was deputed by the constitutional party to ascertain Napoleon's sentiments and intentions.[1] Constant was a lover of constitutional

had partaken of the national fickleness, and changed sides. They were all for Louis XVIII.; and went about Paris singing a song that had not only the merit of loyalty, but that of a pun, or *calembourg*, which is always so acceptable to the Parisians. The burden of the song was, "Donnez-nous nôtre paire de gants," which is in pronunciation just the same as, "Donnez-nous nôtre père de gand." Asking one of the fishwomen, in 1819, why she and her sisterhood were so fond of Louis XVIII., her answer was, "Mais, mon enfant, il aimait tant les huitres." (The joke on that monarch's name is well known: they converted *Louis Dix-huit* into *Louis des huitres*.) The Parisians are profuse of this kind of small wit. When Louis was called to his fathers, and his brother, Charles X., was about to ascend the throne, they said, "Louis Dix-huit a disparu et Charles Dix paraîtra," but without the slightest change in pronunciation these words sound as, "Louis Dix-huit a disparu, et Charles disparaîtra." The effect that jokes of this sort have upon so volatile a people is well known. — *Editor of* 1836 *edition*.

[1] The feelings which drew such men as Carnot and Benjamin Constant to the side of Napoleon on his return from Elba were very mixed. If liberty seemed safer from the flight of the Bourbons, it was alike menaced by the return of the man who had crushed the Revolution and by the arming of the Allies. As Madame de Staël exclaimed, "Liberty is lost if Bonaparte triumphs, and the national independence if he be defeated." Carnot, the former "Organiser of Victory" under the Republic, forgiving Napoleon's former dismissal of him from the War Ministry, now came

liberty, and an old opponent of Napoleon, whose headlong career of despotism, cut out by the sword, he had vainly endeavoured to check by the eloquence of his pen.

The interview took place at the Tuileries. The Emperor, as was his wont, began the conversation, and kept it nearly all to himself during the rest of the audience. He did not affect to disguise either his past actions or present dispositions.

"The nation," he said, "has had a respite of twelve years from every kind of political agitation, and for one year has enjoyed a respite from war. This double repose has created a craving after activity. It requires, or fancies it requires, a Tribune and popular assemblies. It did not always require them. The people threw themselves at my feet when I took the reins of government. You ought to recollect this, who made a trial of opposition. Where was your support, — your strength? Nowhere. I assumed less authority than I was invited to assume. Now all is changed. A feeble government, opposed to the

forward to serve the man who had ruined the Republican dreams of freedom, but whose cause he now regarded as bound up with that of France, and he stood by Napoleon to the end. Benjamin Constant perhaps hoped that if a free constitution could be established, it might save France from the attacks of the sovereigns who professed to war only against the tyranny of Napoleon, or that, if the Emperor fell, the constitution might for very shame's sake be preserved by the Allies or by the Bourbons: he therefore undertook the task of trying to get Napoleon to consent to doctrines which had always been abhorrent to him. As for Napoleon himself, one cannot help sympathising in the exclamation wrung from him, "Peace obtained on the single base of our independence, when there is no longer any question except that of administering our beautiful Empire of France, I shall not really be humiliated by hearing her representatives oppose me with objections and even refusals. After having dominated and conquered the world, there is nothing so very disagreeable in being contradicted that I cannot submit to it. In any case my son shall do so, and I will seek to prepare him for it by my lessons and by my example. All that I ask from God and the nation is to let me conquer, but once more conquer, these monarchs formerly so humble and now so arrogant" (*Thiers*, tome xix. livre lviii. p. 412).

national interests, has given to these interests the habit of standing on the defensive and evading authority. The taste for constitutions, for debates, for harangues, appears to have revived. Nevertheless it is but the minority that wishes all this, be assured. The people — or if you like the phrase better, the multitude — wish only for me. You would say so if you had only seen this multitude pressing eagerly on my steps, rushing down from the tops of the mountains, calling on me, seeking me out, saluting me. On my way from Cannes hither, I have not conquered — I have administered. I am not only (as has been pretended) the Emperor of the soldiers; I am that of the peasants — of the plebeians of France. Accordingly, in spite of all that has happened, you see the people come back to me. There is sympathy between us. It is not as with the privileged classes. The *noblesse* have been in my service; they thronged in crowds into my antechambers. There is no place that they have not accepted or solicited. I have had the Montmorencys, the Noailles, the Rohans, the Beauveaus, the Montemarts, in my train. But there never was any cordiality between us. The steed made his curvets, — he was well broken in, but I felt him quiver under me. With the people it is another thing. The popular fibre responds to mine. I have risen from the ranks of the people: my voice acts mechanically upon them. Look at those conscripts, the sons of peasants: I never flattered them; I treated them roughly. They did not crowd round me the less; they did not on that account cease to cry 'Vive l'Empereur!' It is that between them and me there is one and the same nature. They look to me as their support, their safeguard against the nobles. I have but to make a sign, or even to look another way, and the nobles would be massacred in every province. So well have they managed matters in the last ten months! but I do not desire to be the King of a mob. If there are the

means to govern by a constitution, well and good. I wished for the empire of the world, and to insure it complete liberty of action was necessary to me. To govern France merely, it is possible that a constitution may be better. I wished for the empire of the world, as who would not have done in my place? The world invited me to rule over it. Sovereigns and subjects alike emulously bowed the neck under my sceptre. I have seldom met with opposition in France, but still I have encountered more of it from some obscure and unarmed Frenchmen than from all these Kings so resolute, just now, no longer to have a man of the people for their equal! See then what appears to you possible; let me know your ideas. Public discussion, free elections, responsible ministers, the liberty of the press, I have no objection to all that, the liberty of the press especially; to stifle it is absurd. I am convinced on this point. I am the man of the people: if the people really wish for liberty, let them have it. I have acknowledged their sovereignty. It is just that I should lend an ear to their will, nay, even to their caprices. I have never been disposed to oppress them for my pleasure. I conceived great designs; but fate has been against me; I am no longer a conqueror, nor can I be one. I know what is possible and what is not. I have no further object than to raise up France and bestow on her a government suitable to her. I have no hatred to liberty, I have set it aside when it obstructed my path, but I understand what it means; I was brought up in its school: besides, the work of fifteen years is overturned, and it is not possible to recommence it. It would take twenty years, and the lives of 2,000,000 of men to be sacrificed to it. As for the rest, I desire peace, but I can only obtain it by means of victory. I would not inspire you with false expectations. I permit it to be said that negotiations are going on; there are none. I foresee

a hard struggle, a long war. To support it I must be seconded by the nation, but in return I believe they will expect liberty. They shall have it: the circumstances are new. All I desire is to be informed of the truth. I am getting old. A man is no longer at forty-five what he was at thirty. The repose enjoyed by a constitutional king may suit me: it will still more certainly be the best thing for my son."

From this remarkable address Benjamin Constant concluded that no change had taken place in Bonaparte's views or feelings in matters of government, but, being convinced that circumstances had changed, he had made up his mind to conform to them. He says, and we cannot doubt it, that he listened to Napoleon with the deepest interest, — that there was a breadth and grandeur of manner as he spoke, and a calm serenity seated on a brow "covered with immortal laurels."

Whilst believing the utter incompatibility of Napoleon and constitutional government, we cannot in fairness omit mentioning that the causes which repelled him from the altar and sanctuary of freedom were strong: the real lovers of a rational and feasible liberty, — the constitutional monarchy men were few, — the mad ultra-Liberals, the Jacobins, the refuse of one revolution and the provokers of another, were numerous, active, loud; and in pursuing different ends these two parties, the respectable and the disreputable, the good and the bad, got mixed and confused with one another.

On the 14th of May, when the *fédérés* were marshalled in processional order and treated with what was called a solemn festival, as they moved along the boulevards to the Court of the Tuileries, they coupled the name of Napoleon with Jacobin curses and revolutionary songs. The airs and the words that had made Paris tremble to her very centre during the Reign of Terror — the "Mar-

seillaise," the "Carmagnole," the "Jour du Départ," the execrable ditty the burden of which is, "And with the entrails of the last of the priests let us strangle the last of the kings" — were all roared out in fearful chorus by a drunken, filthy, and furious mob. Many a day had elapsed since they had dared to sing these blasphemous and antisocial songs in public. Napoleon himself, as soon as he had power enough, suppressed them, and he was as proud of this feat and his triumph over the dregs of the Jacobins as he was of any of his victories; and in this he was right, in this he proved himself the friend of humanity. As the tumultuous mass approached the triumphal arch and the grand entrance to the palace, he could not conceal his abhorrence. His Guards were drawn up under arms; and numerous pieces of artillery, already loaded, were turned out on the Place du Carrousel. He hastily dismissed these dangerous partisans with some praise, some money, and some drink. On coming into *close* contact with such a mob, he did not feel his fibre respond to that of the populace! Like Frankenstein, he loathed and was afraid of the mighty *monster* he had put together.

But it was not merely the mob that checked the liberalism or constitution of Napoleon,—a delicate and doubtful plant in itself, that required the most cautious treatment to make it really take root and grow up in such a soil. Some of his councillors, who called themselves "philosophical statesmen," advised him to lay aside the style of Emperor, and assume that of *High President* or *Lord General of the Republic!* Annoyed with such puerilities while the enemy was every day drawing nearer the frontiers, he withdrew from the Tuileries to the comparatively small and retired palace of the Elysée, where he escaped these talking-dreamers, and felt himself again a sovereign. Shut up with Benjamin Constant and a few

other reasonable politicians, he drew up the sketch of a new constitution, which was neither much better nor much worse than the royal charter of Louis XVIII. We give an epitome of its main features.

The Emperor was to have executive power, and to exercise legislative power in concurrence with the two Chambers. The Chamber of Peers was to be hereditary, and nominated by the Emperor; and its number was unlimited. The Second Chamber was to be elected by the people, and to consist of 629 members; none to be under the age of twenty-five. The President was to be appointed by the members, but approved of by the Emperor. Members were to be paid at the rate settled by the Constituent Assembly, which was to be renewed every five years. The Emperor might prorogue, adjourn, or dissolve the House of Representatives, whose sittings were to be public. The Electoral Colleges were maintained. Land tax and direct taxes were to be voted only for a year, indirect taxes might be imposed for several years. No levy of men for the army nor any exchange of territory was to be made but by a law. Taxes were to be proposed by the Chamber of Representatives. Ministers to be responsible. Judges to be irremovable. Juries to be established. Right of petition, freedom of worship, inviolability of property, were recognised. Liberty of the press was given under legal responsibility, and press offences were to be judged with a jury. No place or part of the territory could be placed in a state of siege except in case of foreign invasion or civil troubles. Finally, the French people declared that in the delegation it thus made of its powers it was not to be taken as giving the right to propose the re-establishment of the Bourbons, or of any Prince of that family on the throne, even in case of the extinction of the imperial dynasty. Any such proposal was formally interdicted to the Chambers or to the

citizens, as well as any of the following measures, viz., the re-establishment of the former feudal nobility, of the feudal and seignorial rights, of tithes, of any privileged and dominant religion, as well as of the power of making any attack on the irrevocability of the sale of the national goods.[1]

Shortly after the return of Napoleon from Elba, believing it to be impossible to make the Emperor of Austria consent to his wife's rejoining him (and Maria Louisa had no inclination to a renewal of conjugal intercourse), Napoleon had not been many days in Paris when he concocted a plan for carrying off from Vienna both his wife and his son.[2] In this project force was no less necessary

[1] Napoleon's own ideas of a constitution were confided to Metternich (vol. i. p. 151) in 1810: "France lends itself less to representative forms than many other countries. In France talent is common enough, but it is only talent; there is nothing beneath it which resembles character, and still less principle. Every one runs after applause, — whether it comes from above or below, no matter: they want to be noticed and applauded. . . . I do not, however, desire absolute power, I wish for more than mere forms. I wish for one thing entirely for the public, — order and utility. I would give a new organisation to the Senate and to the Conseil d'État. The first will replace the upper Chamber, the second that of the Deputies. I shall continue to appoint Senators to all the places. I shall have one-third of the Conseil d'État elected by triple lists, the rest I shall nominate. In this way I shall have a real representation, for it will be entirely composed of men well accustomed to business. No mere tattlers, no *idéologues*, no false tinsel. Then France will be a well-governed country, even under a *fainéant* prince." This plan Napoleon said he was waiting until peace to carry out. We, who have seen our own House of Commons rapidly sink from an honoured and influential chamber of Representatives to a talkative assemblage of delegates, unable to transact business, and only able to legislate under the pressure of outside agitation, may look on Napoleon's ideas with more favourable eyes than our fathers did. Lucien Bonaparte, who, having materially assisted his brother's accession to power, now tried to avert the fall of the dynasty, proposed that Napoleon should abdicate in the name of his son. This would have placed the Allies in an awkward situation, but it would have been disregarded. Napoleon seems to have sometimes thought of taking this step, but finally dismissed the idea (Imng's *Lucien*, tome iii. p. 264).

[2] Méneval, who as the secretary of Maria Louisa ought to have been well acquainted with the facts, says (tome ii. p. 264) that before the return

than stratagem. A number of French of both sexes much devoted to the Emperor, who had given them rank and fortune, had accompanied Maria Louisa in 1814 from Paris to Blois, and thence to Vienna. A correspondence was opened with these persons, who embarked heart and soul in the plot; they forged passports, procured relays of horses, and altogether arranged matters so well that but for a single individual — one who revealed the whole project a few days previously to that fixed upon for carrying it into effect — there is little room to doubt that the plan would have succeeded, and that the daughter of

from Elba there had been an attempt to carry off the Prince Imperial. He attributes this plot to Fouché, the arch-fiend of the Imperialists, but says that want of money, unforeseen difficulties (probably the feelings of the Empress), and the return from Elba, made the plan fail. This had put the Austrians on the alert, and "on the 19th of March the Empress, arriving from Vienna, went to the apartment of her son and communicated to Madame de Montesquiou (the *gouvernante*) the wish expressed by the Emperor of Austria. She desired her to be ready to start at eight o'clock in the evening, without letting her know the reasons which made this hurried departure necessary. At the hour named she got into a carriage with Madame de Montesquiou and her son, and took them to the Imperial Palace, where she left them." There is something revolting in the Empress making herself the instrument to prevent her son obtaining the brilliant inheritance which might have been his. However little she might have considered herself bound to her parvenu husband in his days of misfortune, still her son might have had enough claims on her to make her at least remain passive. The presence of his mother perhaps prevented the poor little Prince from trying to resist, as, with a strange presentiment, he did when forced to take the fatal step of leaving Paris for Blois in 1814. On the 20th March, the same day on which Napoleon entered the Tuileries, Madame de Montesquiou was compelled to resign her charge, and the separation of the Prince from his French attendants was completed. This last measure was taken from the belief that the Comte Anatole de Montesquiou, who had left Paris on the 20th of March nominally to communicate with the Empress, was really intrusted with a plan for carrying off the Prince. The Allies professed to be aghast at the wickedness of Napoleon. It had never occurred to Napoleon to make political capital out of the capture of the wife and child of a foe. The lesson here taught by the Austrians was not forgotten by Louis Philippe when he seized the Duchesse de Berri in 1832.

Austria and the titular King of Rome would have given such *prestige* as their presence could give at the Tuileries and the Champ-de-Mai. No sooner had the Emperor of Austria discovered this plot, which, had it been successful, would have placed him in a very awkward predicament, than he dismissed all the French people about his daughter, compelled her to lay aside the armorial bearings and liveries of Napoleon, and even to relinquish the title of Empress of the French. No force, no art, no police could conceal these things from the people of Paris, who, moreover, and at nearly the same time, were made very uneasy by the failure of Murat's attempt in Italy, which greatly increased the power and political influence of Austria. Murat being disposed of, the Emperor Francis was enabled to concentrate all his forces in Italy, and to hold them in readiness for the reinvasion of France.

"Napoleon," says Lavallette, "had undoubtedly expected that the Empress and his son would be restored to him; he had published his wishes as a certainty, and to prevent it was, in fact, the worst injury the Emperor of Austria could have done him. His hope was, however, soon destroyed.

"One evening I was summoned to the palace. I found the Emperor in a dimly lighted closet, warming himself in a corner of the fireplace, and appearing to suffer already from the complaint which never afterwards left him. 'Here is a letter,' he said, 'which the courier from Vienna says is meant for you — read it.' On first casting my eyes on the letter, I thought I knew the handwriting; but as it was long I read it slowly, and came at last to the principal object. The writer said that we ought not to reckon upon the Empress, as she did not even attempt to conceal her dislike of the Emperor, and was disposed to approve all the measures that could be taken against him;

that her return was not to be thought of, as she herself would raise the greatest obstacles in the way of it, in case it should be proposed; finally, that it was not possible for him to dissemble his indignation that the Empress, wholly enamoured of ——, did not even take pains to hide her ridiculous partiality for him.[1] The handwriting of the letter was disguised, yet not so much but that I was able to discover whose it was. I found, however, in the manner in which the secret was expressed, a warmth of zeal and a picturesque style that did not belong to the author of the letter. While reading it, I all of a sudden suspected it was a counterfeit, and intended to mislead the Emperor. I communicated my idea to him, and the danger I perceived in this fraud. As I grew more and more animated, I found plausible reasons enough to throw the Emperor himself into some uncertainty. 'How is it possible,' I said, 'that —— should have been imprudent enough to

[1] The part taken by Maria Louisa at this period should be studied in the "Memoirs" of Méneval, for long secretary to Napoleon from the disgrace of Bourrienne until after the retreat from Moscow, when, having fallen into bad health, he was placed by Napoleon with Maria Louisa as chief secretary. He himself was naturally looked on with great suspicion by the Austrians, who called him "the man of the Emperor," and he was prevented from having much to do with the Empress; but he attempted to work on the feelings of Maria Louisa to get her to try to proceed to France, where, as he truly said, she would have been looked on as an angel of peace. Méneval does not go so far as the letter here quoted on the infatuation of his mistress for the one-eyed Count Neipperg, but he refers to the influence her chamberlain was obtaining over her. It is curious that the Austrians allowed Méneval to proceed to France to join Napoleon, and his account leaves an impression as if the Austrians, though anxious to retain Maria Louisa and her son, were not quite so determined on their line of action as Metternich would make us believe. Thus Méneval (tome ii. p. 249) says that on the receipt of the news of the landing of Napoleon, "the Emperor Francis, reassured about Italy, then said to his daughter that if the Emperor Napoleon, contrary to all probability, succeeded, he would not allow her to go to France till experience had shown that the pacific disposition of Napoleon could be trusted. The first thoughts of this Prince were good, but his good sense and his natural honesty always yielded to the requirements of his policy."

write such things to me, who am not his friend, and who have had so little connection with him? How can one suppose that the Empress should forget herself, in such circumstances, so far as to manifest aversion to you, and, still more to cast herself away upon a man who undoubtedly still possesses some power to please, but who is no longer young, whose face is disfigured, and whose person, altogether, has nothing agreeable in it?' 'But,' answered the Emperor, '—— is attached to me; and though he is not your friend, the postscript sufficiently explains the motive of the confidence he places in you.' The following words were, in fact, written at the bottom of the letter: 'I do not think you ought to mention the truth to the Emperor, but make whatever use of it you think proper.' I persisted, however, in maintaining that the letter was a counterfeit; and the Emperor then said to me, 'Go to Caulaincourt. He possesses a great many others in the same handwriting. Let the comparison decide between your opinion and mine.'

"I went to Caulaincourt, who said eagerly to me, 'I am sure the letter is from ——, and I have not the least doubt of the truth of the particulars it contains. The best thing the Emperor can do is to be comforted; there is no help to be expected from that side.'

"So sad a discovery was very painful to the Emperor, for he was sincerely attached to the Empress, and still hoped again to see his son, whom he loved most tenderly.[1]

"Fouché had been far from wishing the return of the Emperor. He was long tired of obeying, and had, besides, undertaken another plan, which Napoleon's arrival had broken off. The Emperor, however, put him again at the head of the police, because Savary was worn out in that employment, and a skilful man was wanted there. Fouché accepted the office, but without giving up his plan of de-

[1] See, however, the mention of the Empress in Napoleon's Will.

posing the Emperor, to put in his place either his son or a Republic, under a President. He had never ceased to correspond with Prince Metternich, and, if he is to be believed, he tried to persuade the Emperor to abdicate in favour of his son. That was also my opinion; but, coming from such a quarter, the advice was not without danger for the person to whom it was given. Besides, that advice having been rejected, it was the duty of the Minister either to think no more of his plan or to resign his office. Fouché, however, remained in the cabinet, and continued his correspondence. The Emperor, who placed but little confidence in him, kept a careful eye upon him. One evening the Emperor had a great deal of company at the Élysée: he told me not to go home, because he wished to speak to me. When everybody was gone, the Emperor stopped with Fouché in the apartment next to the one I was in. The door remained half open. They walked up and down together talking very calmly. I was therefore greatly astonished when, after a quarter of an hour, I heard the Emperor say to him gravely, 'You are a traitor! Why do you remain Minister of the Police if you wish to betray me? It rests with me to have you hanged, and everybody would rejoice at your death!' I did not hear Fouché's reply, but the conversation lasted above half an hour longer, the parties all the time walking up and down. When Fouché went away, he bade me cheerfully good-night, and said that the Emperor had gone back to his apartments.

"The next day the Emperor spoke to me of the previous night's conversation. 'I suspected,' he said, 'that the wretch was in correspondence with Vienna. I have had a banker's clerk arrested on his return from that city. He has acknowledged that he brought a letter for Fouché from Metternich, and that the answer was to be sent at a fixed time to Bâle, where a man was to wait for the bearer

on the bridge. I sent for Fouché a few days ago, and kept him three hours long in my garden, hoping that in the course of a friendly conversation he would mention that letter to me, but he said nothing. At last, yesterday evening, I myself opened the subject.' (Here the Emperor repeated to me the words I had heard the night before, 'You are a traitor,' etc.) 'He acknowledged, in fact,' continued the Emperor, 'that he had received such a letter, but that it was not signed, and that he had looked upon it as a mystification. He showed it me. Now that letter was evidently an answer, in which the writer again declared that he would listen to nothing more concerning the Emperor, but that, his person excepted, it would be easy to agree to all the rest.' I expected that the Emperor would conclude his narrative by expressing his anger against Fouché; but our conversation turned on some other subject, and he talked no more of him.

"Two days afterwards I went to Fouché, to solicit the return to Paris of an officer of musqueteers who had been banished far from his family. I found him at breakfast, and sat down next to him. Facing him sat a stranger. 'Do you see this man?' he said to me, pointing with his spoon to the stranger; 'he is an aristocrat, a Bourbonist, a Chouan; it is the Abbé ——, one of the editors of the "Journal des Débats," — a sworn enemy to Napoleon, a fanatic partisan of the Bourbons; he is one of our men.' I looked at him. At every fresh epithet of the Minister the Abbé bowed his head down to his plate with a smile of cheerfulness and self-complacency, and with a sort of leer. I never saw a more ignoble countenance. Fouché explained to me, on leaving the breakfast-table, in what manner all these valets of literature were men of his, and while I acknowledged to myself that the system might be necessary, I scarcely knew who were really more despicable, — the wretches who

thus sold themselves to the highest bidder, or the minister who boasted of having bought them, as if their acquisition were a glorious conquest. Judging that the Emperor had spoken to me of the scene I have described above, Fouché said to me: 'The Emperor's temper is soured by the resistance he finds, and he thinks it is my fault. He does not know that I have no power but by public opinion. To-morrow I might hang before my door twenty persons obnoxious to public opinion, though I should not be able to imprison for four-and-twenty hours any individual favoured by it.' As I am never in a hurry to speak, I remained silent, but reflecting on what the Emperor had said concerning Fouché, I found the comparison of their two speeches remarkable. The master could have his minister hanged with public applause, and the minister could hang — whom? Perhaps the master himself, and with the same approbation. What a singular situation! — and I believe they were both in the right; so far public opinion, equitable in regard to Fouché, had swerved concerning the Emperor."

Let us now turn to Napoleon in his novel character of constitutional monarch. One of his first professions in that capacity was his granting full liberty to the press. "The press," said he, "that mighty engine of enlightenment, shall be infinitely more free in France than in England!" To carry this into execution, he established *inspectors of the booksellers!* "The Minister of Police (Fouché), a friend of liberty, but," as Lecompte, the editor of "Le Censeur," observed, "only of liberty after the fashion of Monsieur Fouché, used every art in his power to prevent the contagion of freedom from spreading too widely." This Lecompte had thought he was aiding the cause of liberty in contributing, as he had done, to the return of Napoleon; but soon "seeing the prevailing influence of the military, he published some severe re-

marks on the undue weight the army assumed in public affairs, which, he hesitated not to say, was bringing France to the condition of Rome, when the empire was disposed of by the pretorian guards." This gave great offence: the journal was seized by the police, and the Minister (Fouché) endeavoured to palliate the fact in the "Moniteur" (*the government paper and the paper of all governments*) by saying that although seized it had been instantly restored. But Lecompte was not a man to be so silenced; he published a contradiction of the official statements, and declared that his journal had not been restored. He was summoned the next day before the Prefect, alternately threatened and wheedled, upbraided at one moment with ungrateful resistance to the cause of the Emperor, and requested at the next to think of something in which Government might serve him. "Steeled against every proffer and entreaty, Lecompte only required to be permitted *to profit by the restored liberty of the press;* nor could the worthy magistrate make him rightly understand that when the Emperor gave all men liberty to publish what pleased themselves, it was under the tacit condition that it should also please the Prefect and Minister of Police."[1]

We now come to the famous Champ-de-Mai, and the results that arose from it.

A concise account of this imposing ceremony was given by an eminent English writer,[2] who says: —

"The new constitution, with the *Acte Additionnel*, was offered to the suffrages of the French people at large, and accepted by them by a majority of above a million and a half of votes to about four thousand against it. Louis did not put himself to this kind of probation: it would have been inconsistent with his dignity and pretensions to do so, since his rights were

[1] Sir Walter Scott. [2] Hazlitt.

deemed superior to and independent of the choice of the people, which was merely a vulgar appendage to them. That of itself, with me, is decisive of the whole question. This event was celebrated in the Champ-de-Mai, held on the 1st of June in the open space facing the Military School, where the electors of the departments, the representatives of the people, and the deputations from the army met in an immense concourse. The Imperial and National Guard and the troops of the line were drawn up in squares in the Champ-de-Mars. Napoleon appeared in the midst of them like a new Charlemagne, surrounded by his brothers, his Court, and the members of his Government, on a magnificent throne. An altar was raised in the centre, and the ceremony began by invoking the God of battles. After the religious solemnity a deputation of 500 electors advanced to the foot of the throne, and pronounced an eloquent and patriotic address.[1] The result and number of the votes were then proclaimed, and Napoleon, turning towards the side where the electors were, said aloud, 'Emperor, Consul, Soldier, I hold all from the people: in prosperity, in adversity, in the field of battle, in council, on the throne, in exile, France has been the sole object of all my thoughts and actions.' Having ended his discourse, the Emperor proceeded to the altar with his escort, swearing to observe and maintain the constitutions

[1] After the celebration of Mass, *to which, by the by, every one turned his back*, the Emperor went down and took his place on an amphitheatre in the middle of the Champ-de-Mars, from whence he was to distribute the eagles to all the cohorts of the departments. This was a beautiful scene, for it was a national one. The Emperor took care to address a word to each of the corps that received these colours, and that word was flattering and calculated to inspire enthusiasm. To the department of the Vosges he said, "You are my old companions." To those of the Rhine, "You have been the first, the most courageous, and the most unfortunate in our disasters." To the departments of the Rhône, "I have been bred among you." To others, "Your bands were at Rivoli, at Arcole, at Marengo, at Tilsit, at Austerlitz, at the Pyramids." These magic names filled the hearts of those old warriors, the melancholy wreck of so many victories, with a very profound emotion. But, as I have already said, all France was not present at that ceremony, and the enthusiasm of the spectators was not communicated to the people in the departments (*Lavallette*, vol. ii. p. 190).

of the State; the oath was repeated by the ministers and the electoral deputations. The eagles were then distributed among the troops; cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' resounded on all sides, and the crowd (whether of men or women), as they looked on, were filled with admiration and delight, and seemed to think that the enemy could never again pierce through those numerous and dense phalanxes winding slowly along as if incapable of flight!"

The great meeting of the Champ-de-Mai was less favourably described by many writers who were eyewitnesses to it. Napoleon and his brothers, who had again collected around him, were dressed in antique and somewhat fantastic robes; he, as Emperor, was so arrayed as to resemble Charlemagne, and his relatives were royally attired.[1] The Republicans were much annoyed by this display. The report of the votes was read; the electors, with their usual promptitude, swore to the Additional Act; the hollow trumpets brayed after them, and the cannon thundered. The popular acclamations, however, were few and cold. Napoleon felt he was acting as in a melodrama on the stage, and he showed little interest, — no enthusiasm, until he came to that part of the ceremonies in which he had to distribute the eagles to the newly raised troops. Then his brow expanded, his eye beamed gloriously, and his voice became firm and

[1] The question of the dress of the Emperor's brothers had given some trouble. Lucien (tome iii. p. 265) says, "The dresses for the ceremony of the Champ-de-Mai were settled. I did not wish to appear in white, but in the dress of the National Guard. The Emperor answered me with a sneer, 'Yes, so that you, as a National Guard, may make more effect than I as Emperor.' I decided to be dressed in white." This decision was unlucky. "The white dresses worn by the three brothers of the Emperor denoted a prerogative not sanctioned by the nation, because, except Prince Joseph, whose right of succession was recognised, the other Princes (Lucien and Jérôme) had not been chosen for the hereditary line. These Imperial candidates produced a particularly bad effect, and offended the eye" (*Miot*, tome iii. p. 432).

sonorous. On the whole, the Parisians considered the field of May *une pièce tombée* (an unsuccessful play). Some few thought it an imposing spectacle, but many more considered it a ridiculous exhibition. Opera-dancers and fencing-masters figured in the procession.

On the following day (the 2d of June) Napoleon gave a second *fête* to the deputies of the army and the electors of the departments, who met in the spacious galleries of the Louvre. More eagles were distributed, and those who received them from the hands of the Emperor swore, as a matter of course, to defend them and him to the death. The quantity of oath-taking, and of tricking and turning of all kinds, that took place at Paris between Bonaparte's return in March and the return of the Bourbons in July, was prodigious almost beyond example. The journalists (as became their calling) particularly distinguished themselves. The following fact, though well known, merits repeating. One of the gentlemen of the press, in announcing the escape from Elba, said, "A report is circulated that the brigand of Corsica has landed at Cannes." A few days after the same man wrote, "Do you know what news is circulated? They say the rash usurper has been received at Grenoble." Then it was, "I have it from a good source that General Bonaparte has entered Lyons." But a few days after, again changing his tone, he reported, "It appears certain that Napoleon is at Fontainebleau." And, finally, on the 20th of March, he respectfully announced that "His Majesty the Emperor and King alighted this evening at his Palace of the Tuileries."[1]

The Legislative Body met on the 3d of June, and the

[1] The following extract from the "Moniteur" contains probably the strangest piece of news ever inserted in a journal: "The King and the Princes left in the night. His Majesty the Emperor arrived this evening at eight o'clock at his Palace of the Tuileries."

deputies or Commons, among whom were many Constitutionalists and not a few Jacobins, showed from the first a spirit of opposition and a firm determination to obtain guarantees for their newly acquired liberties. Their first quarrel with the Emperor was on the very first day of their sitting, and arose out of mere points of etiquette. The good humour of the deputies was not increased when Napoleon, on being waited upon for his confirmation of their election of their President, contemptuously referred the deputation to one of his chamberlains, who, he said, would deliver his (the Emperor's) answer the next day through the Court page in waiting. This certainly showed very little constitutional feeling; and a majority in the house began to murmur and whisper that Napoleon was unchanged, and he and freedom as incompatible as fire and water.

A deputy named Sibuet, in a very violent speech, made a motion against the use of such titles as Duke, Count, Baron, etc., in the Chamber of Representatives, and was very nigh carrying his point. On the same day another very stormy debate arose out of the demand made by a member of the Lower House for a list of the personages raised to the new House of Peers. Carnot, in his capacity of Minister, declined giving the list until the session should actually begin real business. On his refusal the uproar was tremendous, and the President's bell was for a long time rung in vain. They then proceeded to scrutinise the form and substance of the oath to be taken by the deputies, and it was with great difficulty the Bonapartists carried their point, that the oaths should go in the name of "Napoleon and the Constitution," without mentioning the nation or the people. On the 7th of June the whole house was in fire and fury. Félix Lepelletière, a zealous partisan of the Emperor, proposed that the Chamber should vote to Napoleon the title of "Saviour of

his country." "This is absurd: we will not have it so," shouted a hundred deputies at once; "the country is not yet saved!" and they passed to the order of the day by acclamation. In most of these petty proceedings the French showed little political wisdom, and did not take the course proper to conciliate and constitutionalise the fierce Napoleon, who was heard frequently to say in private, "The empty fools, the babblers, they are talking when we ought to be fighting! They want to fetter my strong arm; will their weak one save the nation? One thing is clear, France does not possess the elements of a representative government; she wants a dictator like me." In his answer to the address of the two Chambers he did not conceal his dissatisfaction. He said, —

"The struggle in which we are engaged is serious. The seductions of prosperity are not the danger which menaces us at present. It is under the Caudine Forks that foreigners wish to make us pass. The justice of our cause, the public spirit of the nation, and the courage of the army are strong grounds to hope for success; but should we encounter reverses, it is then that I should trust to see displayed all the energy of a great people. It is then that I should find in the Chambers proofs of their attachment to the country and to me. It is in times of difficulty that great nations, like great men, unfold all the energy of their character, and become objects of admiration to posterity. I will set out to-night and proceed to join the army. The movements of the different corps of our enemies render my presence indispensable. The Constitution is our rallying-point: it should be our pole-star in these stormy times. Every public discussion tending directly or indirectly to diminish the confidence which should be placed in its arrangements would be a misfortune to the State: we should then find ourselves in the midst of rocks without compass or pilot. The crisis

in which we are involved is arduous. Let us not imitate the example of the Lower Empire, which, pressed on all sides by the barbarians, rendered itself a scoff to posterity by entering into abstract discussions at the very moment when the battering-ram was at the gates of the city. In all circumstances my conduct will be direct and firm. Aid me to save the country. First Representative of the People, I have contracted the obligation which I now renew to employ in more tranquil times all the prerogatives of the Crown and the little experience which I have acquired to ameliorate our institutions."

The wrath of Napoleon was confined to the Lower House, the Peers, from the nature of their composition, being complacent and passive enough. The vast majority of them were in fact mere shadows gathered round the solid persons of Joseph, Lucien, Louis, and Jérôme Bonaparte, and Sieyès, Carnot, and the military men of the Revolution.[1] As a political body Napoleon despised them himself, and yet he wanted the nation to respect them. But respect was impossible, and the volatile Parisians made the Peers a constant object of their witticisms. The punsters of Paris made the following somewhat ingenious play upon words. Lallemand, Labédoyère, Drouot, and Ney they called *Les Quatre Pairs fides* (*perfides*), which in pronunciation may equally mean the four faithful peers or the four perfidious men. The infamous Vandamme and another were called *Pair-sifflés*, the hissed peers, or the hissed pair, or (*persifflés*) men made objects of derision. It was thus the lower orders behaved while the existence of France was at stake.

[1] The brothers of the Emperor gave much trouble about their places in the Chamber of Peers. Joseph was deeply hurt by being nominated by his brother, saying that his place was due to him by birth, not nomination. All three — Joseph, Lucien, and Jérôme — next claimed to have special seats in the Chamber by the side of the President, a ridiculous pretension which they had to renounce (*Thiers*, tome xix. livre lix. p. 606).

By this time the thunder-cloud of war had gathered and was ready to burst. Short as the time at his disposal was, Napoleon prepared to meet it with his accustomed energy. Firearms formed one of the most important objects of attention. There were sufficient sabres, but muskets were wanting. The Imperial factories could, in ordinary times, furnish monthly 20,000 stands of new arms; by the extraordinary activity and inducements offered, this number was doubled. Workmen were also employed in repairing the old muskets. There was displayed at this momentous period the same activity in the capital as in 1793, and better directed, though without the same ultimate success. The clothing of the army was another difficulty, and this was got over by advancing large sums of money to the cloth manufacturers beforehand. The contractors delivered 20,000 cavalry horses before the 1st of June; 10,000 trained horses had been furnished by the dismounted gendarmerie. Twelve thousand artillery horses were also delivered by the 1st of June, in addition to 6,000 which the army already had.

The facility with which the Ministers of Finance and of the Treasury provided for all these expenses astonished everybody, as it was necessary to pay for everything in ready money. The system of public works was at the same time resumed throughout France. "It is easy to see," said the workmen, "that 'the great contractor' is returned: all was dead, now everything revives." To account for all this lavish expenditure, an opinion prevailed that the Emperor on his return had found 100,000,000 livres in gold at the Tuileries. The King had indeed, quitted Paris with such precipitation that he had not been able to carry away the crown-plate, valued at 6,000,000, nor the treasury-chests, of the departments, containing 50,000,000 more. But the chief resource which Napoleon found on his return was in the goodwill

of the people, and in the confidence of the great French and Dutch capitalists arising out of it. Voluntary donations were also numerous, and in some departments exceeded 1,000,000. At the military parades he was often presented with bundles of bank-bills, and on his return to the palace had to give the Minister of the Treasury 80,000 or 100,000 francs which he had received in this manner.

It was soon evident that the scene of the grand conflict would be on the Flemish border, — the old battle-field of Europe. The whole of the fortified line of the Low Countries towards France was occupied by strong garrisons, chiefly in English pay. From the time of the alarm excited by Bonaparte's success, reinforcements had arrived from England without intermission, and the Duke of Wellington was on the spot to take the supreme command of the troops, native and foreign, in Belgium. In the latter end of May the headquarters of the French Army of the North were established at Avesnes, in Eastern Flanders, and in the apprehension of an invasion by the Allied armies on that part, Laon and the Castle of Guise were put in a defensible state. Field-Marshal Prince Blücher about this time arrived with the Prussian army in the neighbourhood of Namur, and held frequent conferences with the Duke of Wellington.

Napoleon left Paris on the 12th of June, accompanied by Marshal Bertrand and General Drouot, and proceeded to Laon. Lavallette, who was with Napoleon till midnight on the 11th of June, informs us that the Emperor was unwell when he set off to open the campaign, that he suffered a great deal from a pain in the breast,[1] but

[1] Certain departures from Napoleon's usual style of warfare, and especially from his ordinary rapid manner of following up a retreating enemy, which are to be noticed in the Waterloo campaign, have called attention to the question whether he was then in possession of his full

that notwithstanding this he stepped into his carriage with a cheerfulness that seemed to show he was confident of victory.

It is important to arrive at the respective forces of the Allied sovereigns, and of the Emperor Napoleon. It was calculated that by the end of May nearly 500,000 troops of the Allies would be assembled to oppose the operations of Napoleon, comprising 160,000 Russians, 80,000 Austrians, 120,000 Prussians, 75,000 of the Anglo-Belgian army, and 65,000 of the Bavarian and other German troops. In the beginning of June the Allied armies

powers of mind and body. The whole subject will be found dealt with in Dorsey Gardner's "Quatre Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo" (Kegan Paul, 1882), pp. 31–37, where extracts are given from the conflicting authorities. To these passages may be added references to the following works: Lavalette, vol. ii. pp. 179 and 191, and Iung's "Lucien Bonaparte," tome iii. pp. 263 and 285, noting in this last especially p. 263, where is mentioned Napoleon's then great propensity to sleep, and his own astonishment that he should have had the energy to leave Elba in such a state. There can be no doubt that Napoleon was then suffering to an extent which enfeebled him, and to this cause we may put down the failure to attack earlier at Waterloo, etc. His refusal to support Ney and Murat at Borodino, and his strange neglect to push other divisions to the assistance of Vandamme on his perilous march to Culm to cut off the retreating Allies after Dresden, are previous instances of the effect of disease on his actions and on his fortunes. Something may be put down to his own consciousness of loss of prestige, perhaps also of hope. Years before, he had told Metternich of the crushing effect of failure (*Metternich*, vol. iii. p. 512): "Ah, vous ne savez pas quelle puissance est le bonheur! Lui seul donne du courage. Ne pas oser, c'est ne rien faire qui vaille, et on n'ose jamais qu'à la suite du bonheur! Le malheur affaisse et flétrit l'âme, et dès lors on ne fait rien de bon." — "You do not know what strength is given by good luck! It alone gives one courage. It is only by daring that one does anything worth doing, and it is only from the feeling of good luck that one ever dares anything. Misfortune crushes and blasts one's mind: thenceforward one does nothing well." He rode to his last battle conscious of loss of prestige and failing powers. The General who flew from field to field in Italy, who the night before Jena would not rest till he had himself seen the artillery in position, and who multiplied himself in 1814, is not to be recognised in the Waterloo campaign. Wellington triumphed over a great general, but it was not the Napoleon of Rivoli and Austerlitz whom he faced.

occupied the following positions: The 1st corps of infantry of the Duke of Wellington's army, under the command of the Prince of Orange, occupied Enghien, Braine le Compte, Nivelles, and Soignies. The 2d corps, commanded by Lieutenant-General Lord Hill, was stationed at Ath, Lens, Oudenarde, Grammont, and the places adjacent, and the reserve occupied Ghent, Brussels, and the neighbourhood. The cavalry attached to this army, under the command of Lieutenant-General the Earl of Uxbridge, were chiefly posted about Grammont and Ninove. The English forces with their Allies (excluding the Prussians) amounted to 106,000 men with nearly 200 guns.

The Prussian army consisted of four corps, and were thus stationed: The 1st, commanded by General Zieten, occupied Fontaine l'Evesque, Fleurus, and Charleroi. The 2d, under General Pirch, was distributed in the neighbourhood of Namur. The 3d corps, under the command of General Thielmann, was posted in the vicinity of Ciney. The 4th corps, commanded by General Bulow, was collected about Liège. These, with corps of cavalry and artillery in proportion, constituted a force of 117,000 men, with upwards of 300 guns.

Having described the number and positions of the English and Prussian armies in Flanders, it now remains to detail the force and composition of Napoleon's invading army, which was styled the Army of Flanders. General Comte d'Erlon commanded the 1st corps, consisting of four divisions of infantry, one division of light cavalry, and six batteries of artillery, the total strength of which amounted to about 20,000 men. This corps was posted at Lille. The 2d corps, under General Count Reille, was assembled about Valenciennes, and was similarly constituted to the first corps, but exceeded it in numbers by about 3,000 men. The 3d corps, commanded by Count Vandamme, had one division of infantry less than the

other two corps, and mustered only 19,000 men. The 4th corps, under Count Gérard, formed the basis of the Army of the Moselle, and was so placed that it might easily form a junction with the Army of Flanders or with the Army of the Rhine; it consisted of about 16,000 men. Count Rapp commanded the 5th corps, collected at Strasburg, denominated the Army of the Rhine; it was composed like the 3d and 4th corps, and amounted to 17,000 men. The 6th corps, under Count Lobau, which was stationed at Laon, formed the reserve of the Army of Flanders; its force may be reckoned at 11,000 men. The 7th corps, commanded by Marshal Suchet, was collected about Chambéry, and amounted to 21,000 men. The cavalry of the Army of Flanders consisted of four corps, under the command of Marshal Grouchy: the 1st, under Pajol, amounting to about 2,500 men, was assembled between the Aisne and the northern frontier; the 2d, commanded by Excelmans, was of about the same strength; the 3d corps of cavalry, under the orders of Kellermann, was 3,500 strong; the 4th corps, commanded by Milhaud, consisted of 3,500 cuirassiers. Besides these seven corps of infantry, and the four corps of cavalry, various other corps of National Guards, mixed with troops of the line, were stationed as Armies of Observation on the most important parts of the frontier, exhibiting a total of about 100,000 men.[1] The Imperial Guard, the flower of the French army, was assembled in the neighbourhood of Paris, and consisted of close upon 20,000 men. Paris

[1] Thiers (tome xx. livre lx. pp. 5–10) goes in detail into the question of the number of soldiers available. He states that Napoleon only found an effective force of 180,000 men, of which only 148,000 were available. He says that on the 12th of June Napoleon had on the northern frontier 124,000 men, and each month would have brought an addition of at least 100,000. Chesney puts Napoleon's strength at the beginning of the campaign at 198,000; the armies of Rapp, Suchet, and Lecourbe have of course to be deducted from this.

and Lyons were strongly fortified, and it was supposed by many that Napoleon, contrary to his usual tactics, would remain on the defensive, but he adopted the bolder alternative of attacking the Allies before they should become too formidable by combination. On the 7th of June the French army began to move at Valenciennes. At four o'clock in the morning of the 12th, Napoleon left Paris to join the army. On arriving at Laon the same evening, he inspected the city and ramparts. The next day he proceeded to Avesnes, and on the 14th rode to Beaumont, whence, on the same day, being the anniversary of the battles of Marengo and Friedland, he addressed the following energetic proclamation to his army: —

"Soldiers! — This day is the anniversary of Marengo and Friedland, which twice decided the destiny of Europe. Then, as after the battles of Austerlitz and Wagram, we were too generous. We believed in the protestations and oaths of Princes, to whom we left their thrones. Now, however, leagued together, they strike at the independence and sacred rights of France. They have committed unjust aggressions. Let us march forward and meet them. Are we not still the same men? Soldiers! at Jena these Prussians, now so arrogant, were three to one; at Montmirail six to one. Let those who have been captives to the English describe the nature of their prison ships, and the sufferings they endured. The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hanoverians, the soldiers of the Confederation of the Rhine, lament that they are obliged to use their arms in the cause of Princes who are the enemies of justice and destroyers of the rights of nations. They well know the coalition to be insatiable. After having swallowed up 12,000,000 Poles, 12,000,000 Italians, 1,000,000 Saxons, and 6,000,000 Belgians, they now wish to devour the States of the second order among the Germans. Madmen! one moment of prosperity has bewildered them. To oppress and humble the people of France is out of their power: once entering our territory, there they will find their doom. Soldiers! we have forced marches before us, battles to fight,

and dangers to encounter; but, firm in resolution, victory must be ours. The honour and happiness of our country are at stake! and, in short, Frenchmen, the moment is arrived when we must conquer or die!"

The positions of the French army at this time were as follows: The headquarters were at Beaumont, the first corps at Loire-sur-Sambre, second at Ham-sur-Heure, third in front of Beaumont, fourth in front of Philippeville, sixth in front of Beaumont, the Imperial Guard around Beaumont, the four corps of cavalry, under Marshal Grouchy, between Beaumont and Walcourt.

An English writer who was at Brussels during the gathering and the bursting of the war-cloud gives some graphic details.

"The town," he says, "was crowded to excess. The bright and varied uniforms of so many different nations, mingled with the gay dresses of females in the park, and the *Allée Verte* thronged with superb horses and brilliant equipages, gave to the city unusual animation. The *tables d'hôte* resounded with a confusion of tongues which might have rivalled the tower of Babel. Balls and plays, routs and dinners, were the only topics of conversation; and though some occasional rumours were spread that the French had made an incursion within our lines and carried off a few head of cattle, the tales were too vague to excite the least alarm. On the 3d of June I went to see 10,000 troops reviewed by the Dukes of Wellington and Brunswick. The splendid uniforms of the English, Scotch, and Hanoverians formed a strong contrast with the gloomy black of the Brunswick hussars, whose veneration for the memory of their old Duke could only be equalled by their devotion to his son. I was particularly struck with the handsome features of the Duke of Brunswick, whose fine manly figure, as he galloped across the field, realised my *beau idéal* of a warrior."

As soon as it was whispered in Brussels that Napoleon was positively approaching that city,[1] the most absurd and contradictory reports were circulated, and strong proofs were given that small reliance could be placed on the Belgians,[2] who seemed resolved to side with whichever

[1] It was on the 12th instant that the news of Napoleon having set out from Paris to join the army of Flanders was known at Brussels. The following morning, when the Duke of Richmond and some officers were at a cricket-match, the Duke of Wellington arrived, and shortly after the Prince of Orange, which put a stop to the game. Though the hero of the Peninsula was not apt to let his movements be known, on this occasion he made no secret "that if he was attacked from the south Halle would be his position, and if on the Namur side, Waterloo." The army being ordered to be ready to march on the shortest notice, his Grace returned to Brussels. A few days after my arrival it was publicly known that a movement would soon take place on the frontier; but as it extended from Ostend to Charleroi, no conjecture could be made on what point the French would make their attack, yet the Duke has been abused for not having had the second sight of a Highlander to know this, and it was insisted that he was taken by surprise! There was also a great clamour among the *quidnuncs* that he with his staff and a great many officers were dancing at a ball instead of being at their posts; but the fact is that Wellington had previously issued the necessary orders for the march of the troops quartered in the city as well as in the cantonments, which was very properly kept a profound secret. About midnight the drums, bugles, and bagpipes sounded the signal of march. I was stepping into bed when the well-known *pibroch*, so familiar to my ear (the Camerons' Gathering) sounded under my windows. On opening my casement I beheld my countrymen assembling like bees from all quarters; and never was there a more prompt turn-out; within half an hour every officer and soldier was at his post. The 42d, 92d, and 79th paraded in our street. The division of Brussels and its neighbourhood amounted to 9,000; about noon it reached Quatre Bras, a march of eighteen miles, in a very hot day, and through a country that afforded but little water, so that between fatigue and thirst they were much exhausted before they were attacked, and they hardly had time to settle their knapsacks when the French, concealed in the field of long rye, and suddenly debouching from a neighbouring wood, commenced a vigorous fire, which was repelled with the utmost bravery, and though the British were but ill-supported by artillery or cavalry, they succeeded in driving the French from their positions, and became masters of the field, but with an immense loss, particularly in the ranks of the Highlanders (Pryce Gordon's *Memoirs*).

[2] The following proclamation was issued by Napoleon on entering Belgium, and was dated *prematurely* from the Palace of Laeken:—

party might prove victorious. As early as the night of the 15th of June, when Bonaparte's advance was first heard of, they reported that the French were actually at the gates of Brussels, lying in ambush to surprise the city, while others said that the apparent confidence and security of the Duke of Wellington arose from his having bought over the French, whom he dared not fight, *armes à la main*, with British gold. The gossips and *quidnuncs* of the town were dreadfully embarrassed by these contradictory stories, and according as one or other prevailed, they were all for Bonaparte or all for Wellington. This confusion of ideas is said to have produced the most laughable mistakes, people frequently beginning invectives which ended in becoming panegyrics of the persons they did not mean to praise.

"We have just learnt," says a writer who was at Brussels at this time, "that Napoleon had left the capital of France on the 12th; on the 15th the frequent arrival of couriers excited extreme anxiety, and towards evening General Muffling presented himself at the hôtel of the Duke of Wellington with despatches from Blücher. We were all aware that the enemy was in movement, and the ignorant could not solve the enigma of the Duke going

To the Belgians and the Inhabitants of the Left Bank of the Rhine.

The ephemeral success of my enemies detached you for a moment from my Empire. In my exile, upon a rock in the sea, I heard your complaint; the God of battles has decided the fate of your beautiful provinces; Napoleon is among you; you are worthy to be Frenchmen! Rise in a body, join my invincible phalanxes to exterminate the remainder of these barbarians, who are your enemies and mine: they fly with rage and despair in their hearts.

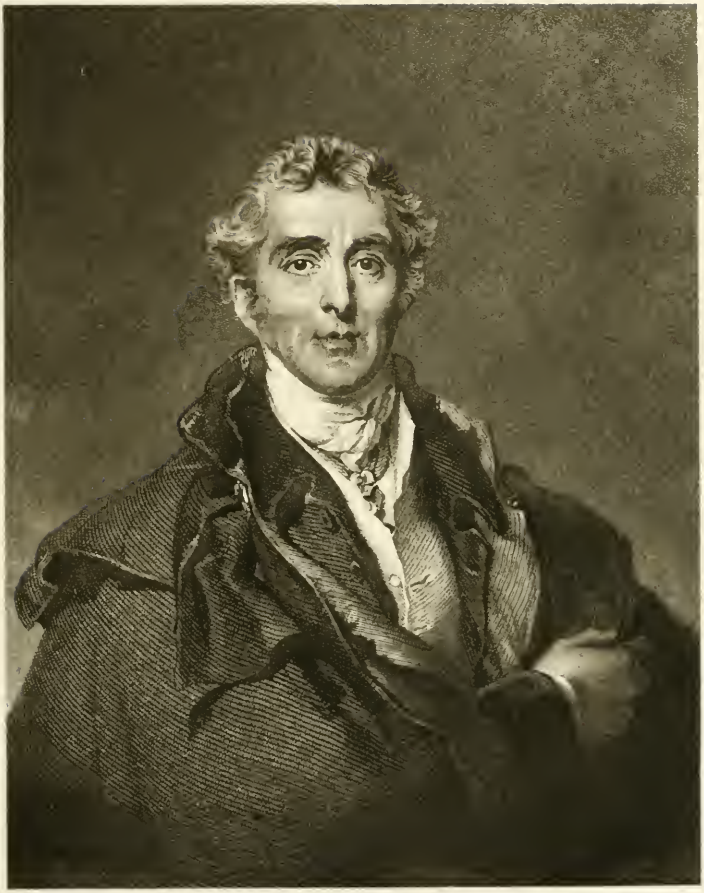
(Signed) Napoleon.

The Imperial Palace of Laeken, June 17, 1815.

By the Emperor,

The Major-General of the Army, Count Bertrand.*

* Soult was, however, Major-General of the Army in 1815.



tranquilly to the ball at the Duke of Richmond's, — his coolness was above their comprehension. Had he remained at his own hôtel, a panic would have probably ensued amongst the inhabitants, which would have embarrassed the intended movement of the British division of the army.

"I returned home late, and we were still talking over our uneasiness, when we heard the trumpets sound. Before the sun had risen in full splendour, I heard martial music approaching, and soon beheld from my windows the 5th reserve of the British army passing; the Highland brigade were the first in advance, led by their noble thanes, the bagpipes playing their several pibrochs; they were succeeded by the 28th, their bugles' note falling more blithely upon the ear. Each regiment passed in succession with its band playing."

The gallant Duke of Brunswick was at a ball at the assembly-rooms in the Rue Ducale on the night of the 15th of June, when the French guns, which he was one of the first to hear, were clearly distinguished at Brussels. "Upon receiving the information that a powerful French force was advancing in the direction of Charleroi, 'Then it is high time for me to be off,' he exclaimed, and immediately quitted the ball-room."

The assembly broke up abruptly, and in half an hour drums were beating and bugles sounding. The good burghers of the city, who were almost all enjoying their first sleep, started from their beds at the alarm, and hastened to the streets. The most ridiculous and absurd rumours were rapidly circulated and believed. The general impression seemed to be that the town was on fire, the next that the Duke of Wellington had been assassinated; but when it was discovered that the French were advancing, the consternation became general, and every one hurried to the Place Royale, where the Hanoverians and Brunswickers were already mustering.

About one o'clock in the morning of the 16th, the whole population of Brussels was in motion. The streets were crowded as in full day; lights flashed to and fro; artillery and baggage waggons were creaking in every direction; the drums beat to arms, and the bugles sounded. The noise and bustle surpassed all description. Here were horses plunging and kicking amongst a crowd of terrified burghers, there lovers parting from their weeping mistresses. Now the attention was attracted by a park of artillery thundering through the streets, and now again by a group of officers disputing loudly the demands of their imperturbable Flemish landlords, for not even the panic which prevailed could frighten the Flemings out of a single stiver; screams and yells occasionally rose above the busy hum that murmured through the crowd, but the general sound resembled the roar of a distant ocean. Between two and three o'clock the Brunswickers marched from the town.

"At four the whole disposable force under the Duke of Wellington was collected together, but in such haste that many of the officers had no time to change their silk stockings and dancing-shoes; and some, quite overcome by drowsiness, were seen lying asleep about the ramparts, still holding, however, with a firm hand the reins of their horses, which were grazing by their sides.

"About five o'clock the word 'march' was heard in all directions, and instantly the whole mass appeared to move simultaneously. I conversed with several of the officers previous to their departure, and not one appeared to have the slightest idea of an approaching engagement.

"The Duke of Wellington and his staff did not quit Brussels till past eleven o'clock, and it was not till some time after they were gone that it was generally known the whole French army, including a strong corps of cavalry, was within a few miles of Quatre Bras."

[ANNEX TO THE PRECEDING CHAPTER.]

The state of the popular mind and the curious aspect presented by Paris to the stranger during these days of sudden change have often been described, but seldom better than in the words of an accomplished English lady, a partisan of the Bourbons, who had the courage to await the arrival of Bonaparte.

We were enjoying the breezes of a fine March morning when suddenly an officer issued from the palace and whispered to us that *Bonaparte had landed!* Had a thunderbolt fallen at our feet, its effects could not have produced a more terrible sensation than did this unexpected intelligence on our hearts. We instantly returned home, and that night it was no longer a secret in Paris. Some could not conceal the terror the name of Napoleon always inspires; others, judging from their own loyal sentiments, exclaimed, "La main de Dieu y est visible!" Another party, appreciating present circumstances, rejoiced in the idea that he would be taken and secured for ever; as if Napoleon, in risking the chance of success, had not secured the means of insuring it! The King issued an *ordonnance* declaring him a traitor. The Chamber of Deputies was convened; an express sent for Marshal Ney. The King, preserving admirable calmness and confidence in his subjects, received the Ambassadors, saying, "Write, gentlemen, to your respective Courts that I am in good health, and that the mad enterprise of this man will no longer trouble the repose of Europe nor my own." [1] The Prince de Condé, notwithstanding his advanced age, offered his services.

[1] Louis XVIII. and his Ministers at first were, or affected to be, confident of success. In telling Talleyrand of Napoleon's landing, the King says, "You will no doubt have heard of his audacious enterprise. I took at once the measures which I judged most calculated to make him repent of it, and I am confident of their success." He informed the Ambassadors that he was "firmly persuaded that the tranquillity of Europe would no more be disturbed by it than I was myself" (Talleyrand's *Correspondence*,

His Majesty passed in review the troops, addressed the most flattering compliments to their generals, who surrounded him, and said to General Rapp, "Malgré que ce ne soit pas le siége de Dantzic, je compte toujours sur votre bravoure et votre fidélité!" Rapp, affected, turned away and exclaimed, "One must be a villain to betray such a King." He rendered himself justice, and unconsciously pronounced his own panegyric in advance.[1] When the Duc de Berri appeared, he was received with enthusiasm. *La Maison du Roi* solicited to march with him against their common enemy, but elsewhere all remained in a state of apathy. An extensive confederacy on one side, want of means on the other, and inefficient organisation in every department, — our great confidence was in Ney; Ney departed with promises to bring back Napoleon dead or alive. He kissed the King's hand, and, shedding tears, renewed his oaths of fidelity for himself and his army.

The Duc de Feltre (Clarke) was named Minister of War. Our fluctuating hopes rose and fell like the mercury in a weather-glass, but this nomination revived them. Clarke had been called "*the calculating Irishman*," but the loyal party now extol him, and say that he forgot himself at the epoch that others forgot only what they owed to their King. "*What will Talleyrand do?* Will he, amidst the congregated ministers of the Allies, remain steady to his last oaths to Louis?" was constantly echoing through our *salons* during the first days of consternation.

vol. ii. p. 69). On his side Talleyrand wrote to Jaucourt, his substitute in the French Foreign Office: "We have no reason to fear; our cause is safe" (Talleyrand's *Correspondence*, vol. ii p. 108). Later, however, Talleyrand had doubts as to which cause was safe; and to let time reveal this, he withdrew to Carlsbad to "*look after his liver*."

[1] Rapp was certainly no scoundrel. He only rejoined his old chief when the flight of Louis XVIII. left France helpless. It cannot be said to have been the duty of any one to support a Government which fled to obtain the help of the Powers which were longing to dismember France. Rapp asserted to the face of Napoleon that he would have resisted him, and on Napoleon disbelieving this and saying he would have shown Rapp "the Medusa's head," Rapp still said he would have fired on his old Chief (*Memoirs*, p. 342). Rapp was sent to defend Alsace, and there, as everywhere, showed himself a gallant and loyal soldier. The few rewards he received from Napoleon prove how little of a time-server he was.

The streets were quieter than usual; every person seemed to have a more serious mien, and to be preoccupied. Of the *beau-monde* some had fled, others kept within their hôtels. No carriages of the opulent contested the passage with the cabriolets or with the vehicles of commerce, no *belles* skipped lightly along. In the shops few purchasers, and those few looking gloomy and silent: suspicion and fear seemed to predominate. Entering two or three shops where I had been in the habit of purchasing, they exclaimed, "Softly! softly! mademoiselle; speak low, we are surrounded with spies." At the open stalls, and in the shops on the bridges and on the quays, the proprietors were busily occupied in removing the engravings and other emblems of the Bourbons, and replacing those of the usurper and of his military partisans. Ladders were placed at the corners of the streets and against the shops, while workmen were effacing the names and brevets of the Bourbon dynasty, to be replaced by those of the Corsican family, or in haste substituting a design analogous to the merchandise within. We entered for a moment the Chamber of Deputies. The *drapeaux* taken in the different campaigns were brought from their concealed depots. The President's chair, embroidered with *fleur-de-lis*, was being removed. "Where will you find another?" I hastily demanded. "L'ancien fauteuil est au grenier," was the quick reply. In a few moments it was brought down; the portraits of the King and of the Princes were already removed from their frames, and those of Napoleon and Maria Louisa had replaced them.

[On the 19th of March cries were heard of "Vive le Roi!" in the square of Louis XV. On the morning of the 20th they were supplanted by shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!"]

The next morning I determined to see Napoleon, but when our carriage arrived at the Pont Royal thousands were collected there. Our servant advised us to descend and proceed on foot. The crowd civilly made way: they were waiting to see the review. An unusual silence prevailed, interrupted only by the cries of the children, whom the parents were thumping with energy for crying "Vive le Roi!" instead of "Vive l'Empereur!" which some months before they had been thumped

for daring to vociferate! A friend recommended us to proceed to the review, to see which he had the good-nature to procure me admittance to a small apartment in the Tuileries, and from the window I saw and heard for the first time the scourge of the Continent, — his martial, active figure, mounted on his famed white horse. He harangued, with energetic tone (and in those bombastic expressions we have always remarked in all his manifestos, and which are so well adapted to the French), the troops of the divisions of Lefol and Dufour. There was much embracing of *Les anciens Aigles* of the Old Guard, much mention of "great days and souvenirs dear to his heart," of the "scars of his brave soldiers," which, to serve his views, he will reopen without remorse. The populace were tranquil, as I had remarked them on the bridge. Inspirited by my still unsatisfied curiosity, I rejoined my escort and proceeded to the gardens, where not more than thirty persons were collected under the windows. There was no enthusiastic cry, at least none deemed sufficient to induce him to show himself. In despair at not being able to contemplate his physiognomy at greater advantage, I made my cavalier request some persons in the throng to cry, "Vive l'Empereur!" Some laughed, and replied, "Attendez un peu," while others advised us to desire some of the children to do so. A few francs thrown to the latter soon stimulated their voices into cries of the loyalty of the day, and Napoleon presented himself at the window, but he retired often and reappeared. A few persons arrived from the country and held up petitions, which he sent an aide-de-camp to receive. His square face and figure struck me with involuntary emotion. I was dazzled, as if beholding a supernatural being. There was a sternness spread over his expansive brow, a gloom on the lids of his darkened eye, which rendered futile his attempts to smile. Something Satanic sported round his mouth, indicating the ambitious spirit of the soul within!

Much agitation seemed to reign in the *salon*. The ministers and generals paced up and down with their master in reciprocal agitation and debate. The palace has now the appearance of a fortress, the retreat of a despot, not the abode of a sovereign

confiding in the loyalty of his people, and recalled by their unanimous voice, but feeling that he is only welcomed back by military power, whose path was smoothed by the peasantry of Dauphiny. A range of artillery is now placed before it; soldiers stretched on straw repose under the finely arched corridors, and military casqued heads even appear from the uppermost windows. Napoleon had the gallant consideration the day after his return to renew the guard of honour at the hôtel of the Dowager-Duchess of Orleans, to whom he has always accorded the respect due to royalty.[1]

Napoleon during the Hundred Days.

I have seen him twice: the first time on Sunday, 16th April, at the review of the National Guards; the second time at the Français on the following Friday, 21st April, at his first visit to that theatre since his return. Having witnessed the first appearance of the Bourbon Princes last year in front of the National Guard and at the same theatre, I am able to make some comparison between the two receptions, and what is called the popularity of each dynasty. The first occasion was a trial which some of the female partisans of Napoleon appeared to dread. A rumour had gone about that violence would be attempted against the Emperor's person by the Republicans on the day of the review. Several people whispered the suspicion to me, and added that the deed was to be done by a female. The time naturally selected for the purpose was the moment when the National Guards were to be all under arms, as that body, whatever may be their politics, would, it is thought, defend their properties and the peace of the city rather than fly to the revenge of any individual act. I was in the apartments in the Tuileries allotted to the Queen Hortense, who was present at one of the windows, together with some ladies of the Court.

[1] This act on the part of the man whom the sovereigns were declaring an outlaw is worth remarking. It contrasts with the persistent refusal to recognise him as of any higher rank than General. Why the title *General* was allowed him, a question asked by himself, does not appear.

The beautiful —— was of the party ; she manifested the utmost inquietude ; told me that she had no alarm from the Guards, but was uneasy at the appearance of several persons in plain clothes crowding round the steps of the great porch of the palace, where the Emperor was to mount his horse : however, she recovered herself, and seemed to forget her fears when the discharges of cannon at the Invalides announced the surrender of Marseilles and the pacification of the whole Empire. By half-past one twenty-four battalions of the Guard had marched into the Court of Tuileries. There were no troops of the line or of the Imperial Guard under arms on that day, but there were several military men amongst the spectators about the porch, who consisted chiefly of women, and of the above-mentioned persons, apparently of the lower classes. Your friend —— and myself were, I think, the only gentlemen in plain clothes. We waited silently, and for some time, at the window, — the anxiety of the ladies was renewed, but instantly dissipated by the shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" which announced that Napoleon was on horseback. He rode off to the left of the line, but the approaching shouts told that he was returning. An officer rode quickly past the windows waving his sword to the lines to fall back a little, and shortly afterwards Napoleon himself followed with his suite, distinguished from amidst their waving plumes and glittering uniforms by the well-known unornamented hat and simple coat, and single star and cross. He cantered down the lines ; as he passed near the spot at which I had placed myself for a better view, he suddenly drew up and spoke to a man in the ranks : an old soldier near me said aloud, without addressing himself to any one (with a tear of emotion glistening in his eye), "See how he stops to read the petition of the meanest of his army!" I caught frequent glimpses of him as he glided through the ranks, at the end of each of which he stopped a short time, as well as before several soldiers in the line, who held out petitions for his acceptance. His progress was announced from right to left, and left to right, by continued acclamations. The battalions then moved nearer towards the palace in close order ; the gates in front of the Triumphal Arch

were thrown open, and the remaining twenty-four battalions, marching from the Place du Carrousel into the Court, were inspected in the same manner by the Emperor. Afterwards a space was cleared in the midst of the Court, half-way between the palace and the Triumphal Arch. Napoleon advanced thither with his staff drawn round behind him. A large body of the officers of the National Guard then quitted their ranks, and rushed towards the Emperor, who addressed them in the speech which you have seen in the "Moniteur" of the 17th, and which was frequently interrupted by shouts, and received at the close, when he added, "Vous jurez enfin de tout sacrifier à l'honneur et à l'indépendance de la France," by a thousand voices exclaiming, "We swear." After some thronging the Emperor wheeled round into an open space before the porch of the Tuileries, and put himself in front of his staff to review the whole body of the troops who prepared to pass by in columns of companies; two officers of the Guard were kind enough to push me forwards within ten paces of him; many of the spectators were about the same distance from him on his right and his left, whilst a whole line of them stood opposite, just far enough to allow the columns to march between them and the Emperor. The staff were behind; Count Lobau was close upon his left, with his sword drawn; scarcely had a regiment passed when Napoleon suddenly threw his foot out of the stirrup, and coming heavily to the ground advanced in front of his horse, which was led off by an aide-de-camp, who rushed forwards, but was too late to take hold of his stirrup. The Marshals and the staff dismounted, except Count Lobau. A grenadier of the Guard without arms stood at the Emperor's left hand, a little behind; some spectators were close to his right. The gendarmerie on horseback took but little pains to keep them at a respectful distance. The troops were two hours passing before him, during the whole of which time any assassin, unless disarmed by his face of *fascination*, might have shot or even stabbed him.

His face was of a deadly pale; his jaws overhung, but not so much as I had heard; his lips thin, but partially curled, so as to

give to his mouth an inexpressible sweetness. He had the habit of retracting the lips, and apparently chewing, in the manner observed and objected to in our great actor, Mr. Kean. His hair was of a dark dusky brown, scattered thinly over his temples: the crown of his head was bald. One of the names of affection given him of late by his soldiers is *Nôtre petit tondu.* He was not fat in the upper part of his body, but projected considerably in the abdomen, so much so that his shirt occasionally appeared beneath his waistcoat. He generally stood with his hands knit behind or folded before him, but sometimes unfolded them; played with his nose, took snuff three or four times, and looked at his watch. He very seldom spoke, but when he did, smiled somewhat agreeably. He looked about him, not knitting but joining his eyebrows as if to see more minutely, and went through the whole tedious ceremony with an air of sedate impatience. As the front columns of each regiment passed him, he lifted the first finger of his left hand quickly to his hat to return the salute, but did not move either his hat or his head. As the regiments advanced, they shouted, some loudly, some feebly, "Vive l'Empereur!" and many soldiers ran out of their ranks with petitions, which were taken by the grenadier on the Emperor's left hand: once or twice the petitioner, afraid to quit his rank, was near losing his opportunity, when Napoleon beckoned to the grenadier to step forward and take his paper. A little child, in true French taste, tricked out in regimentals, marched before one of the bands, and a general laugh ensued. Napoleon contrived to talk to some one behind him at that moment, that the ridicule might not reach nor be partaken by him. A second child, however, of six years old perhaps, dressed out with a beard like a pioneer, marching in front of a regiment, strode directly up to him with a petition on the end of a battle-axe, which the Emperor took and read very complacently. Shortly afterwards an ill-looking fellow, in a half suit of regimentals, with a sword by his side, ran from the crowd of spectators opposite or from amidst the National Guards, I could not see which, and rushed directly towards the Emperor. He was within arm's length when the grenadier on the left and an

officer jumped forwards, and seizing him by the collar pushed him farther back. Napoleon did not move a muscle of his body; not a line, not a shade of his face shifted for an instant. Perfectly unstartled, he beckoned the soldiers to let loose their prisoner; and the poor fellow, approaching so close as almost to touch his person in front, talked to him for some time with eager gestures and his hand on his heart. The Emperor heard him without interruption, and then gave him an answer, which sent him away apparently much satisfied with his audience. I see Napoleon at this moment. The unruffled calmness of his countenance at the first movement of the soldier, relaxing softly into a look of attention and of kindness, will never be erased from my memory.

During the review, hearing a movement amongst his staff, he turned round, and seeing that it arose from a very pretty countrywoman of ours, whom one of his aides-de-camp was placing near him, replied to her courtesies with a very low bow.

The last regiment of the National Guards was followed by ninety boys of the Imperial Lyceum, who came rushing by, shouting and running, many of them out of their ranks, with petitions. Then for the first time Napoleon seemed delighted; he opened his mouth almost to a laugh, and turned round to his attendants on the right and left with every sign of satisfaction. These youths wished to fight the last year at the defence of Paris, and they are now again enrolled.

As to Napoleon's reception at the Français, it is impossible to give any idea of the joy by which he was hailed. The house was choked with spectators, who crowded into the orchestra. The play was "Hector." Previously to the rising of the curtain the airs of "La Victoire" and the "Marseillaise" were called for, and performed amidst thunders of applause, the spectators joining in the burden of the song. An actor of the Feydeau rose in the balcony and sung some occasional words to the "Marseillaise," which were received in raptures, and accompanied by the whole house at the end of each verse. The enthusiasm was at its utmost pitch. Napoleon entered at the third scene. The whole mass rose with a shout which still thunders in my ears.

The "Vives" continued till the Emperor, after bowing to the right and left, had seated himself, and the play was recommenced. The audience received every speech which had the least reference to their returned hero with unnumbered plaudits. The words *enfin il reparoit*, and *c'étoit lui, Achille*, raised the whole parterre, and interrupted the actor for some moments. Napoleon was very attentive; whilst I saw him, he spoke to none of those who stood behind him, nor returned the compliments of the audience: he withdrew suddenly at the end of the play, without any notice or obeisance, so that the multitude had hardly time to salute him with a short shout. As I mentioned before, I saw the Bourbon Princes received, for the first time, in the same place last year. Their greeting will bear no comparison with that of Napoleon, nor will any of those accorded to the heroes of the very many ceremonies I have witnessed in the course of my life. Talma played Hector in his usual powerful style; and having mentioned the name of this great actor, I cannot forbear adding a story I heard from him, which shows that Napoleon has some ability in turning a kind compliment. At the first meeting between the Emperor and actor since the return from Elba, the former, addressing him with his usual familiarity, said, "So, Talma, Chateaubriand says that you gave me lessons how to act the Emperor: I take his hint as a compliment, for it shows I must at least have played my part well."

The intimacy between the master and the scholar had been of long standing: the reputation of the former was established when the latter was scarcely known, and the young officer accepted admissions for the theatre from his acquaintance. At that time one of the principal amusements of the two friends, together with that of M. Lenoir (afterwards a general), was the relation of stories of ghosts and old castles, into which (the candles being extinguished) the future conqueror of Europe entered with all his heart, and was seriously offended when his companions interrupted him by tripping up his chair, shaking the table, or any other practical pleasantry.

Union of the Workmen of St. Antoine.

On Sunday last, 14th May, a body of the workmen of St. Antoine and St. Marceau, representing a federation, which had two days before formed itself in those suburbs, to the number of 30,000, marched before the Emperor at the Tuileries. The express purpose of this union is to form a body of sharpshooters to fight in advance of the National Guard, in case the enemy shall present itself before the capital. They demand arms, with which they promise to guarantee Paris against the reappearance of the Allies. The number of these who were ranged in order of battle at the Court of the Tuileries, and passed Napoleon previously to his review of some regiments of the line and of the Young Guard, amounted to 12,000; they had demanded this presentation, but had made no preparation for appearing before their Emperor, the greater part being in their labouring dresses and in their dustmen's hats: nevertheless, when drawn up and when marching, they fell so easily into their ranks, and proceeded in such order, that they might, in any other country, have been taken for old soldiers; indeed, many of them have served.

On the 30th of March the works of Paris were recommenced at the fountain of the Elephant, the Louvre, the new market-place of St. Germains, and the Office of Foreign Affairs: the next week the workmen were doubled, the streets recovered their former names, the public buildings their imperial inscriptions, the theatres were declared on their ancient footing, and the Imperial Conservatory, for the education and maintenance of actors and singers of both sexes, restored. This is the only establishment of the kind in Europe; it was commenced under the Republic, but received its present endowment chiefly from Napoleon. The representations take place every other Sunday at two o'clock, when the pupils, in their usual dresses, sing and recite portions of operas and plays to an audience which pays for admission, and thus contributes to support the institution. M. Talma is the principal professor of declamation. The suppression of the Conservatory by the Bourbons was a measure

the economy of which was not sufficiently considerable to be set off against the odium occasioned by this declaration against the amusements of the Parisians, who had rather be limited to their ounces of bread, as in the Days of Terror, than be deprived of their shows.

Fête given by the Imperial Guard.

On Sunday, the 2d of April, the Imperial Guard gave a *fête* to the National Guard and garrison of Paris, in the Champ-de-Mars. The common soldiers, to the number of 15,000, were placed at tables in the open air; whilst the officers dined in the galleries of the palace of the Military School. After the repast, which was served up in presence of an immense multitude on the sloping sides of the plain, and which was interrupted by many military songs and other toasts to the health of the Emperor, the Empress, and the Imperial Prince (for so the King of Rome is now denominated), repeated to the sound of music, and discharges of artillery, the whole mass of guests and spectators rose to the shout of some voices which cried out, "To the column!" The procession, carrying a bust of the Emperor, moved towards the Tuileries, and presented itself under the Imperial apartments with unceasing acclamations, to which Napoleon replied by appearing at the window and saluting the enthusiastic multitude, who then repaired to the column of the Grand Army in the Square Vendôme, under which the bust of Napoleon received a solemn inauguration. The pedestal of the pillar and the houses of the square were then spontaneously illuminated, and rings of soldiers, National Guards, and citizens, danced round the monument of their former glories. The evening ended with a procession round the boulevards, the Palais Royal, and the principal streets of the neighbouring quarter. No excesses, no insulting of royalists, no turbulent shouts or menacing gestures; in short, no sign of the triumph of one citizen over another was displayed during this *fête*. — *Letters written from Paris during the last reign of Napoleon.*

CHAPTER VIII.[1]

1815.

THE BATTLES OF LIGNY AND QUATRE BRAS.

THE moment for striking a decisive blow had now come, and accordingly, early on the morning of the 15th, the whole of the French army was in motion.[2] The 2d corps

[1] Like the preceding, this chapter first appeared in the 1836 edition, and is not from the pen of M. de Bourrienne.

[2] At daybreak on the 15th of June (the date should be remarked), General Bourmont and two officers of his staff, the Adjutant Commandant Clouëys and the *chef d'escadron* Villoutreys, went over to the enemy. Though the Allies were well informed of the exact strength of Napoleon, and though the real date of this desertion, often placed on the 14th of June, shows that it could not have had the importance sometimes attached to it, still it must have had a most disheartening effect on the troops. Bourmont's conduct was especially base. He had been a leader of the Vendéans, and had accepted the amnesty granted by Napoleon in 1800. Alleged to be concerned in the plot of the infernal machine, he had fled to Portugal. In 1808, when Junot entered Portugal, Bourmont joined him, and Junot obtained his appointment to the staff of the army in Naples (*Junot*, vol. iii. p. 193). He served well, and attained the rank of General of Division. His seeking reappointment (see *Lavallette*, vol. ii p. 177, and *Rapp*, p. 349), and so soon deserting his post in the very face of the enemy, can only be accounted for by his placing his attachment to the Bourbons over all military honour. His reception in 1815 by Blücher is said to have been of the roughest, as the old Marshal, when his attention was called to the white cockade borne by Bourmont, answered, "All the same, whatever badge one stitches on him, a scoundrel always remains a scoundrel" (see *Quatre Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo*, p. 41). The Bourbons, who had made Dupont, who had surrendered at Baylen, Minister of War in 1814, gave the same appointment to Bourmont in 1829. He commanded the army which took Algiers in 1830, and received the bâton of Maréchal just before the revolution of July. It is pleasant to know by Marmont's "Memoirs" (tome viii. pp. 214–231) that this appointment of Bourmont to the command at Algiers was a bitter disappointment to the Marshal, who considered his desertion in 1814 gave him greater claims

proceeded to Marchiennes to attack the Prussian outposts at Thuin and Lobes, in order to secure the communication across the Sambre between those places. The 3d corps, covered by General Pajol's cavalry, advanced upon Charleroi, followed by the Imperial Guard and the 6th corps, with the necessary detachments of pontoniers. The remainder of the cavalry, under Grouchy, also advanced upon Charleroi, on the flanks of the 3d and 6th corps. The 4th corps was ordered to march upon the bridge of Châtelet.

On the approach of the French advanced guards an incessant skirmish was maintained during the whole morning with the Prussians, who, after losing many men, were compelled to yield to superior numbers. General Zieten, finding it impossible, from the extent of frontier he had to cover, to check the advance of the French, fell back towards Fleurus by the road to Charleroi, resolutely contesting the advance of the enemy wherever it was possible. In the repeated attacks sustained by him he suffered considerable loss. It was nearly mid-day before a passage through Charleroi was secured by the French army, and General Zieten continued his retreat upon Fleurus, where he took up his position for the night. Upon Zieten's abandoning, in the course of his retreat, the *chaussée* which leads to Brussels through Quatre Bras, Marshal Ney, who had only just been put in command on the left of the French army, was ordered to advance by this road upon Gosselies, and found at Frasnes part of the Duke of Wellington's army, composed of Nassau troops under the command of Prince Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, who, after some skirmishing, maintained his position. "Notwithstanding all the exertions of the

than that of Bourmont in 1815. The high-minded Marmont would have resigned his post as Chief of the Staff to show his disgust, only he could not afford to give up the pay.

French at a moment when time was of such importance, they had only been able to advance about fifteen English miles during the day, with nearly fifteen hours of daylight." [1]

It was the intention of Napoleon during his operations on this day to effect a separation between the English and Prussian armies, in which he had nearly succeeded. Napoleon's plan for this purpose, and the execution of it by his army, were alike admirable; but it is hardly probable that the Allied generals were taken by surprise, as it was the only likely course which Napoleon could have taken.[2] His line of operation was on the direct road to Brussels, and there were no fortified works to impede his progress, while from the nature of the country his numerous and excellent cavalry could be employed with great effect.[3]

[1] Captain Pringle.

[2] There is no doubt that the Allies were well served by spies in France; and Clarke, so long War Minister of Napoleon, and now nominally in the same capacity with Louis XVIII. at Ghent, must have been useful, both from his own knowledge and from his maintenance of his connection with the War Office; see the note on information obtained by him in Dorsey Gardner, p. 28. See also Muffling, p. 220, where he says that Wellington believed himself to be secure on the point of espionage, and expected to hear immediately from Paris everything indicating a raid against the Netherlands. Napoleon seems also to have let his plan be known or divined. Matthieu Dumas (tome iii. p. 571) says that Carnot, then Minister of the Interior, told him when Napoleon started for the army that the Emperor intended to throw himself between the Prussian and English armies, and that the Prussians were most likely to be first attacked. Such knowledge soon spreads.

[3] A convenient statement of the strength of the different armies in 1815 will be found at pp. 8, 9, and 20 of Dorsey Gardner. Roughly speaking, we may say that Napoleon, with a strength of about 206,000 men in June, which might have been in time increased to 327,000, had to be prepared for an attack by an allied force of 731,000 men. If we take the armies which actually fought in the Waterloo Campaign, Napoleon was still outnumbered. Fortunately there is not much question about the strength of the three forces. Wellington had almost 106,000 men, including Germans, Dutch, and *les braves Belges*: Blücher had nearly 117,000, making a grand total of 223,000. Against this force Napoleon only had

In the French accounts Marshal Ney was much blamed for not occupying Quatre Bras with the whole of his force on the evening of the 15th. "Ney might probably have driven back the Nassau troops at Quatre Bras, and occupied that important position, but hearing a heavy cannonade on his right flank, where General Zieten had taken up his position, he thought it necessary to halt and detach a division in the direction of Fleurus. He was severely censured by Napoleon for not having literally followed his orders and pushed on to Quatre Bras." [1] This accusation forms a curious contrast with that made against Grouchy, upon whom Napoleon threw the blame of the defeat at Waterloo, because he strictly fulfilled his orders, by pressing the Prussians at Wavre, unheeding the cannonade on his left, which might have led him to conjecture that the more important contest between the Emperor and Wellington was at that moment raging.

It was at six o'clock in the evening of the 15th that the Duke of Wellington received the first information of the advance of the French army; but it was not, however, until ten o'clock that positive news reached him that the French army had moved upon the line of the Sambre. This information induced him to push forward reinforcements on Quatre Bras, at which place he himself arrived at an early hour on the 16th, and immediately

122,000 or 123,000 men. The courteous civilian reader will pardon being reminded that it is by these numbers the performances of Wellington and Blücher must be judged. There is no special merit in the general who, having superior numbers, brings superior numbers to bear. It is the commander who, having equal or inferior numbers, manages to bring superior numbers on the decisive point who is to be praised. Wellington was so much inferior in strength to Napoleon at Waterloo because he had placed 18,000 men at Halle, where, as a matter of fact, they were useless. The absence of this force reflects credit on the men, not on the General who won Waterloo. If we blame Napoleon for the absence of D'Erlon from Ligny and of Grouchy from Waterloo, we must remember the force at Halle.

[1] Captain Pringle.

proceeded to Bry, to devise measures with Marshal Blücher in order to combine their efforts. From the movement of considerable masses of the French in front of the Prussians, it was evident that their first grand attack would be directed against them. That this was Napoleon's object on the 16th may be seen by his orders to Ney and Grouchy to turn the right of the Prussians, and drive the British from their position at Quatre Bras, and then to march down the *chaussée* upon Bry in order effectually to separate the two armies. Ney was accordingly detached for this purpose, with 43,000 men. In the event of the success of Marshal Ney, he would have been enabled to detach a portion of his forces for the purpose of making a flank attack upon the Prussians in the rear of St. Amand, whilst Napoleon in person was directing his main efforts against that village, — the strongest in the Prussian position. Ney's reserve was at Frasnes, disposable either for the purpose of supporting the attack on Quatre Bras or that at St. Amand; and in case of Ney's complete success, to turn the Prussian right flank by marching on Bry.

On the morning of the 16th Marshal Blücher concentrated the 1st, 2d, and 3d corps of his army, took up a position with his right wing at Bry and his left at Sombref, on a chain of gentle heights, and occupied in force the villages of St. Amand and Ligny, the substantial buildings of which having been loopholed by the Prussians presented formidable defences. The right of this position communicated with the British at Quatre Bras, upon which point the Duke of Wellington was making every possible effort to concentrate his army. General Bülow, with the fourth Prussian corps, not being able from the distance of his position, near Liège, to arrive in time, Marshal Blücher nevertheless undertook to receive the assault of the French at Ligny, relying upon receiving assistance from the British army, who, by a flank move-

ment to the left, were to form a junction with the Prussians. As two distinct battles took place upon this day (the 16th), it is necessary to give a separate account of each.[1]

Early on the morning of the 16th the French army,[2] about 78,000 strong, appeared on the plain of Fleurus, driving before them the Prussian light troops into the valley of Ligny. Having reconnoitred the Prussian position, Napoleon instantly formed the plan of cutting off the retreat of a great portion of Blücher's army, hoping by so decided an advantage over half the Allied troops in Belgium to be able to overwhelm with his whole force the army of Wellington. In taking this determination he was doubtless influenced by the consideration that Ney's reserve in position at Frasnes, which was somewhat in rear of the Prussians, would be available for his purpose, as he supposed that the Marshal had sufficient

[1] There is the usual difficulty about the strength of the armies at Ligny. Thiers (tome xx. pp. 79 and 83) gives Napoleon 64,000 and Blücher 88,000; Dorsey Gardner (p 94) gives Napoleon 71,000, including the corps of Lobau, some 11,000 men, which was not employed, and Blücher 84,000; while Prince Edouard d'Auvergne, who appears to wish to be fair, gives (*Waterloo*, p. 116) Napoleon 78,000, including Lobau, and Blücher 87,000. Jomini (tome iv. pp. 625, 626) calls Napoleon's force 72,000, and Blücher's from 80,000 to 90,000. Napoleon had 210 guns, besides Lobau's 38 pieces, and Blücher had 224 guns. Practically we may say that Napoleon, using from 60,000 to 68,000 men, drove Blücher and some 84,000 men out of a chosen position. "Sixty thousand men," says the Prince d'Auvergne (*Waterloo*, p. 140), "had beaten 87,000 who had rested on six large villages, four of which, difficult of access, formed the bastions of their line of battle. The enemy, notwithstanding the advantages of their position, had suffered considerable loss: from 18,000 to 20,000 men, dead or wounded, were struck down, and we had in our hands 40 guns, 8 standards or colours, several thousands of prisoners. Twelve thousand men besides disbanded themselves." The desertions from the Prussians — 8,000, says Siborne (p. 188) — were of troops from the provinces lately annexed to the kingdom, who apparently did not realise the joy of being restored to German rule. This is one side of the "German uprising."

[2] Called by Jomini (tome iv. pp. 626, 627) a detestable one.

force to drive the British from Quatre Bras. Had this manœuvre completely succeeded, the ruin of Blücher's army would have ensued. Napoleon, confident of success, then directed the attack. Marshal Grouchy was ordered to attack Sombref on the right, Gérard[1] the village of Ligny in the centre, and Vandamme was to attack St. Amand on the left. General Girard was posted on the left of Vandamme, and the Imperial Guards were stationed as a reserve before Fleurus. At two o'clock Napoleon sent an order to Marshal Ney informing him of his intended attack upon the Prussians, and ordering him to drive off whatever was in front of him and then to turn and envelop the Prussians.

At three o'clock a similar despatch was sent off urgently pressing the execution of Napoleon's instructions. It was not until this hour that the Emperor was able to concentrate his forces so as to attack the Prussians simultaneously. The battle then began with uncommon fury along the whole Prussian line. The village of St. Amand was vigorously defended. "It formed the strength of the Prussian right, and from the intersection of several gardens and hedges, was very capable of defence, although so much in advance of the rest of the Prussian position. After a continued attack for two hours the French had only obtained possession of half the village of St. Amand; that of Ligny had been taken and retaken several times. The French pursued their success at St. Amand by push-

[1] General Comte Maurice Étienne Gérard, who commanded a corps in this campaign, and who was severely wounded under Grouchy on the 18th of June, at Wavre, after angrily remonstrating with Grouchy for not marching to the assistance of Napoleon, but who lived to be Marshal and Minister of War under Louis Philippe, must not be confused with General Girard who commanded a division at Ligny, where he found a glorious death. See Dorsey Gardner (p. 45) on the errors caused by the confusion of these names. It is perhaps unnecessary to explain that a corps consists of two or more divisions.

ing light troops across the rivulet of Ligny, who then formed on the left bank. The position of Blücher's army was in many respects defective. The main body being drawn up on the heights, and the remainder posted in the villages below, the French artillery was enabled to range with destructive effect upon the reinforcements despatched during the murderous conflict raging in the contested villages. The Prussians, having been reinforced by the 2d brigade of General Zieten's corps, were now vigorously attacked by the division of General Girard, who, supported by a portion of General Vandamme's corps and his reserve cavalry, attempted to carry the heights towards Bry. Marshal Blücher, in order to avert the threatened danger, led on in person a furious attack against the French, and drove them back beyond the ravine. General Girard, one of the most gallant and intelligent of Napoleon's officers, was killed in this attack at the head of his division, the majority of which shared his fate, so destructive was the Prussian charge. D'Erlon's corps from Frasnes at this juncture appeared on the field, but only to withdraw under orders from Ney.[1] Blücher now

[1] The whole story of how D'Erlon's corps of some 20,000 men did not strike a blow at either Quatre Bras or Ligny, but were kept on the march first to join Ney, then to join Napoleon, and then, recalled by Ney, returning to rejoin Ney, should be read at length in Dorsey Gardner, p. 84, checked by the Prince d'Auvergne's "Waterloo," p. 169. D'Erlon had been left, as it were, in reserve, but available for Ney. Ney had called him up in support, when an over-zealous aide-de-camp, misunderstanding Napoleon's order to Ney to make a diversion on the rear of the Prussians after seizing Quatre Bras (and so separating the Allies), took on himself to order D'Erlon to Ligny. The corps had just appeared at Ligny, to the surprise of Napoleon, who delayed his final attack on the Prussians to ascertain to which side the force belonged, when D'Erlon received orders from Ney to join him at Quatre Bras, where the corps arrived too late to be of use. When it is considered what this corps did at Waterloo, where it formed the mass of the right wing, it is evident that its intervention at either of the two battles of the 16th June would have been effectual in crushing either foe, and so separating the Prussians and English.

brought together masses of troops behind St. Amand, and Bonaparte determined to change his point of attack. His reserves, consisting principally of the Imperial Guard, which had been at first directed to advance upon St. Amand, were now ordered to co-operate in a general attack upon Ligny, which, after a most determined resistance, was taken by the French. While this contest was going on, the French Guards, supported by the heavy cavalry, rushed up the heights in the rear of Ligny. Blücher's reserves of infantry having been moved to St. Amand, there remained no other means of resisting this attack than by the employment of cavalry. The Prussian Marshal accordingly placed himself at their head, and attempted with dogged but unavailing gallantry to repel the French. After an unsuccessful charge his cavalry was overpowered and dispersed in confusion. In retreating before the vigorous pursuit of the French cavalry, Blücher's horse was struck by a cannon-shot, and he himself was thrown on the ground, the hostile cavalry passing over his prostrate body. In the confusion of the fray he was unnoticed, and was luckily recovered by his own cavalry. The French infantry continued to gain ground; the Imperial Guard advanced with irresistible impetuosity, and Friant's grenadiers threatened the mill of Bussy, near Bry. In vain did the Prussian cavalry attempt to shake these superb masses of infantry. Napoleon had now penetrated through the Prussian line, and had thereby so disorganised their formation that there remained for Gneisenau, who temporarily filled Blücher's post, no other resource than to make an orderly retreat. This was successfully accomplished. Bry was not evacuated by them until the morning of the 17th. This battle, though unattended with any material consequences in itself, was contested with a determination based upon the most implacable hatred on both sides. The Prussians

could not have forgotten the humiliating recollections of Jena, the destruction of their army, the subjugation of their country by Napoleon, and the part they were compelled to take in the invasion of Russia; they knew also the character of their enemy, and how little mercy they were to expect at his hands in case of defeat. The French, on the other hand, were smarting at the recent discomfiture they had experienced, in which the Prussians had conspicuously assisted. The illusion of their glory had been dispelled by enemies whom they affected utterly to despise. But above all, the French soldier looked up to Napoleon with a devotion, with an enthusiasm of affection, that elevated his feelings to the highest pitch of human energy. In the course of the night the Prussian army fell back on Tilly and Gembloux towards Wavre. Their loss at Ligny, according to their own account, amounted to 14,000 men and 15 pieces of cannon. The French official account in the "Moniteur" makes it reach to 15,000. On their own side the French acknowledge a loss of 7,000.[1]

At the moment of the interview between the Duke of Wellington and Blücher the enemy's force before Quatre Bras was so insignificant that there appeared to be no probability of a decided attack being made in that quarter. On Wellington's return, however, to the British position about three o'clock in the afternoon, he found that a considerable body of French troops had been collected at Frasnes, preparatory to an attack which was made about half an hour afterwards by infantry and cavalry, supported by a heavy cannonade. The French had commenced their attack at five o'clock in the morning by skirmishing with the troops of the Netherlands, under the Prince of Orange, and at first obtained some

[1] Thiers (tome xx. pp. 100, 101) puts the Prussian total loss at 30,000 men.

success. This desultory fight lasted until noon, without any more decided demonstrations on the part of the French. The Belgians were, however, losing ground when at two o'clock Sir Thomas Picton opportunely reached the scene of action with the 5th English division, composed of Sir James Kempt's and Sir Denis Pack's British brigades and the 4th Hanoverian brigade, under Colonel Best.

"Sir James Kempt's brigade (28th, 32d, 79th, and 95th regiments) moved to the left of the position with the 3d battalion of the Royals, part of the brigade of Sir Denis Pack, who, with the remainder of his brigade (42d, 44th, and 92d regiments), formed on the great Namur road, and in the corn-fields extending to the wood on the right. The 92d was formed in line in the ditch bordering the great road, and was of the greatest service in repelling an attack of the French cavalry, who daringly pursued the Brunswick hussars into the British line, after they had made an unsuccessful attack on the French cavalry."[1]

Sir Thomas Picton, as he approached the field with his division, had heard the continued and increasing fire kept up by the skirmishers, which made him push forward to the support of the Belgians, and by this means he succeeded in reaching Quatre Bras before any other British force. Nearly at the same time, however, the first division of Brunswickers, led by their gallant Duke, arrived to share with Picton and his soldiers the honour of arresting the progress of the French.

The Prince of Orange was anxiously looking for the arrival of some of his Allies, when he was gladdened by the spectacle of this reinforcement pouring forward with steady but quick steps to relieve his almost exhausted troops. Before half-past three in the afternoon 14,000

[1] Captain Batty.

men were in the field. As the different regiments arrived on the ground, they instantly took up the posts to which they were directed by their respective commanders.[1]

Immediately the enemy perceived that this additional force had taken the field, Ney moved down with two columns of infantry and a cloud of cavalry to the attack. The English and Brunswickers had but just taken up their ground when they were exposed to a furious and galling fire from the immense park of artillery attached to this wing of the French army. The receding smoke showed the advancing columns rushing on to break the line of the Allies: the brunt of this movement fell upon Picton's soldiers, and Sir Thomas Picton's "superb division" was singly engaged with the enemy for nearly two hours. Every man fought with a desperation which no language can describe. Picton was himself among his soldiers, calling upon them to stand firm and receive the enemy with a steady front. A murderous conflict now commenced; a rolling discharge of musketry from the British line was answered with

[1] The strength of both sides at Quatre Bras varied very much from hour to hour from the way in which reinforcements arrived. The following figures are condensed from the table at p. 65 of Dorsey Gardner's "Quatre Bras": —

	French.	Allies.
At 2 P.M.	17,615	6,832
At 3.30 P.M.	17,615	20,004
At 4.30 P.M.	19,515	20,004
At 5 P.M.	20,915	26,238
At 6.30 P.M.	20,915	31,643

These figures are those taken by Hamley (*Operations*, p. 189). Thiers (tome xx. p. 109) gives Ney rather more men in the field. It is right to remember that some 7,500 men of the Dutch-Belgian infantry made a strategic movement to the rear at an early stage of the fight, so that the numbers of the Allies were not really so large as they are given above. D'Erlon's corps of 20,000 men, who were moving backwards and forwards between Ney and Napoleon, are not included above in the French strength.

deadly rapidity and closeness by that of the French: the havoc was terrible; but Picton was in the midst, watching the progress of the fight; wherever death was thickest there could he be seen encouraging and exhorting the soldiers to be firm.

After the French infantry had been repulsed, and before the heavy smoke had cleared off, the cavalry came thundering on. The English were instantly formed into squares to receive them. Upon the steadiness and celerity with which this manœuvre was executed, the safety of the men depended: then it was that Picton's calmness and penetration were conspicuous in watching and directing each movement; before the French cavalry was upon them, the squares were closed up.

Another furious onset was then made by the lancers, which obliged General Kempt to take refuge in the nearest square; but the English again repulsed their assailants, and at that moment Sir Thomas Picton, riding up, ordered them to advance, for the enemy were giving way. Picton led them to the charge himself, and they drove the French from their position with great loss.

In reference to this movement, and the enemy's cavalry having surrounded the British squares, Captain Kincaid makes the following remarks: "This was a crisis in which, according to Bonaparte's theory, the victory was theirs by all the rules of war, for they had superior numbers both before and behind us; but the gallant Picton, who had been trained in a different school, did not choose to confine himself to rules in these matters. Despising the force in his rear, he advanced, charged, and routed those in his front, which created such a panic amongst the others that they galloped back through the intervals in his division with no other object in view than their own safety."[1]

[1] "Life of Sir Thomas Picton."

"The third English division, under General Alten, comprised of Sir C. Halket's British brigade, the 2d brigade of King's German Legion under Colonel Ompteda, and the first Hanoverian brigade under General Kielmansegge, arrived next on the field in time to sustain a fresh attack made by the French about four o'clock."[1] From the superior power of the French artillery this division maintained its ground with great difficulty, and one regiment (the 69th) lost a colour. After suffering great loss, it succeeded in repelling the French from the positions they occupied at the farm of Gemioncourt and the village of Pierremont. The French troops were still partly in possession of the wood of Bossu, which extends about a mile on the road from Quatre Bras toward Frasnes. This favoured an attack on the right of the British position, which Marshal Ney directed to be made after having been repulsed on the left. At this critical moment, when the French had nearly succeeded in establishing their light troops on the great road of Nivelle, the division of Guards under General Cooke, amounting to 4,000 men, accompanied by two field-batteries, arrived, after a fatiguing march, from Enghien, and essentially contributed to repel this attack. Exhausted as the men were from their long march, they were, nevertheless, instantly led into action. The second and third battalions of the First Guards formed line, and with loud cheers entered the wood, which they cleared of the French in a few minutes. Their order, however, was necessarily broken by the irregularity of the ground, and on emerging from the wood they found themselves directly opposed to a body of French infantry prepared to receive them. Rushing forward without waiting to form in line, they succeeded in driving the French up the rising ground before them.

[1] Captain Batty.

During this contest the artillery of both armies kept up an incessant and destructive cannonade. By a rapid charge of cavalry the French endeavoured to cover their retreating infantry, whilst the Guards still remained unsupported and in some disorder. General Maitland therefore directed them to retreat into the wood, as all attempts to form squares appeared to be hopeless. Here they formed, and under its cover opened a most galling fire on the French cavalry, which was compelled to fall back with great loss. This contest was renewed several times. Day was now drawing to a close, and Marshal Ney, having been foiled in all his efforts, retired to the heights before Frasnes, leaving Quatre Bras in possession of the Allies.

To the Duke of Wellington it has been imputed as a fault on this occasion that there was not sufficient cavalry and artillery at Quatre Bras. It is remarkable that no portion of either was with the reserve at Brussels. The loss to the Allied army was very severe, amounting to 5,000 men, among whom were numbered many brave officers. The gallant Duke of Brunswick was killed[1]

[1] The gallant Duke (Frederick William) was born in 1771, and was the fourth and youngest son of Duke Charles William Ferdinand of Brunswick (who was slain in the battle of Jena, and whose remains Napoleon would not suffer to be deposited with those of his ancestors). He embraced with ardour the military profession, and served in the Prussian army in 1792 and 1793, when he was twice wounded. He joined Blücher's corps in 1806, and was made prisoner with him at Lübeck. On the breaking out of the war between Austria and France in 1809 he raised a body of volunteers in Bohemia. The famous Major Schill had already perished at Stralsund when the Duke made an incursion into Saxony; he was, however, compelled by the King of Westphalia to evacuate Leipsic and Dresden with his black hussars. Subsequently he was forced to retreat to his native city, where he was closely pressed. In an action fought at Oelper, near Brunswick, the Duke's horse was killed under him, being the *eleventh* he had lost in a similar manner since his retreat from Saxony. After many narrow escapes he reached Heligoland with part of his corps, and thence embarked for England. There he was received with great distinction, and his troops were immediately taken

at the head of his troops. Colonel Macara of the 42d was severely wounded, and whilst some of his men were conveying him to the rear a party of French cavalry rode up and atrociously murdered him and his faithful attendants. Colonel Cameron of the 92d fell whilst bravely leading on his regiment, and at the close of the day Colonels Askew, Stuart, and Townsend were all severely wounded at the head of the last attack of the Guards, which decided the fate of the day. The loss of the French was about 4,000.

"The British had maintained possession of the field of Quatre Bras because the Duke of Wellington conceived that Blücher would be able to make his ground good at Ligny, and was consequently desirous that the Allied armies should retain the line of communication which they had occupied in the morning. But the Prussians, evacuating all the villages which they held in the neighbourhood of Ligny, had concentrated their forces to retreat upon Wavre. By this retrograde movement they were placed about six leagues to the rear of their former position, and had united themselves to Bülow's division, which had not been engaged in the battle of Ligny. Blücher had effected this retreat, not only without pursuit by the French, but without their knowing for some time in what direction he had gone. This doubt respecting Blücher's movements occasioned an uncertainty and delay in those of the French which were afterwards attended with the very worst consequences." [1] It can-

into English pay, the British Parliament generously granting him a pension of £6,000 a year until he should be able to return to his hereditary dominions. Though idolised by his soldiers, he does not appear to have been so popular a sovereign as his father. He was mortally wounded in the side while leading on his troops, who were falling thickly around him. — *Editor of* 1836 *edition.*

[1] Napoleon no longer had by his side Berthier, who had accompanied him as his Chief of the Staff (Major-General) throughout his career. Berthier had deserted his old friend in his distress in 1814, but Napoleon

not be doubted that there was some error in Napoleon's calculation as to the movements of the Prussians, and the consequent directions given to Grouchy by him.[1]

was now prepared to welcome him back, only laughingly threatening to make him appear in his dress of Captain of the Guard to Louis XVIII. Berthier was on his way to join Napoleon when he met his death in a mysterious manner, either throwing himself or being thrown from a balcony. His place was taken by Soult, who had been appointed Minister of War by Louis XVIII. in December, 1814. He was a better choice than his predecessor Dupont (of Baylen), and he had appeared to throw himself into the cause of the Bourbons, but his good faith was suspected, and on 10th March, 1814, he was succeeded by Clarke, the Duke of Feltre, who had long held the same post under Napoleon, but who now, calculating Irishman as he was, definitely took the Bourbon side. Soult joined his old commander after some hesitation, and was appointed Chief of the Staff, a post which Davoust might have expected. Soult's performance of the duties of his new post has been much criticised by those who believed in the perfection of the staff under Berthier, and some of the misfortunes of the campaign have been attributed to the absence of the former Major-General. The truth is that the service of the staff had never been thoroughly well done; the "Memoirs of De Fezensac" prove this. It was taken for granted that an aide-de-camp always had a good horse, and knew his way: an officer sent with a message did not dare to even ask where he was to find the intended recipient. If the failure (supposing there to have been failure) to give Grouchy full orders to keep in touch with the main army is to fall at all on Soult, Berthier must bear the heavier blame of the failure to support Vandamme at Kulm, — a much greater neglect, — and the absence of D'Erlon's division from the actual fight at Quatre Bras and Ligny can be matched by the absence of Bernadotte from Eylau. The truth is that the army was an improvised army, in which the staff was pretty certain to be the greatest sufferer from this rapid formation, and that when an army is beaten the faults and failures of every one are pointed out or invented, while when an army is successful every one is interested in leaving the blots in shade, — a point on which the Duke of Wellington was very urgent after Waterloo.

[1] For Grouchy's part in this campaign see his "Memoirs" and the "Observations sur la Relation de la Campagne de 1815, publiée par le Général Gourgaud," by Grouchy's son, the Comte de Grouchy: Paris, Chaumerot, 1819. Also "Le Maréchal Grouchy, 16–19 Juin, 1815, par le Marquis de Grouchy," and Dernières' "Observations sur les Opérations de l'aile droite de l'armée Française," by General Gérard; Paris, 1830: Gérard, serving under Grouchy on the 18th of June, in command of a corps, having fiercely remonstrated against Grouchy's refusal to march to the cannon when they were in full hearing. The Prince Edouard d'Auvergne

Napoleon accuses Grouchy, according to the relation by Gourgaud, of being the cause of the delay in pursuing the Prussians. "Had Grouchy been at Wavre," says Napoleon, "on the 17th, and in communication with my right, Blücher would not have dared to detach any portion against me on the 18th, or if he had, I would have destroyed it." From this charge the Marshal triumphantly defended himself. He states that he endeavoured to confer with the Emperor on the night of the 16th, when the Prussians commenced their retreat, but that he could not find him until he returned from Fleurus, and that, in reply to his request for reinforcements of infantry, in order that he might be able to follow Blücher, he could obtain no other answer than that he would receive orders on the following day. The Marshal went again

also goes into Grouchy's conduct in his "Waterloo," p. 216, remarking fairly enough that, though Grouchy always denied having received orders from Napoleon to keep *between* the Prussians and Napoleon, "still General Jomini, while not forgetting to record this declaration, observes, with the great authority he possesses, that the order mentioned in the St. Helena account is so conformable to that system of interior lines to which the Emperor owed most of his victories, that it cannot be doubted he gave the order." It would be impertinent to say much where so many great authorities have spoken, but the reader must remember that Grouchy had distinctly foreseen the possibility of part of the Prussian army joining Wellington. At 10 P. M. on the 17th June, the day after Ligny, he wrote to Napoleon from Gembloux, after saying that the Prussians seemed to have divided, "On peut peut-être en inférer qu'une portion va joindre Wellington" (Auvergne's *Waterloo*, p. 231), — "It may perhaps be inferred that one part is going to join Wellington" (*Dorsey Gardner*, p. 148). It is quite true that Grouchy pleaded his orders from Napoleon, but it has often enough been remarked that Desaix might have easily pleaded his orders as good reasons for not having any part in the day of Marengo. Desaix halted when he believed that he had received wrong orders, and was on the march to join Napoleon when he met the aide-de-camp sent to recall him. The precious moments thus won enabled him to come up in time to decide the battle, and he died knowing that he had brought victory to the army, instead of living to give ingenious reasons for being absent. Grant all that Grouchy and his advocates urge, it is hard to believe that Desaix would not have made his force tell on the 18th of June.

to headquarters on the morning of the 17th, being impressed with the great importance of pursuing the Prussians closely, but was obliged to follow Bonaparte to the field of battle of the preceding day before he could receive his commands. No orders were given to Grouchy till near noon, when Napoleon suddenly resolved to send him with an army of 32,000 men, not upon Wavre, for it was not known by him what direction the Prussians had taken, but with instructions to pursue Blücher wherever he might have retreated. Grouchy also asserts that the troops of Gérard and Vandamme, which formed a portion of his army, were not ready to march until three o'clock. The first orders given to the Marshal for the pursuit, according to his statement, were not received by him then until about noon on the 17th, and the army was not ready to move until three hours afterwards. The Marshal blames Excelmans and Gérard, who commanded under him. When he commenced his march, he was uncertain which route to take. The first information he received as to the movements of the Prussian army led him to suppose that they were not retreating upon Wavre, but towards Namur, which induced him to press the pursuit in the latter direction, and occasioned the loss of some hours. From all these concurring reasons the Marshal shows distinctly that he could not have reached Wavre on the evening of the 17th of June, because he received no orders to go there until noon, nor were the troops ready to march until three o'clock.[1]

It was late on the 17th when Marshal Grouchy halted at Gembloux, in consequence of learning the direction the main body of the Prussian army had taken. From this place he sent an aide-de-camp to inform Napoleon of his operations, and to acquaint him that the Prussians had retired in two columns by Sauvenière and Sart-lez-

[1] Scott.

Walhain, and suggested that a portion of the Prussians might join Wellington. On the next morning, having ascertained beyond a doubt the line of Blücher's retreat, Grouchy advanced on the road to Wavre. After Grouchy's departure in pursuit of the Prussians, Napoleon moved towards Frasnes, and united himself with Marshal Ney with the view of making a combined attack on the Duke of Wellington, whom he still supposed to remain at Quatre Bras.

The evening of the 16th was cold and wet, but the fatigue which the troops had undergone in their long march and hard-fought action rendered the approach of night, wretched as it was, a desirable relief. At day-break the next morning they were called to arms by some skirmishing at the outposts. It was at first supposed that the enemy was about to repeat the attempt in which he had failed the preceding day, but this alarm was soon dissipated. About nine o'clock a considerable change was made in the disposition of the British troops, who retired in three columns about ten o'clock, by way of Genappe and Nivelles, towards Waterloo, leaving the cavalry, which arrived in the evening of the 16th, as a rear-guard to occupy the ground, so as to prevent the French from perceiving the retreat of the main body of the British army. About noon the French advanced in columns of attack, expecting to find the British in position. As the British infantry retired, the cavalry gradually followed, watching the movements of the advancing French. The retrograde movement was conducted in excellent order. At Genappe an affair of cavalry took place, where the 7th British hussars attacked a French regiment of lancers unsuccessfully as it debouched from the town, and a second attack by the same regiment was attended with no better success. The French lancers, formed in a depression caused by the nature of the road,

presented an immovable barrier of pikes, and, from the steepness of the banks, there was no approaching them in flank. The Earl of Uxbridge, seeing a more favourable opportunity, brought up the heavy cavalry, and, by a decisive charge, overthrew the advanced guard of the French, thus giving time to the infantry to take up its ground. A violent thunderstorm passed directly over both armies in the latter part of the afternoon, and the rain fell in such torrents that the fatigue of marching was greatly increased.

"As the British troops arrived in position in front of Mont St. Jean, they took up the ground they were to maintain early in the evening. The whole French army under Napoleon, about 71,000 men, not including the two corps under Marshal Grouchy, 32,000 men and 108 guns, despatched in pursuit of the Prussians on the road to Wavre, took up a position immediately in front, and after some cannonading both armies remained opposite to each other during the night, the rain falling in torrents. The Duke of Wellington had already communicated with Marshal Blücher,[1] who promised to come to his support

[1] It has been stated that Blücher narrowly escaped being made prisoner at the battle of Ligny when his horse was struck by a cannon-shot while gallantly leading in person the Prussian lancers against the French cuirassiers. The horse he rode upon this occasion was a gray charger, given to him by the Prince Regent of England; he fell just at the moment when his cavalry turned to fly from the French. "Now," said he to his aide-de-camp, "I am indeed lost!" He was for a moment protected by Count Nostitz, who stood by his side to prevent his being noticed, while the mass of the French cavalry passed on. Before, however, the Marshal had been extricated from his dying charger the Prussians rallied and turned upon their pursuers, when the whole of the retreating troops again passed close by the spot where Blücher was lying. Upon the Prussians coming up, Count Nostitz, with the aid of a soldier, placed the almost insensible Marshal on a trooper's horse and hurried him from the field.

During the confusion consequent upon the night retreat of the Prussians after the battle of Ligny all appearance of order was lost. Luckily Blücher soon rallied from the effect of his fall. The toil-worn frame of

with the whole of his army on the morning of the 18th. It was consequently decided upon to cover Brussels, the preservation of which was of much importance, by maintaining the position of Mont St. Jean. The intention of the Allied chiefs, if they should not be attacked on the 18th, was to attack the French on the 19th."[1]

the veteran had been severely shaken, but his mind retained its usual vigour and elasticity. General Gneisenau found him in a cottage by the roadside during the night already devising plans for another contest. "Hard blows these, Gneisenau," observed Blücher; "but we must pay them back." It was his unyielding resolution that, by animating those who were immediately about his person, communicated itself to the soldiers, and thus restored their confidence in the course of a single day. On the morning of the 17th he issued a general order, detailing the loss of the battle of Ligny; in it he severely censured the cavalry for want of coolness and intrepidity, and required them to be in readiness to wipe away the stain the defeat had brought upon them. The artillery he also reprimanded, and ordered them to advance in future in a more resolute manner, and not so hastily to withdraw their guns when attacked; "for," said he, "it is better to lose a battery than endanger a position by limbering up too soon." To the infantry he addressed great praise, and concluded with these energetic words: "I shall immediately lead you against the enemy; we shall beat him, because it is our duty to do so!"

Marshal Blücher expressed his dislike to co-operate with the Russian commanders, by whom his plans had been often disconcerted, and he had no confidence in the Austrian Cabinet, but was particularly anxious to fight in conjunction with the English army, feeling that his own troops acting with those of Wellington could hardly fail to be invincible.—*Editor of* 1836 *edition.*

[1] Captain Pringle.

CHAPTER IX.[1]

1815.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.[2]

One of the most important struggles of modern times was now about to commence,— a struggle which for many years was to decide the fate of Europe. Napoleon and Wellington at length stood opposite one another. They had never met; the military reputation of each was of the

[1] This chapter, like two which preceded it, first appeared in the 1836 edition, and is not from the pen of M. de Bourrienne.

[2] For full details of the Waterloo campaign, see Siborne's "History of the War in France and Belgium in 1815," giving the English contemporary account; Chesney's "Waterloo Lectures," the best English modern account, which has been accepted by the Prussians as pretty nearly representing their view; and "Waterloo," by Lieutenant-Colonel Prince Edouard de la Tour d'Auvergne (Paris, Plon, 1870), which may be taken as the French modern account. There are also the accounts in Thiers, tome xx. livre lx., valuable but somewhat florid, as are all M. Thiers' writings, and that in Jomini, tome iv. Jomini also published a summary of the campaign of 1815, and in the American edition of his "Napoleon" the summary is substituted for the chapter in tome iv. Hamley, "Operations of War," 1872 edition, pp. 133, 179, and 389, has a very valuable summary. Most readers will probably be contented with Dorsey Gardner's "Quatre Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo" (Kegan Paul, 1882), where will be found a summary of all the writers on the subject, very conveniently designed, but containing extracts from Victor Hugo and MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, and several poets, interesting as specimens of the style and of the power of imagination of those writers, but distracting and not precisely of any historical value.

In judging this campaign the reader must guard himself from looking on it as fought by two different armies — the English and the Prussian — whose achievements are to be weighed against one another. Wellington and Blücher were acting in a complete unison rare even when two different corps of the same nation are concerned, but practically unexampled

highest kind, the career of both had been marked by signal victory. Napoleon had carried his triumphant

in the case of two armies of different nations. Thus the two forces became one army, divided into two wings, one, the left (or Prussian wing) having been defeated by the main body of the French at Ligny on the 16th of June, the right (or English wing) retreated to hold the position at Waterloo, where the left (or Prussian wing) was to join it, and the united force was to crush the enemy. Thus there is no question as to whether the Prussian army saved the English by their arrival, or whether the English saved the Prussians by their resistance at Waterloo. Each army executed well and gallantly its part in a concerted operation. The English would never have fought at Waterloo if they had not relied on the arrival of the Prussians. Had the Prussians not come up on the afternoon of the 18th of June, the English would have been exposed to the same great peril of having alone to deal with the mass of the French army, as the Prussians would have had to face if they had found the English in full retreat. To investigate the relative performances of the two armies is much the same as to decide the respective merits of the two Prussian armies at Sadowa, where one held the Austrians until the other arrived. Also in reading the many interesting personal accounts of the campaign it must be remembered that opinions about the chance of success in a defensive struggle are apt to vary with the observer's position, as indeed General Grant has remarked in answer to criticisms on his army's state at the end of the first day of the battle of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing. The man placed in the front rank or fighting line sees attack after attack beaten off. He sees only part of his own losses, as most of the wounded disappear, and he also knows something of the enemy s loss by seeing the dead in front of him. Warmed by the contest, he thus believes in success. The man placed in rear or advancing with reinforcements, having nothing of the excitement of the struggle, sees only the long and increasing column of wounded, stragglers, and perhaps of fliers. He sees his companion fall without being able to answer the fire. He sees nothing of the corresponding loss of the enemy, and he is apt to take a most desponding view of the situation. Thus Englishmen reading the accounts of men who fought at Waterloo are too ready to disbelieve representations of what was taking place in the rear of the army, and to think Thackeray's lifelike picture in "Vanity Fair" of the state of Brussels must be overdrawn. Indeed, in this very battle of Waterloo, Zieten began to retreat when his help was most required, because one of his aides-de-camp told him that the right wing of the English was in full retreat. "This inexperienced young man," says Muffling, p. 248, "had mistaken the great number of wounded going, or being taken, to the rear to be dressed, for fugitives, and accordingly made a false report." Further, reserves do not say much of their part, or sometimes no part, of the fight, and few people

legions across the stupendous Alps, over the north of Italy, throughout Prussia, Austria, Russia, and even to the foot of the Pyramids; while Wellington, who had been early distinguished in India, had won immortal renown in the Peninsula, where he had defeated, one after another, the favourite generals of Napoleon. He was now to make trial of his prowess against their Master.

Among the most critical events of modern times the battle of Waterloo stands conspicuous. This sanguinary encounter at last stopped the torrent of the ruthless and predatory ambition of the French, by which so many countries had been desolated. With the peace which immediately succeeded it, confidence was restored to Europe.

The following account of the battle of Waterloo appeared in the first edition of this translation, and is retained with some corrections. Possibly too much was spoken or written at the time about Waterloo, for even the Duke of Wellington said he felt ashamed, "as if it were the only battle the English army had ever fought." But Waterloo was won close to home, and the nation received the news without the long delays they were accustomed to when tidings came from Spain. After the weary struggle of past years, there was intense joy to find that peace had been gained in a day. The struggle, too, was one of a nature to be understood by, and to be most gratifying to, the English mind. Few would have com-

know that at least two English regiments actually present on the field of Waterloo hardly fired a shot till the last advance.

The Duke described the army as the worst he ever commanded, and said that if he had had his Peninsular men, the fight would have been over much sooner. But the Duke, sticking to ideas now obsolete, had no picked corps. Each man, trusting in and trusted by his comrades, fought under his own officers and under his own regimental colours. Whatever they did not know, the men knew how to die, and at the end of the day a heap of dead told where each regiment and battery had stood.

prehended long scientific manœuvring: every one could understand the steady, patient resistance of the gallant men who lined the ridge of Waterloo and died on it. The almost dramatic close of the battle, too, went straight to the heart of the three nations, and all were proud when they read how, at the end of the day, the glad last cheer went up, as the Duke, stirred for once to some emotion and saying his life was no longer valuable, led on his scanty red line from the ridge where a thicker red line of dead and wounded told how fierce had been attack and resistance.

The forces of the Allies were led by the two generals who were probably the very men of all others to be opponents of Napoleon. Wellington had for years met and overcome the French, and though he had acknowledged that he looked on the very presence of Napoleon as equivalent to so many thousand more enemies, still his calm and cold nature was not liable to be dismayed by the prestige of the Great Captain he was now to meet for the first time. "I at least," said he, "will not be frightened beforehand." Blücher had no pretensions to strategic or tactical skill, but he was animated by an intense hatred to the cause of Napoleon, and a determination to batter at the French army wherever and whenever he could meet it. This determination of the old veteran had done more for the Allies in 1814 than all the science of their advisers. When beaten off by Napoleon, he had rallied like Grant in front of Lee, and went at his foe again with bull-dog tenacity. Disgusted with the wavering and caution of his Allies in 1814, he fortunately had great confidence in Wellington and the English. It may safely be said that if no other general would have exposed his army to defeat in the position of Ligny, no other general would have struggled up in time at Waterloo.

No less than 300,000 men were marching to the plains

of Fleurus on the morning of the 16th of June, 1815. The summer sun shone brightly on forest and on pasture and corn-land, rich in the promise of abundant harvest, and reposing in peace and loveliness. How changed was the scene ere a week had passed away! Scorched forests and trampled plain, smoking ruins of cottages and desolated villages, alone remained![1]

The night of the 17th was a most wretched one in regard to the state of the weather. The ground was trampled into mud, and, though in the middle of June, the temperature before dawn was intensely cold. From the very heavy fall of rain it was found difficult to maintain any fires. Great part of the French army had passed the night in the village of Genappe, and Napoleon had established his quarters at the farmhouse, called Caillou,

[1] There is the usual discrepancy between the various histories as to the strength of the armies which fought at Waterloo. Dorsey Gardner, who is always convenient to refer to, makes (p. 194) Napoleon's forces "which participated in the battle" nearly 72,000; but this total does not agree with the figures in the right-hand column of his own table, which only amount to 64,947. The total of the figures given in his table opposite p. 201 comes to 74,725. He does not state whether he includes artillery in this last table; but in any case the numbers will not agree. Thiers (tome xx. p. 153) says that Napoleon had 70,000 men, as does Jomini (tome iv. p. 634). Prince Edouard d'Auvergne (p. 215) gives the total as 72,000; while Hamley (*Operations*, p. 391), adding 7,000 for artillery, only gives some 68,000. Perhaps some of the confusion comes from Girard's division being left at Fleurus. Probably we may take Napoleon's strength as about 71,000, with 246 guns. Siborne (p. 230) gives Wellington 67,661, with 156 guns. The Prussians gradually came up, having, by Dorsey Gardner (p. 194), the following strength at the hours stated: 4.30 P.M., 16,000; 6 P.M., 29,000; 7 P.M., 52,000, with 104 guns. Thus at the end of the day Napoleon had to face some 119,000 men and 260 guns with 71,000 men and 246 guns. The English writers are, of course, anxious to explain that a great many of their allies ran away, but it is impossible to count only the brave men in an army. To make the foe run is almost as good as killing him, and if the whole of Wellington's force had been forced back it would have been absurd not to count them. Indeed, as most of the best French troops did eventually run, this sort of calculation would not end in favour of the English.

near La Belle Alliance. As the morning advanced, the weather became more favourable, and the French made preparations for the attack.

Napoleon drew up his army in such a manner that he could assail either of the wings or the centre of Wellington. The road to Charleroi was taken as the centre. On the right, with its outer flank opposite to La Haye Sainte, was Drouet d'Erlon's corps composed of the four divisions (counting always from the right) of Durutte, Marcognet, Alix, and Donzelot, each about 4,000 strong. The 1st, or Jacquinot's, cavalry division, some 1,400 sabres, formed the extreme right. The left wing, facing Hougomont and stretching from the Charleroi road to that to Nivelles, was formed of the 2d corps, Reille's, composed of the three divisions of Bachelu, Foy, and Prince Jérôme Bonaparte (the ex-King of Westphalia, with General Guilleminot as his adviser), each 5,000 strong. Piré's (2d) cavalry division, 1,700 sabres, formed the extreme left. This made the first line 34,100. One hundred yards behind the centre, on the left of the Charleroi road, was the 6th corps, Lobau's,[1] formed of the two divisions of Simmer and Jeannin, with a total strength of about 5,000 men. Alongside this corps, but on the right of the Charleroi road, were the two cavalry divisions of Domont and Subervie, together about 2,300 sabres. Two hundred yards in rear of each wing was placed a cavalry corps, Milhaud's (cuirassier), the 4th cavalry corps, containing the divisions of Delort and Wautier (or Wathier Saint-Alphonse), on the right; the third cavalry corps, Kellermann's (the General who charged at Marengo, not his father the old Marshal who fought at Valmy), on the left, with Lhéritier (dragoons and cuirassiers) and Roussel d'Herbal as Divisional Generals, each corps being about 2,600 strong. Two

[1] Count Lobau, General Mouton of Aspern or Essling celebrity.

hundred yards in rear of each of these cavalry corps was a cavalry division of the Guard, the chasseurs and lancers of Lefebvre-Desnouettes, about 2,000 sabres, on the right; Guyot with his *grenadiers à cheval*, and dragoons, about 1,400 sabres on the left. Half a mile in rear of the first line was a formidable reserve, Drouot, with three divisions of the infantry of the Guard: Friant's division of grenadiers of the Old Guard, Morand's of the chasseurs of the Old Guard, and Duhesme's of *voltigeurs* and *tirailleurs* of the Young Guard, the whole of this corps being about 11,000 strong. The strength just given is only an approximation, and does not include some 7,000 men of the artillery.[1]

The Allied Army was disposed in the following order: the corps of the Prince of Orange, forming the centre of the line, was posted on some high ground, — its right in the rear of the farm of Hougomont, its left behind La Haye Sainte. These two posts were occupied by light troops, — Hougomont by 1,200 men, and La Haye Sainte by 400 men. Lord Hill's corps formed the right wing between Merbe Braine and Hougomont. General Picton commanded the left wing, which took up a position between the road from Genappe and Ter-la-Haye, through which village a communication was kept up with the Prussian army by means of patrols. The cavalry, under the command of the Earl of Uxbridge, was principally stationed in rear of the centre and left wing, Vivian's hussar brigade being on the extreme left of the whole line. The artillery was judiciously planted in various parts of the line. With this order of battle the Duke of Wellington determined to receive the enemy's assault, it having been arranged that Blücher should aid him with part of

[1] This description is founded on Hamley's "Operations of War," p. 391. A table of the positions of each army will be found in Dorsey Gardner, opposite p. 201.

his army, under General Bülow, whose arrival was expected about the middle of the day.

The position of Mont St. Jean, thus taken up by the British army, was situated about a mile and a quarter from a similar height on which the French army placed itself. It was divided from the opposite ascent by a valley into which there was a very gentle and regular slope, so that the whole of the ground within cannon-shot could be readily seen. Two great roads nearly perpendicular to the line of the army, and two smaller roads in a line with the army, and behind it, gave every facility for a free communication for troops and guns. On another ridge about five hundred yards behind our first lines, the second lines were stationed, unseen from the French position, and between the two ridges a valley gave cover to any movement that it might be requisite to make. The flanks were sufficiently protected by the possession of the village of Braine-la-Leude on the right, and La Haye and Ohain on the left, as well as by the forest of Soignies in the rear, upon which both flanks were thrown back.

A careful study of this position will refute the objections of those who have blamed the Duke of Wellington for his choice in occupying it, and who held that, in case of defeat, the position left no means of retreat, and that the English army would, in such circumstances, have been utterly destroyed. It is very difficult to predicate what would happen in certain contingencies, but in the present case there does not appear to be any doubt that under such unfortunate circumstances the British army would have been able to effect a retreat without any extraordinary difficulty. If their first position had been carried, the village of St. Jean in the rear, at the junction of the two great roads before mentioned, would have been an excellent centre of support for a second position,

from which it would have been equally difficult to dislodge the British. But even if the British troops had been driven into the forest in a state of rout, they would there have found themselves in comparative safety. The forest consisted of tall trees without underwood, almost everywhere passable for men and horses. In such a position the practicability of maintaining themselves against the French army must be evident to any one who considers the extreme difficulty of forcing infantry from a wood which cannot be turned; and it is confirmed by a remark of the Duke of Wellington, made in conversation with a friend, "They could never have so beaten us but that we could have made good the wood against them."[1]

The chief strength of the position of Mont St. Jean was due to two farms in front,—Hougomont and La Haye Sainte. These farms lay on the slope of the valley, about 1,500 yards apart. Both were capable of containing troops, and Hougomont comprised an extent of gardens and enclosures capable of containing a force sufficient to make it an important post. No columns of the French could pass between them without being exposed to a flank fire, and this circumstance gave the principal advantage to the English position.[2]

The army under the command of the Duke of Wellington amounted to about 67,661 men, of whom 24,000 were British.

[1] "This leads us to examine a question raised by the battle of Waterloo. Would an army with its back to a forest, and having a good road behind its centre and behind each of its wings, be compromised if it lost the battle, as Napoleon has declared? For my part, I believe, on the contrary, such a position would be more favourable for a retreat than ground entirely open" (Jomini, *Précis de l'Art de la Guerre*, tome ii. p. 15).

[2] The Duke of Wellington, when passing through Belgium in the preceding summer, particularly noticed the strength of the position of Waterloo, and stated that if it ever should be his fate to fight a battle for the protection of Brussels, he would endeavour to do so in that position (Creasy's *Decisive Battles*, p. 349, edit. 1883).

Besides this, an Allied force of 18,000 men, under Prince Frederick of Orange, was stationed in front of Halle, about eight miles from the field of battle, and was not engaged. The French force present at Waterloo, as well as that of the Prussians, has already been stated.

The morning and part of the forenoon of the 18th were passed by the French in a state of supineness, for which it was difficult to account. The rain had certainly retarded their movements, more particularly that of bringing the artillery into position; yet it was observed that this had been accomplished at an early hour. In Grouchy's publication we find a reason which may have caused this delay, namely, that Napoleon's ammunition had been so much exhausted in the preceding contests that there was only a supply with the army for an action of eight hours. Bonaparte states that it was necessary to wait until the ground was sufficiently dried to enable the cavalry and artillery to manœuvre;[1] however, in such a soil, a few hours could make very little difference, particularly as a drizzling rain continued all the morning and indeed after the action had commenced. The heavy fall of rain on the night of the 17th was no doubt more disadvantageous to the French than to the troops under Lord Wellington; the latter were in position, and had few movements to make, whilst the French columns, and particularly the cavalry, were fatigued and impeded by the state of the ground, which with the trampled corn caused them to advance more slowly and kept them longer under fire. On the other hand, the same causes delayed the Prussians in their junction,[2] which they had

[1] Montholon.

[2] The delay of Napoleon on the 17th of June has been much criticised, but the Prince Edouard d'Auvergne, in his "Waterloo," p. 236, points out that this delay had not the effect believed to result from it. Wellington would have retired, if hard pressed on the 17th of June, instead of halting at Waterloo. At the worst Blücher, however hardly pressed in his

promised to effect about noon.[1] Soon after eleven[2] the battle commenced by the advance of the French, under Jérôme Bonaparte, upon Hougomont, which was occupied by some Nassau and Hanover troops, and by the light companies of the English Guards, and the first gun fired was from an English battery. This made a gap for a moment in the head of the advancing column. A tremendous cannonade along the whole French line, from upwards of 200 guns, opened to support this attack. Napoleon's eagle glance at once discovered the great importance of the post of Hougomont, which was, in fact, the key to the English position. He accordingly directed his first efforts against it, and persevered in them unceasingly throughout the day.

"A cloud of *tirailleurs* pushed through the wood and cornfields; they were aimed at with fatal certainty from the loopholes, windows, and summit of the building. But the French eventually compelled the few men that remained outside to withdraw into the château by the rear gate. In the meantime the French redoubled their efforts against it, and the fire of the immediate defenders of that point for a moment ceased. The gate was then forced. At this critical moment Colonel Macdonell rushed to the spot with the officers and men nearest at hand, and not only expelled the assailants but reclosed the gate. The French, from their overwhelming numbers, again entered the yard, when the Guards retired to

movement, would have only had to leave two corps to detain Grouchy, — indeed less than one corps was found sufficient, — and the remaining two corps would have been enough to crush the main army while engaged with Wellington.

[1] Captain Pringle.

[2] Accounts differ as to the precise period at which the battle commenced. The British official account states the time to have been ten o'clock; but Colonel Mackinnon, who was with the Guards at Hougomont, has a precise recollection that the first gun was fired shortly after eleven. — *Editor of* 1836 *edition.*

the house and kept up from the windows such a destructive fire that the French were driven out and the gate once more was closed.

"General Foy, having chased the Nassau troops before him, passed through the wood and surrounded the château. All attempts to rally these men proving fruitless, Colonel Mackinnon with the Grenadiers and first company moved to the support of the place, and the French were forced back.

"On the retreat of the Nassau troops, Lord Saltoun, with the light companies of the 1st brigade, was again ordered to Hougomont, and recovered the orchard and also part of the wood in its front; the latter, however, there was no possibility of holding in opposition to the vast superiority of the French troops. Lord Saltoun therefore made occasional sallies from the orchard; his orders were, in the event of its being forced, to retire into the château; but he defended it against every attempt.

"The entrance of the wood was attacked in the most gallant manner by the Coldstream Guards. The companies under Colonel Woodford cheered, and after charging opened a fire, but the powerful resistance they met with could not be overcome. This officer therefore retired, and entered Hougomont.

"Afterwards the French exerted themselves to carry the orchard. They twice got possession of the hedge, but gained no further ground, as the defenders were firm, and the troops on the garden-wall which overlooked the orchard poured in a cross fire and occasioned them severe loss.

"The French soldiers were undaunted in their attacks, but Hougomont was defended with a calm and stubborn gallantry that alone could have enabled so small a force to resist the repeated and fierce assaults of the great force, consisting of nearly the whole 2d French corps. The

cross discharge from the artillery was incessant: the bursting of shells set part of the building in flames, and as the fire extended to the chapel and stables many of the wounded soldiers of the Coldstreams perished. The Guards, nevertheless, at no time exceeding 2,000 men, maintained the post amidst the terrible conflagration within, and the murderous fire of the attacking troops from without. When the contention terminated, the French dead lay piled round the château, in the wood, and every avenue leading to it." [1]

During the early part of the day the action was almost entirely confined to this part of the line, except a galling fire of artillery along the centre, vigorously returned by the English guns. This fire gradually extended towards the left, and some cavalry demonstrations were made by the French.

From the exposed position of part of the English troops on the sloping ground, they suffered very severely from the French artillery, and the Duke of Wellington thought it advisable to move them back about 150 to 200 yards to the reverse slope of the hill. The artillery in consequence remained in advance, that they might see into the valley. This alteration was made between one and two o'clock by the Duke in person; it was general along the front or centre of the position, on the height to the right of La Haye Sainte.

This movement withdrew a considerable portion of the Allied troops from the sight of the French, and appears to have been considered by them as the beginning of a retreat: Napoleon determined in consequence to attack our left centre, in order to get possession of the farm of Mont St. Jean, or of the village itself, which commanded the point where the two roads met. Accordingly Comte

[1] "Origin and Services of the Coldstream Guards," by Colonel Mackinnon.

d'Erlon moved forward with his whole corps in four dense columns, supported by large bodies of cavalry, and covered by a tremendous cannonade. The English infantry were formed into squares to receive the cuirassiers. The French cavalry being in advance of their infantry on the left of the attack, the Duke of Wellington ordered the English Life Guards to charge them. The cuirassiers were driven back on their own position, where the *chaussée*, being cut into the rising ground, left steep banks on either side. In this confined space they fought at sword's length for several minutes, until some light artillery was brought down from the heights, upon which the British cavalry returned to its position.

Comte d'Erlon's infantry, meanwhile, advanced beyond La Haye Sainte, which at this time they did not attack. As the French drew near, a Belgian brigade of infantry stationed in front fell back in confusion, and the French columns instantly occupied the height. Sir Thomas Picton, perceiving this, immediately moved up General Pack's brigade, and opened a fire upon the French columns as they took possession of the vantage-ground they had just gained. Without waiting for the English charge of bayonets, the French infantry began to hesitate, when the latter approached within thirty yards. At this moment Ponsonby's brigade of heavy dragoons, wheeling round the infantry, took the French in flank. An immediate panic spread amongst them, and throwing down their arms they ran away in all directions to avoid the sabres of the cavalry. Many were killed, and an eagle with 2,000 prisoners taken. But the cavalry pursued their success too far; they were fired upon by another column, and being at the same time attacked by a fresh body of French cavalry, they were in turn driven back with much loss.

General Ponsonby, who commanded the heavy dragoons,

and Sir Thomas Picton, who led on his division to repel this attack, were both killed.[1]

[1] The following particulars connected with the death of Sir Thomas Picton will be read with especial interest: —

"The French columns were marching close up to the hedge, the English advanced to meet them, and the muzzles of their muskets almost touched. Picton ordered Sir James Kempt's brigade forward; they bounded over the hedge, and were received with a murderous volley. A frightful struggle then ensued; the English rushed with fury upon their opponents, not stopping to load, but trusting solely to the bayonet to do its deadly work. The French fire had, however, fearfully thinned this first line, and they were fighting at least six to one. Picton therefore ordered General Pack's brigade to advance. With the exhilarating cry of 'Charge! Hurra!' he placed himself at their head, and led them forward. They returned his cheer as they followed him with a cool determination, which, in the words of the Spanish chief Alava, 'appalled the enemy.'

"The General kept at the head of the line, stimulating it by his own example. According to the Duke of Wellington's despatch, 'this was one of the most serious attacks made by the enemy on our position.' To defeat it was therefore of vital importance to the success of the day. Picton knew this, and doubtless felt that his own presence would tend greatly to inspire his men with confidence. He was looking along his gallant line, waving his sword, when a ball struck him on the temple, and he fell back upon his horse — dead. Captain Tyler, seeing him fall, immediately dismounted and ran to his assistance: with the aid of a soldier he lifted him off his horse; but all assistance was vain, — his noble spirit had fled.

"The rush of war passed on, the contending hosts had met, and none could be idle at such a moment. His body was therefore placed beneath a tree by which it could readily be found when the fight was done.

"When the sanguinary struggle had ceased, and the victorious English were called back to the field of battle, leaving the Prussians to pursue the enemy, Captain Tyler went in search of the body of his old General. He found it easily.

"Upon looking at the dress of Sir Thomas Picton on the evening of the 18th, a few hours after his death, it was observed that his coat was torn on one side. This led to a further examination, and then the truth became apparent: on the 16th he had been wounded at Quatre Bras; a musket-ball had struck him and broken two of his ribs, besides producing, it was supposed, some internal injuries; but, expecting that a severe battle would be fought within a short time, he kept this wound secret, lest he should be solicited to absent himself. From the moment he had left this country until he joined the army, he had never entered any bed, — he had scarcely given himself time to take any refreshment, so eager was he in

Ney was now sent with 10,000 cavalry to break the right wing of Wellington. The French cavalry, in their attack on the right centre of the British line, were not supported by infantry, and made several desperate attacks upon our infantry, who immediately formed into square, and maintained themselves with the most determined courage and coolness. During these various charges upon the squares the French cuirassiers displayed great intrepidity, riding up to the ranks, and actually cutting at the bayonets with their swords, and firing at the officers.[1] The artillery, which was somewhat in front, kept up a well-directed fire upon them as they advanced, but, on their nearer approach, the gunners were obliged to retire into the squares, so that the guns were actually in momentary possession of the French cavalry, who could not, however, keep possession of them, or even spike them, if they had the means, in consequence of the heavy fire of musketry to which they were exposed. The French accounts state that several squares were broken, and standards taken, which is incorrect; on the contrary, the small squares constantly repulsed the cavalry, whom they generally allowed to advance close to their bayonets before they fired. The cuirassiers were then driven back with loss on all points, and the artillerymen, immediately resuming their guns in the most prompt manner, opened a destructive fire of grape-shot on them as they retired.

the performance of his duty. After the severe wound which he had received he would have been justified in not engaging in the action of the 18th. His body was not only blackened by his first wound, but even swelled to a considerable degree; and those who had seen it wondered that he should have been able to take part in the duties of the field" (*Memoirs of Sir T. Picton*).

[1] The Duke of Wellington himself assured me at the Congress of Verona (1822) that he had never seen in war anything so admirable as the ten or twelve repeated charges of the French cuirassiers on the troops of all branches (Jomini, *Précis de la Campagne de* 1815).

"After the failure of the first attack the French had little or no chance of success in renewing it; but the officers, perhaps ashamed of the failure of troops of whose prowess they were justly proud, endeavoured repeatedly to bring them back to charge the squares; they could, however, only be brought to pass between them and round them; they even penetrated to our second line, where they cut down some stragglers and artillery drivers, who were with the limbers and ammunition waggons. They charged the Brunswick squares in the second line with no better success, and were driven back by the Allied cavalry, some of whom suffered from pursuing too far.

"If the Allies had been in retreat, such an attack of cavalry might have led to the most important results; but the French cavalry, in passing and repassing the British squares, suffered severely by their fire; so much so that before the end of the action, when they might have been of great use, either in the last great attack or in covering the retreat, they were nearly destroyed. The only advantage which appeared to result from their remaining in the British position was that it prevented the guns from playing on the columns which afterwards formed near La Belle Alliance, in order to debouch for a new attack. The galling fire of the infantry, however, forcing the French horsemen at length to retire into the hollow ground to cover themselves, the artillery were again at their guns, and being in advance of the squares saw completely into the valley, and by their well-directed fire made gaps in them as they re-formed to repeat this useless expenditure of lives. Had Bonaparte been on the spot, he would no doubt have prevented this wanton sacrifice of some of his best troops. The protracted presence of his cavalry in the British lines evidently prevented him from concentrating the fire of his powerful

artillery on that part of the line he intended to break, as had always been his custom; and this was treating his enemy with a contempt which, from what he had experienced at Quatre Bras, could not be justified.[1]

"No situation could be more trying to the steady courage of the British army than the disposition of the troops in square at Waterloo. There is an excited feeling in an attacking body that stimulates the coldest, and blunts the thought of danger. The tumultuous enthusiasm of the assault spreads from man to man, and duller spirits catch a gallant frenzy from the brave around them. But the enduring and devoted courage which pervaded the British squares, when, hour after hour, mowed down by a murderous artillery, and wearied by furious and frequent onsets of lancers and cuirassiers, when the constant order, 'Close up! close up!' marked the quick succession of slaughter that thinned their ranks, and when later in the day the remnants of two and even three regiments were necessary to complete the square which one of them had formed in the morning, — to suppport this with firmness, and 'feed death,' inactive and unmoved, exhibited that calm and desperate bravery which elicited the admiration of Napoleon himself.

"Knowing that to repel these desperate and sustained

[1] After one of these charges of cavalry a hand-to-hand encounter, many of which occurred during the day, took place in sight of the British forces. An hussar and a French cuirassier met in the plain; the former had lost his cap, and was bleeding from a wound on the head; he did not, however, hesitate to attack his steel-clad adversary, and it was soon evident that the efficiency of cavalry depends upon good horsemanship and skill in the use of the sword, and not on heavy defensive armour. The moment that the swords crossed, the military skill and superiority of the hussar were evident; after a few skirmishes the Frenchman received a violent cut in the face that made him reel in his saddle: it was now impossible for him to escape his active opponent, and a well-directed thrust of the British hussar levelled the cuirassier to the ground, amidst the cheers of his anxious comrades. — *Editor of* 1836 *edition.*

attacks a tremendous sacrifice of human life must occur, Napoleon, in defiance of their acknowledged bravery, calculated on wearying the British into defeat. But when he saw his columns driven back in confusion, when charged on the left of the English line by the gallant Ponsonby, when his cavalry receded from the squares they could not penetrate, when battalions were reduced to companies by the fire of his cannon, and still that 'feeble few' showed a perfect front, and held the ground they had originally taken, — his admiration was expressed to Soult, 'How beautifully these English fight! — but they *must* give way!'"[1]

While the battle continued along the whole of the British position, the Belgians were driven from Papellote and La Haye by the French. One of the columns in making this attack was completely routed by the 12th British dragoons: this, nevertheless, did not prevent them from carrying the two villages.

The farm of La Haye Sainte was bravely defended by 400 men of the King's German Legion, eventually reinforced by two more companies of the same body. Profiting by the temporary recoil produced by one of their combined attacks upon this part of the British line, La Haye Sainte was surrounded by French troops, and incessant efforts were made by them to carry it. The gallant Germans repulsed every attempt as long as their ammunition lasted. This at length failed them, and there was no possibility of introducing a further supply, the provision of a gate at the rear having been overlooked. The overwhelming force of the French near the spot, and the difficulty of ingress offered by the construction of the building, rendered all aid hopeless. For some time these devoted men resisted their adversaries with their swords and bayonets; but the French, firing upon

[1] Maxwell, vol. iii. p. 487.

them from the roof, and bursting open the strong doors and defences, soon succeeded in overpowering the remnant, who, to a man, were put to the sword. This success, unattended with any ultimate benefit to the French, was all they could boast of. The contest was now continued in the same unconnected mode of skirmishing in front of La Haye Sainte and around Hougomont.

The cavalry charges on the right wing were repeated time after time without infantry support till nearly half-past four, all, however, without any great result. Soon after four o'clock a brief cessation of Napoleon's repeated attacks took place: this may be considered as the crisis of the sanguinary contest of Waterloo. The squares of the Allied army had remained unshaken; they had received repeated charges with a characteristic coolness and intrepidity that have no equal. The Emperor might at this moment have broken off the engagement; but if it was to be continued, it could only be done by destroying the English army before the Prussians, who were expected, should arrive; for at this time General Domont, who had been detached to watch the progress of the Prussians, announced that a corps of 10,000 men was in full march towards Planchenoit, and by half-past four Bülow's guns opened on Domont.

"The French about this period concentrated their artillery particularly on the left of the Genappe *chaussée* in front of La Belle Alliance, and commenced a heavy fire (a large proportion of the guns were twelve-pounders) on that part of the British line extending from behind La Haye Sainte towards Hougomont: the infantry sheltered themselves by lying down behind the ridge of the rising ground, and bore the fire with heroic patience. Several of the English guns had been disabled, and many artillerymen killed and wounded, so that this fire was scarcely returned, but when the new point of attack was no longer

doubtful, two brigades were brought from Lord Hill's corps on the right, and were of most essential service."[1]

"The British army had sustained several severe attacks, which had been all repulsed, and no advantage of any consequence had been gained by the enemy. They had possessed part of the wood and garden of Hougomont and La Haye Sainte, which latter they were unable to occupy. Not a square had been broken, shaken, or obliged to retire. The infantry continued to display the same obstinacy, the same cool, calculating confidence in themselves, in their commander, and in their officers, which had covered them with glory in the long and arduous war in the Peninsula. From the limited extent of the field of battle, and the tremendous fire their columns were exposed to, the loss of the enemy could not have been less than 15,000 killed and wounded. Two eagles and 2,000 prisoners had been taken, and the French cavalry nearly destroyed. The English still occupied nearly the same position as in the morning, but their loss had been severe, perhaps not less than 10,000 killed and wounded. Their ranks were further thinned by the numbers of men who carried off the wounded, part of whom never returned to the field; the number of Belgian and Hanoverian troops, many of whom were young levies, that crowded to the rear, was very considerable, besides the number of dismounted dragoons, together with a proportion of infantry, some of whom, as will always be found in the best armies, were glad to escape from the field. These thronged the road leading to Brussels in a manner that none but an eyewitness could have believed, so that perhaps the actual force under the Duke of Wellington at this time, half-past six, did not amount to more than 34,000 men."

It may here be proper to consider the situation of the

[1] Captain Pringle.

Prussian army, and the assistance they had been able to render up to this time.

"We had at an early hour been in communication with some patrols of Prussian cavalry on our extreme left. A Prussian corps, under Bülow, had marched from Wavre at an early hour, 7 A.M., to manœuvre on the right and rear of the French army, but Marshal Blücher with a large proportion of the Prussian army were still on the heights above Wavre when the action had commenced at Waterloo."[1] The state of the roads had become deplorable, for the ground was completely saturated with the heavy rains that had fallen during sixteen hours. Rivulets had become torrents: water had filled up every hollow, so as constantly to compel the troops to separate, for in many cases the infantry were obliged to wade for hundreds of yards together along the forest roads, which might rather be termed watercourses. The columns of the Prussian troops advancing from Wavre extended over many miles. Great as were the obstacles that retarded the progress of the cavalry and infantry, the immense train of artillery occasioned still greater delay, although they had not more than twelve or fourteen miles to march. The guns frequently sunk axle-deep into the mud. "We shall never get on," was heard on all sides. "We *must get on*," replied Blücher. "I have given my word to Wellington, and you surely will not suffer me to break it! Only exert yourselves a few hours longer, my children, and certain victory is ours." Thus encouraging their gallant efforts, the Marshal was to be seen in every part of the tedious line of march.

The cannonading at Waterloo had been distinctly heard by Blücher and his anxious army for several hours. Aides-de-camp were continually arriving with reports of the state of the battle, and the Prussians were arduously

[1] Captain Pringle.

engaged in toiling through narrow lanes, being well aware that if attacked in such a perilous position, should the English army experience a reverse, their own destruction would be inevitable. Information had been conveyed to Blücher about three o'clock that Grouchy had attacked General Thielmann at Wavre in great force. Unmoved by this news, the veteran Marshal replied, "Tell him to do his best, for the campaign of Belgium must be decided at Mont St. Jean, and not at Wavre."

Marshal Blücher, who had joined in person Bülow's corps at half-past four, ordered immediately two brigades of infantry and some cavalry to operate on the right of the French.[1] He was so far from them, however, that his fire was too distant to produce any effect, and was chiefly intended to give the Duke of Wellington notice of his arrival. It was certainly past five o'clock before the fire of the Prussian artillery was observed from the British position, and it soon seemed to cease altogether. It appears they had advanced and obtained some success, but were afterwards held in check by the French, who sent a corps under Count Lobau to prevent them from advancing. About half-past six the first Prussian corps came into communication with our extreme left near the small hamlet of Ohain.

The attacks of the French on the Allied right were still continued. The British remained unmoved under these continued assaults; Milhaud's cuirassiers and the cavalry of the Guard had again charged about five o'clock; to support these cuirassiers Kellermann's were despatched, as well as a part of the reserve cavalry.[2] To oppose these

[1] Muffling, the Prussian commissioner with Wellington, says (p. 247) Blücher opened fire at four o'clock.

[2] Bonaparte allows that this charge was made too soon, but that it was necessary to support it, and that the cuirassiers of Kellermann, 3,000 in number, were consequently ordered forward to maintain the position. And he allows that the *grenadiers-à-cheval* and dragoons of the Guard,

movements the British squares were again formed, and successfully repulsed them; thousands of French cavalry were in this manner put *hors de combat* during the day. Unable to force the squares of the British infantry, the French cavalry showed greater courage when opposed to the Horse of the Allies, and many severe contests took place between them in front of and even among the squares.

During the temporary cessation which now took place, the Duke began to concentrate his forces towards the centre, and the troops sent to Braine-la-Leude were now brought back. The assistance of the Prussians, as we have already stated, was expected at mid-day; and this induced Wellington to accept a battle, so that the British army had to bear the whole brunt of the action for a much longer period than was calculated. It was now past six o'clock, and they had been under fire for nearly seven hours. The Duke of Wellington, however, never for a moment showed any anxiety as to the result of the battle. He knew his troops, and all that they would do under him and for him, and felt confident he should be able to maintain his position. The British army was not aware of the concerted approach of the Prussians, nor did their commander think it necessary to animate their exertions by telling them they were coming. Napoleon, on the contrary, in order to revive the already drooping spirits of his men, even of his favourite Guards, who had not as yet been engaged, sent Labédoyère to inform them, as they were about to advance on our squares, that the corps of Grouchy had joined the right flank of the French army. This intelligence deceived even Marshal Ney, and had a bad effect in the French ranks when the men learned that it was false.

which were in reserve, advanced without orders, that he sent to recall them, but, as they were already engaged, any retrograde movement would then have been dangerous. — *Editor of* 1836 *edition.*

On the part of Wellington, a considerable portion of Lord Hill's corps was still available as a reserve. On the side of Bonaparte, the Imperial Guard had been kept in reserve, and had been for some time formed on the heights which extend from La Belle Alliance towards Hougomont, and covered their left flank. With these devoted and brave men Bonaparte resolved to make a last desperate effort to break the often-tried centre of the British line, and carry their position before the attack of the Prussians could take effect.

"About seven o'clock they advanced in two columns, leaving four battalions in reserve. They were commanded by Ney, who led them on. The advance of these columns of the Imperial Guard was supported by a heavy fire of artillery. The British Infantry, which had been posted on the reverse of the hill, to be sheltered from the guns, was instantly moved forward by Lord Wellington. General Maitland's brigade of Guards and General Adam's brigade (52d and 71st regiments, and 95th rifles) met this formidable attack. They were flanked by two batteries of artillery, who kept up a destructive discharge on the advancing columns. The troops waited for the approach of the French with their characteristic coolness, until they were within a short distance of their line, when they opened a well-directed fire upon them. This line was formed four deep. Each man fired independently, retiring a few paces to load, and then advanced again, so that they never ceased for a moment. The French, headed by their gallant leader, still came on, notwithstanding the severe loss they sustained by this destructive musketry. They were now within about fifty yards of the British line, when they attempted to deploy, in order to return the fire. The line appeared to be closing round them. They could not deploy under such a storm, and from the moment they ceased to advance

their chance of success was over. They now formed a confused mass, and, at last giving way, retired in the utmost confusion. They were immediately pursued by the light troops of General Adam's brigade. This decided the battle. Napoleon had now exhausted his means of attack. He had still, however, the four battalions of the Old Guard in reserve. Lord Wellington immediately ordered his whole line to advance and attack their position. The French were already attempting a retreat. The Old Guard formed a square to cover the dismayed and flying columns, flanked by a few guns, and supported by some light cavalry (red lancers)."

It was expected that Napoleon would charge at the head of his gallant Guards; but though he certainly exposed his person to great danger towards the end of the battle, he did not put himself at their head as he would have done in the days of Lodi and Arcola.[1] A distinguished writer says: —

"It was about seven o'clock at night when Napoleon determined to devote this proved and faithful reserve as his last stake to the chance of one of those desperate games in which he had been so frequently successful. For this purpose he placed himself in the midst of the highway fronting Mont St. Jean, and within about a quarter of a mile of the English line.[2] Here he caused his Guard to defile before him, and, acquainting them that the English cavalry and infantry were entirely destroyed,

[1] Ouvrard, who attended Napoleon as chief commissary of the French army on that occasion, told me that Napoleon was suffering from a complaint which made it very painful for him to ride" (*Lord Ellesmere*, p. 47).

[2] Napoleon had stationed himself on a little hillock near La Belle Alliance, in the centre of the French position. Here he was seated, with a table before him, on which maps and plans were spread; and hence with his telescope he surveyed the field. Soult watched his orders close at his left hand, and his staff was grouped on horseback a few paces in the rear (Creasy's *Decisive Battles*, p. 371, edit. 1883).

and that to carry their position they had only to sustain with bravery a heavy fire of their artillery, he concluded by pointing to the causeway, and exclaiming, 'There, there is the road to Brussels!' The prodigious shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur!' with which the Guard answered this appeal, led the British troops, and the Duke of Wellington himself, to expect an instant renewal of the attack with Napoleon as leader.

"In this, the last charge it was ever to make, the Guard of Napoleon advanced into the plain with demonstrations of enthusiasm. They swept away every obstacle until they attained the ridge where the British soldiers lay on the ground to avoid the destructive fire of artillery by which the assault was covered; but this was their final effort. 'Up, Guards, and at them!' cried the Duke of Wellington, who was then with a brigade of the household infantry. In an instant they sprang up, and assuming the offensive rushed upon the attacking columns with the bayonet. This body of the Guards had been previously disposed in line instead of the squares which they had hitherto formed. But the line was of unusual depth, consisting of four ranks instead of two. 'You have stood cavalry in this order,' said the General, 'and can therefore find no difficulty in charging infantry.' The effect of the rapid advance which followed was decisive. The Guard of Napoleon was within twenty yards of the British, but did not stop to cross bayonets. The consciousness that no support or reserve remained to them added confusion to their retreat. The *tirailleurs* of the Imperial Guard gallantly attempted to cover the retreat. They were charged by the British cavalry, and literally cut to pieces." [1]

"The first Prussian corps, commanded by Bülow, had now joined the English extreme left They had obtained

[1] Sir Walter Scott.

possession of the village of La Haye, driving out the French light troops who occupied it. Bülow had some time previously made an unsuccessful attack upon the village of Planchenoit, in the rear of the French right wing, and being joined by the second corps (Pirch's), was again advancing to attack it.[1] In the mean time the square of the Old Guard maintained itself, the guns on its flank firing upon the British light cavalry, which now advanced and threatened to turn the flank. The light troops were close on their front, and the whole line advancing under Wellington, when this body, the *élite* of the army, and now the only hope of the French to cover their retreat, gave way, and mixed in the general confusion and rout, abandoning their cannon and all their *matériel*."[2]

"The irremediable disorder consequent on this decisive repulse, and the confusion in the French rear, where Bülow had fiercely attacked them, did not escape Wellington. 'The hour has come!' he is said to have exclaimed; and, closing his telescope, commanded the whole line to advance. The order was exultingly obeyed: forming four deep, on came the British; wounds and fatigue and hunger were all forgotten! With their customary steadiness they crossed the ridge: when they saw the French, and began to move down the hill, a cheer that seemed to rend the heavens pealed from their proud array, and with levelled bayonets they pressed on to meet the enemy.[3]

[1] General Gneisenau says it was past seven o'clock before Pirch's corps came up, and this fact is admitted in Blücher's official despatches.

[2] Captain Pringle.

[3] As to the final advance of the British, General Müffling, an experienced if prejudiced witness, says that the advance was hazardous, "small masses of only some hundred men at great intervals were seen everywhere advancing." Though Lord Uxbridge drew the Duke's attention to this, the Duke thought the support of the cavalry was sufficient. "There was

"Panic-stricken and disorganised, the French resistance was short and feeble. The Prussian cannon thundered in their rear, the British bayonet was flashing in their front, and, unable to stand the terror of the charge, they broke and fled. A dreadful and indiscriminate carnage ensued. The great road was choked with their *matériel*, and cumbered with the dead and dying, while the fields, as far as the eye could reach, were covered with fugitives. Courage and discipline were forgotten, and Napoleon's army of yesterday was now a splendid wreck, — a terror-stricken multitude. His own words best describe it, — 'It was a total rout!'"

It was now nearly dark: Bülow, upon being joined by Pirch's corps, again attacked Planchenoit, which he turned, and then the French abandoned it. He immediately advanced towards the Genappe *chaussée*, and closed round the right of the French, driving the enemy before him, and augmenting their confusion. His troops came into the high-road near Maison du Roi, and, Blücher and Wellington having met about the same time near La Belle Alliance, it was resolved to pursue the French, and give them no time to rally. The loss of the Prussians on the 18th did not exceed 800 men. The brunt of the action was chiefly sustained by the British troops and the King's German Legion.

probably also a political motive for this advance. The Duke with his practised eye perceived that the French army was no longer dangerous: he was equally aware, indeed, that with his infantry so diminished he could achieve nothing more of importance; but if he stood still and resigned the pursuit to the Prussian army alone, it might appear in the eyes of Europe as if the British army had defended themselves bravely indeed, but that the Prussians alone decided and won the battle." Surely also the Duke could not have refused his gallant men that last glorious advance; they well deserved it. "The position in which the infantry had fought was marked, as far as the eye could reach, by a red line caused by the red uniform of the numerous killed and wounded who lay there" (*Muffling*, p. 250).

The British army rested on the night of the 18th on the field of battle, but this was not before a hot pursuit of the French had been accomplished; and then the Duke of Wellington halted, not only on account of the fatigue of his troops, which had been engaged eight hours, but because he found himself on the same road with Marshal Blücher, who promised to continue the pursuit during the night, and well performed his engagement.[1]

The Prussians, who had made a difficult march during the day, pursued the enemy with such vigour that they were unable to rally a single battalion. They once attempted to make a show of resistance at Genappe, where, perhaps, if they had had a chief to direct them, they might have maintained themselves until daylight, the situation of the village being strong; this might have given them the means of at least preserving the semblance of an army. The second Prussian corps was afterwards detached to intercept Grouchy, who was not aware of the result of the battle until eleven o'clock next morning. He had succeeded in obtaining some advantage over General Thielmann, and got possession of Wavre. Grouchy at once retreated towards Namur, where his rear-guard maintained themselves against all the efforts of the Prussians, who suffered severely in their attempt to take the place. This served to cover his retreat, which he executed with great ability, keeping in a parallel line to Blücher, and, having rallied many of the fugitives, he brought his army in the end without loss to Paris.

[1] In all our battles against Napoleon's troops, and lately against the Russians, we have shown ourselves incapable of reaping the benefit of victory. Wellington won many battles, but never delivered any very crushing blow to his opponent, *because he never pursued*. Waterloo is no exception, for the pursuit was effected by the Prussians (Lord Wolseley's *Soldier's Pocket-Book*, edition of 1882, p. 336).

What must have been the feelings of Napoleon on the memorable night of Waterloo! One of his aides-de-camp[1] has described his attitude the last time he was seen in the field, and the fascination he still exercised over all who were about his person: —

"He has ruined us — he has destroyed France and himself — yet I love him still; it is impossible to be near him and not love him. He has so much greatness of soul, such majesty of manner. He bewitches all minds; approach him with a thousand prejudices, and you quit him filled with admiration: but then, his mad ambition! his ruinous infatuation! his obstinacy without bounds! Besides, he was wont to set everything upon a cast, — his game was all or nothing! Even the battle of Waterloo might have been retrieved had he not charged with the Guard. This was the reserve of the army, and should have been employed in covering his retreat instead of attacking; but with him, whenever matters looked desperate, he resembled a mad dog. He harangued the Guard — he put himself at its head — it debouched rapidly, and rushed upon the enemy. We were mowed down by grape — we wavered — turned our backs, and the rout was complete. A general disorganisation of the army ensued, and Napoleon, rousing himself from the stupor into which he had sunk, was cold as a stone. The last time I saw him was in returning from the charge, when all was lost. My thigh had been broken by a musket-shot in advancing, and I remained in the rear, having fallen on the ground. Napoleon passed close by me; his nose was buried in his snuff-box, and his bridle fell loosely on the neck of his horse, which was pacing leisurely along. A Scotch regiment was advancing at the charge in the distance. The Emperor was almost alone. Lallemand only was with him. The latter still exclaimed, 'All is not lost, Sire; all

[1] Raoul.

is not lost! Rally, soldiers! rally!' The Emperor replied not a word. Lallemand recognised me in passing. 'What has happened to you, Raoul?'—'My thigh is shattered with a musket-ball.'—'Poor devil, how I pity you! how I pity you! Adieu! adieu!' The Emperor uttered not a word."

In the midst of the horrid rout that followed it was not known what had become of Napoleon. Some of the soldiers declared that he had perished. When this was announced to a well-known general officer in his service, he exclaimed (like Megret on the death of Charles XII. at Frederikshald), "Voilà la pièce finie." Others pretended that having charged several times at the head of the Guard, he had been dismounted and made prisoner. The same uncertainty prevailed respecting the fate of Marshal Ney, the Major-General (Soult), and most of the French generals and chiefs.

Others again affirmed that they had seen Napoleon pass, escaping alone through the disordered crowd, and that they had recognised him by his gray greatcoat and dapple-coloured horse. This last account was the true one. In his flight he threw himself into an orchard adjoining the farm of La Belle Alliance. It was there he was met by two French horse soldiers, who, like himself, had lost their way, but who now undertook to guide and protect him through the parties of Prussians, who, fortunately for him, were so busy in plundering the camp equipages that they let him pass. In spite of the darkness of night he was perceived and recognised in several places, and his presence was made manifest by the remarks of the soldiers, who said to one another in a low tone of voice, "There is the Emperor!" "There goes the Emperor!" These words appeared to him a cry of alarm, and each time he was thus discovered, he galloped forward as quickly as the crowded state of the roads would permit. What had

now become of those rapturous acclamations that used to accompany him whenever he showed himself in the midst of his army?

At a short distance from Charleroi two roads meet: one leads to Avesnes, the other to Philippeville: the Emperor chose the latter, and, increasing his speed as the roads became clearer, and he could obtain a carriage and post-horses, he abandoned his army without making any effort to rally it. He has been censured for this; but we would remark that French soldiers, with all their excellent qualities, are not good at rallying after a signal defeat, and that his army was so completely cut up and dispersed, so thoroughly disheartened, that every effort to reform them on the spot must have failed. In their blind panic, groups of these heroes of many battles — cavalry and infantry still well armed — suffered themselves to be cut up by a few Prussian lancers, whom they might have turned upon and annihilated.

On arriving at Philippeville, Napoleon was compelled to wait some time outside the walls. He had need of the protection of its ramparts; for the Prussians, into whose hands he dreaded to fall, were close upon him, having tracked him with great pertinacity, and detached some cavalry in that direction. When he reached the gates of the town, the men on guard would not admit him until the commander of the fortress came up and recognised him. He then entered with a very humble retinue, the drawbridge being raised and the barrier closed immediately afterwards. As soon as it was known that the Emperor was at Philippeville, many of his scattered troops closed round the town in order to protect him and to receive in turn protection from the ramparts. This caused some uneasiness: such a gathering of men would prove to the Prussians that the Emperor was there. To obviate this, recourse was had to the following stratagem.

A number of emissaries were sent from the town to the camp, instructing them to counterfeit great terror, and to cry out, "Save yourselves! the Prussians are coming! The Uhlans are close upon us!" The emissaries played their part so well, and the French soldiery were now so spiritless, that they broke up and fled like a flock of sheep. The feigned heralds of the enemy then went on to spread over the country the deplorable news that the Emperor was blockaded in Philippeville. This was regarded as certain; and nobody on the roads of Mezières and Laon, where the rumour was propagated, took it into his head to suspect that all this was nothing more nor less than an admirable combination, a stratagem of war of an entirely new conception, imagined by the great man to conceal his line of march, on which his personal safety depended. But the public could not long be imposed upon, and after a few hours' rest, Bonaparte left Philippeville and took the road to Paris by Rocroi and Mezières.

It was at Philippeville that the Duke of Bassano and his secretary, M. Fleury de Chaboulon, who were travelling together in haste, found Napoleon in a state which indicated the feelings of his mind. It was hence that he sent orders to Generals Rapp, Lecourbe, and Lamarque, to collect what troops were left in France, and proceed by forced marches towards Paris; and at the same time the commanders of every fortified town on the roads leading to the capital were directed to defend themselves to the last extremity, in order that time might be gained to concentrate troops to prevent the Allies from entering Paris. It was at Philippeville that Napoleon dictated two letters to his secretary, to be forwarded immediately to his brother Joseph, the substance of which is thus stated: the first was to be communicated by that Prince to the Council of Ministers, which, however, by no means contained the whole of the fatal result of the battle; the second was

a private letter to Joseph, giving him *all* the details of the day, and of the complete discomfiture of the army. He concluded this letter by saying, "All is, however, not lost; when I shall have collected my forces, I expect I shall have 150,000 men; those of the National Guards, who are still attached to me, will furnish at least 100,000; the battalions in depot can supply 50,000, consequently I shall have 300,000 troops to oppose the enemy: the best horses of Paris must be employed for the artillery. There must be immediately a levy of 100,000 recruits to be armed with the firelocks of the Royalists. I will cause a levy *en masse* of the provinces of Dauphiné, Burgundy, Lorraine, and Champagne, for I am determined to crush our enemies. But to accomplish all this you must aid me immediately. I am going to Laon. I have not yet heard of Grouchy; if he is not taken prisoner, or his corps destroyed, which I much fear is the case, I may have in three days 50,000 men more, which will enable me to engage the attention of the Allies, and thus give time to Paris and to France to do their duty. The English troops march very slowly; and the Prussians, fearing our peasants, do not dare to advance. All may yet go well: write me word as to the effect which this skirmish has produced in the Chamber. I believe that the deputies will feel it to be their duty to join me in every effort in order to save France: urge them to second me in my endeavours."

It was nightfall, on the 20th of June, when Napoleon approached the walls of Rocroi, where everybody expected he would stop and repose himself. A considerable part of the population of that town gathered on the ramparts and saluted him with the old cry of "Vive l'Empereur;" but he only stayed to change horses, and then posted onward. In his critical circumstances a single night, nay, a single hour, gained was of the very highest importance.

[ANNEX TO THE PRECEDING CHAPTER.]

NARRATIVE OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

BY M. FLEURY DE CHABOULON, EX-SECRETARY TO THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

The plan of the campaign adopted by the Emperor was worthy of the courage of the French and of the high reputation of their Chief. Information given by agents employed by the Duke of Otranto (Fouché) had made known the position of the Allies in all its particulars. Napoleon knew that the army of Wellington was dispersed over the country, from the borders of the sea to Nivelles, that the right of the Prussians rested on Charleroi, and that the rest of their army was stationed in *échelon* indefinitely as far as the Rhine. He judged that the lines of the enemy were too much extended, and that it would be practicable for him, by not giving them time to close up, to separate the two armies, and fall in succession on their troops thus taken by surprise. For this purpose he had united all his cavalry into a single body of 20,000 horse, with which he intended to dart like lightning into the midst of the enemy's cantonments. If victory favoured this bold stroke, the centre of our army would occupy Brussels on the second day, while the corps of the right and of the left drove the Prussians to the Meuse, and the English to the Scheldt. Belgium being conquered, he would have armed the malcontents, and marched from success to success as far as the Rhine.

On the 14th, during the night, our army, the presence of which the Emperor had taken care to conceal, was to commence its march; nothing indicated that the enemy had foreseen our irruption, and everything promised us important results. It was at this time that Napoleon was informed that General Bourmont, Colonels Clouet and Villoutreys, and two other officers, had just deserted to the enemy. He knew from Marshal Ney that M. de Bourmont, at the time of the occurrences at Besançon, had shown some hesitation, and was backward to employ him. But M. de

Bourmont having given General Gérard his word of honour to serve the Emperor faithfully, and this General, whom Napoleon highly valued, having answered for Bourmont, the Emperor consented to admit him into the service. How could he have supposed that this officer, who had covered himself with glory in 1814, would, in 1815, go over to the enemy on the eve of a battle? Napoleon immediately made such alterations in his plan of attack as this unexpected treason rendered necessary, and then marched forward. On the 15th, at one in the morning, he was in person at Jamignon, on the Eure. At three his army moved in three columns, and debouched suddenly at Beaumont, Maubeuge, and Philippeville. A corps of infantry, under General Zieten, attempted to dispute the passage of the Sambre. The 4th regiment of chasseurs, supported by the 9th, broke it, sword in hand, and took 300 prisoners. The marines and sappers of the Guard, sent after the enemy to repair the bridges, did not allow them time to destroy them. They followed them in skirmishing order, and penetrated with them into the great square. The brave Pajol soon arrived with his cavalry, and Charleroi was ours.[1] The inhabitants, happy at seeing the French once more, saluted them unanimously with continued shouts of "Long live the Emperor!" "France for ever!" General Pajol immediately sent the hussars of General Clary in pursuit of the Prussians, and this brave regiment finished its day by the capture of a standard and the destruction of a battalion that ventured to resist it.

During this time the 2d corps passed the Sambre at Marchiennes, and overthrew everything before it. The Prussians, having at length rallied, attempted to oppose some resistance to it, but General Reille beat them with his light cavalry, took 200 prisoners, and killed or dispersed the rest. Beaten in every part, they retired to the heights of Fleurus, which had been so fatal to the enemies of France twenty years before. Napoleon

[1] The people of Charleroi marked their respect for fallen greatness by placing the following inscription over the gate by which Napoleon entered the town: —

ABIIT: EXCESSIT: EVASIT: ERUPIT.

reconnoitred the ground at a glance. Our troops rushed on the Prussians at full gallop. Three squares of infantry, supported by several squadrons and some artillery, sustained the shock with intrepidity. Wearied by their immovableness, the Emperor ordered General Letort to charge them at the head of the dragoons of the Guard. At the same moment General Excelmans fell upon the left flank of the enemy, and the 20th dragoons, commanded by the brave and young Briqueville, rushed on the Prussians on one side, while Letort attacked them on the other. They were broken and annihilated; but dearly was the victory purchased: Letort was killed. This affair, though of little importance in its results, cost the enemy five pieces of artillery and 3,000 men killed or taken prisoners, and produced the happiest effects on the army. The illness of Marshal Mortier and the treason of General Bourmont had given birth to sentiments of doubt and fear, which were entirely dissipated by the successful issue of this first battle. Hitherto each chief of a corps had retained its immediate command, and it is easy to suppose what their ardour and emulation must have been; but the Emperor fell into the error of overturning the hopes of their courage and their ambition. He placed General d'Erlon and Count Reille under the orders of Marshal Ney, whom he brought forward too late; and Count Gérard and Count Vandamme under the orders of Marshal Grouchy, whom it would have been better to have left at the head of the cavalry.

Marshal Grouchy, with the 3d and 4th corps, and the cavalry of Generals Pajol, Excelmans, and Milhaud, was placed on the heights of Fleurus, and in advance of them. The 6th corps and the Guard were in *échelon* between Fleurus and Charleroi. On the 16th the army of Marshal Blücher, 90,000 strong, collected together with great skill, was posted on the heights of Brie and Sombref, and occupied the villages of Ligny and St. Amand, which protected his front. His cavalry extended far in advance on the road to Namur. The army of the Duke of Wellington, which this General had not yet had time to collect, was composed of about 100,000 men, scattered between Ath, Nivelle, Genappe, and Brussels.

The Emperor went in person to reconnoitre Blücher's position, and, penetrating his intentions, resolved to give him battle before his reserves and the English army, for which he was endeavouring to wait, should have time to arrive. He immediately sent orders to Marshal Ney, whom he supposed to have been on the march for Quatre Bras, *where he would have found very few forces*, to drive the English briskly before him, and then fall with his main force on the rear of the Prussian army. At the same time he made a change in the front of the Imperial Army: Marshal Grouchy advanced towards Sombref, General Gérard towards Ligny, and General Vandamme towards St. Amand.

General Girard, with his division, 5,000 strong, was detached from the 2d corps, and placed in the rear of General Vandamme's left, so as to support him, and at the same time form a communication between Marshal Ney's army and that of Napoleon. The Guard and Milhaud's cuirassiers were disposed as a reserve in advance of Fleurus. At three o'clock the 3d corps reached St. Amand, and carried it. The Prussians, rallied by Blücher, retook the village. The French, intrenched in the churchyard, defended themselves there with obstinacy, but, overpowered by numbers, they were about to give way when General Drouot, who has more than once decided the fate of a battle, galloped up with four batteries of the Guard, took the enemy in the rear, and stopped his career. At the same moment Marshal Grouchy was fighting successfully at Sombref, and General Gérard made an impetuous attack on the village of Ligny. Its crenellated walls and a long ravine rendered the approaches to it not less difficult than dangerous. But these obstacles did not intimidate General Lefol, or the brave fellows under his command; they advanced with the bayonet, and in a few minutes the Prussians, repulsed and annihilated, quitted the ground. Marshal Blücher, conscious that the possession of Ligny would decide the fate of the battle, returned to the charge with picked troops; and here, to use his own words, "commenced a battle that may be considered as one of the most obstinate mentioned in history." For five hours no less than 200 pieces of cannon vomited forth incessantly an iron hail upon this scene of carnage. French and

Prussians, alternately vanquished and victors, disputed this ensanguined post hand to hand and foot to foot, and seven times in succession was it taken and lost. The Emperor expected every instant that Marshal Ney was coming to take part in the action. From the commencement of the affair he had reiterated this order to him, to manœuvre so as to surround the right of the Prussians; and he considered this diversion of such high importance as to write to the Marshal, and cause him to be repeatedly told that the fate of France was in his hands. Ney answered that "he had the whole of the English army to encounter, yet he would promise him to hold out the whole day, but nothing more." The Emperor, better informed, assured him "that it was Wellington's advanced guard alone that made head against him," and ordered him anew "to beat back the English, and make himself master of Quatre Bras, cost what it might." The Marshal persisted in his fatal error. Napoleon, deeply impressed with the importance of the movement that Marshal Ney refused to comprehend and execute, sent directly to the 1st corps an order to move with all speed on the right of the Prussians; but, after having lost much valuable time in waiting for it, he judged that the battle could not be prolonged without danger, and directed General Gérard, who had with him but 5,000 men, to undertake the movement which should have been accomplished by the 20,000 men under Comte d'Erlon; namely, to turn St. Amand, and fall on the rear of the enemy.

This manœuvre ably executed, and seconded by the Guard attacking in front, and by a brilliant charge of the cuirassiers of General Delort's brigade, and of the horse grenadier guards, decided the victory. The Prussians, weakened in every part, retired in disorder, and left us masters of the field of battle, forty cannons, and many standards.

On the left Marshal Ney, instead of rushing rapidly on Quatre Bras, and effecting the diversion that had been recommended to him, had spent twelve hours in useless attempts, and given time to the Prince of Orange to reinforce his advance guard. The pressing orders of Napoleon not allowing him to remain

meditating any longer, and desirous, no doubt, of recovering the time he had lost, Ney did not thoroughly reconnoitre either the position or the forces of the enemy, but rushed upon them headlong. The division of General Foy commenced the attack, and drove in the sharpshooters and the advanced posts. Bachelu's cavalry, aided, covered, and supported by this division, pierced and cut to pieces three Scotch battalions; but the arrival of fresh reinforcements, led by the Duke of Wellington, and the heroic bravery of the Scotch, the Belgians, and the Prince of Orange, suspended our success. This resistance, far from discouraging Marshal Ney, revived in him an energy which he had not before shown. He attacked the Anglo-Hollanders with fury, and drove them back to the skirts of the wood of Bossu. The 1st regiment of chasseurs and 6th of lancers overthrew the Brunswickers; the 8th of cuirassiers positively rode over two Scotch battalions, and took from them a colour. The 11th, equally intrepid, pursued them to the entrance of the wood; but the wood, which had not been examined, was lined with English infantry. Our cuirassiers were assailed by a fire at arm's length, which at once carried dismay and confusion into their ranks. Some of the officers, lately incorporated with them, instead of appeasing the disorder, increased it by shouts of "Every one for himself" (*Sauve qui peut!*) This disorder, which in a moment spread from one to another as far as Beaumont, might have occasioned greater disasters if the infantry of General Foy, which remained unshaken, had not continued to sustain the conflict with equal perseverance and intrepidity.

Marshal Ney, who had with him not more then 20,000 men, was desirous of causing the 1st corps, which he had left in the rear, to advance; but the Emperor, as I have said above, had sent immediate orders to Comte d'Erlon, who commanded it, to rejoin him, and this General had commenced his march. Ney, when he heard this, was exposed to a cross fire from the enemy's batteries. "Do you see those bullets?" exclaimed he, his brow clouded with despair: "I wish they would all pass through my body." Instantly he sent with all speed after Comte d'Erlon, and directed him, whatever orders he might

have received from the Emperor himself, to return. Comte d'Erlon was so unfortunate and weak as to obey. He brought his troops back to the Marshal, but it was nine o'clock in the evening, and the Marshal, dispirited by the checks he had received, and dissatisfied with himself and others, had discontinued the engagement.

The Duke of Wellington, whose forces had been increased successively to upwards of 50,000 men, retired in good order during the night to Genappe.

Marshal Ney was indebted to the great bravery of his troops and the firmness of his generals for the honour of not being obliged to abandon his positions.

The desperation with which this battle was fought made those shudder who were most habituated to contemplate with coolness the horrors of war. The smoking ruins of Ligny and St. Amand were heaped with the dead and the dying; the ravine before Ligny resembled a river of blood, on which carcasses were floating: at Quatre Bras there was a similar spectacle! The hollow way that skirted the wood had disappeared under the bloody corpses of the brave Scotch and of our cuirassiers. The Imperial Guard was everywhere distinguished by its murderous rage: it fought with shouts of "The Emperor for ever! No quarter!" The corps of General Gérard displayed the same animosity. It was this corps that, having expended all its ammunition, called out for more cartridges and more Prussians.

The loss of the Prussians, rendered considerable by the tremendous fire of our artillery, was 25,000 men. Blücher, unhorsed by our cuirassiers, escaped them only by a miracle.

The English and Dutch lost 4,500 men. Three Scotch regiments and the Black Legion of Brunswick were almost entirely exterminated. The Prince of Brunswick himself and a number of other officers of distinction were killed.

We lost in the left wing nearly 5,000 men and several generals. Prince Jérôme, who had already been wounded at the passage of the Sambre, had his hand slightly grazed by a musket-shot. He remained constantly at the head of his division, and dis-

played a great deal of coolness and valour. Our loss at Ligny, estimated at 6,500 men, was rendered still more to be regretted by General Gérard's receiving a mortal wound. Few officers were endued with a character so noble, and an intrepidity so habitual. More greedy of glory than of wealth, he possessed nothing but his sword; and his last moments, instead of resting with delight on the remembrance of his heroic actions alone, were disturbed by the pain of leaving his family exposed to want.

The victory of Ligny did not entirely fulfil the expectations of the Emperor. "If Marshal Ney," said he, "had attacked the English with all his forces, he would have crushed them, and have arrived in time to give the Prussians the finishing blow; and if, after having committed this first fault, he had not been guilty of a second folly, in preventing the movement of Comte d'Erlon, the intervention of the 1st corps would have shortened the resistance of Blücher, and rendered his defeat irreparable; his whole army would have been taken or destroyed."

This victory, though imperfect, was not the less considered by the Generals as of the highest importance. It separated the English army from the Prussians, and left us hopes of being able to vanquish it in its turn.

The Emperor, without losing time, was for attacking the English on one side at daybreak, and pursuing Blücher's army without respite on the other. In opposition to this plan it was remarked that the English army was fresh, and ready to accept battle, while our troops, harassed by the conflicts and fatigue of Ligny, would not perhaps be in a condition to fight with the necessary vigour. Finally, such numerous objections were made that he consented to suffer the army to take rest. Ill success inspires timidity. If Napoleon, as of old, had listened only to the suggestions of his own daring resolution, it is probable, nay, it is certain (and this was confirmed by General Drouot) that he might, according to his plan, have led his troops to Brussels on the 17th; and who can calculate what would have been the consequences of that capital falling into his hands?

On the 17th, therefore, the Emperor contented himself with forming his army into two columns: one, of 65,000 men headed by the Emperor himself, after uniting with it the left wing, followed the English army. The light artillery, the lancers of General Alphonse Colbert, and of the intrepid Colonel Sourd, hung close upon their rear even to the entrance of the forest of Soignies, where the Duke of Wellington took up his position.

The other, 36,000 strong, was detached under the orders of Marshal Grouchy to observe and pursue the Prussians. It did not proceed beyond Gembloux.

The night of the 17th was dreadful, and seemed to presage the calamities of the day. A violent and incessant rain did not allow the army to take a single moment's rest. To increase our misfortunes, the bad state of the roads retarded the arrival of our provisions, and most of the soldiers were without food: however, they endured this double ill-luck with much cheerfulness, and at daybreak announced to Napoleon by repeated acclamations that they were ready to fly to a fresh victory.

The Emperor had thought that Lord Wellington, separated from the Prussians, and foreseeing the march of General Grouchy, who on passing the Dyle might fall on his flank or on his rear, would not venture to maintain his position, but would retire to Brussels. He was surprised when daylight discovered to him that the English army had not quitted its positions, and appeared disposed to accept battle and await the attack. Several general officers were directed to reconnoitre their positions; and to use the words of one of them, he learned that they were defended by "an army of cannons, and mountains of infantry."

Napoleon immediately sent advice to Marshal Grouchy that he was probably about to engage in a grand battle with the English, and ordered him to push the Prussians briskly, to rejoin the Grand Army as speedily as possible, and to direct his movements so as to be able to connect his operations with it.

He then sent for his principal officers, to give them his instructions.

Some of them, confident and daring, asserted that the enemy's position should be attacked and carried by main force. Others,

not less brave, but more prudent, urged that, the ground being deluged by the rain, the troops, the cavalry in particular, could not manœuvre without much difficulty and fatigue, that the English army would have the immense advantage of awaiting us on firm ground in its intrenchments, and that it would be better to endeavour to turn these. All did justice to the valour of our troops, and promised that they would perform prodigies; but they differed in opinion with regard to the resistance that the English would make. "Their cavalry," said the Generals who had fought in Spain, "are not equal to ours; but their infantry are more formidable than is supposed. When intrenched, they are dangerous from their skill in firing; in the open field they stand firm, and if broken rally again within a hundred yards, and return to the charge." Fresh disputes arose, and, what is remarkable, it never entered into any one's head that the Prussians, pretty numerous parties of whom had been seen towards Moustier, might be in a situation to make a serious diversion on our right.

The Emperor, after having heard and discussed the opinions of all, determined, on considerations to which all assented, to attack the English in front. Reiterated orders were despatched to Marshal Grouchy; and Napoleon, to give him time to execute the movement he had enjoined, spent the whole morning in arranging his army.

The Emperor, with his staff, took his station on a rising ground near the farm of La Belle Alliance which commanded the plain, and whence he could easily direct the movements of the army, and observe those of the English.

At half-past twelve the Emperor, persuaded that Marshal Grouchy must be in motion, caused the signal for the battle to be given.

Prince Jérôme, with his division, advanced against Hougomont. The approaches were defended by hedges and a wood, in which the enemy had posted numerous guns. The attack, rendered so difficult by the state of the ground, was conducted with extreme impetuosity. The wood was alternately taken and retaken. Our troops and the English, very frequently

separated only by a hedge, fired on each other, their muskets almost touching, without retreating a single step. The artillery made fearful ravages on both sides. The event was doubtful till General Reille ordered Foy's division to support the attack of Prince Jérôme, and thus succeeded in compelling the enemy to abandon the woods and orchards, which they had hitherto so valiantly defended and kept possession of.

It was one o'clock. A few moments before, an intercepted despatch informed the Emperor of the near approach of 30,000 Prussians, commanded by Bülow. Napoleon, thinking that the strength of this corps, some of the skirmishers of which had appeared on the heights of St. Lambert, was exaggerated, and being persuaded, too, that Grouchy's army was following it, and that it would soon find itself between two fires, felt but little uneasiness. However, rather from precaution than from fear, he gave orders to General Domont to advance with his cavalry and that of General Subervie to meet the Prussians, and directed Count Lobau to be ready to support General Domont in case of necessity. Orders were despatched at the same time to Marshal Grouchy to inform him of what was passing, and enjoin him anew to hasten his march, to pursue, attack, and crush Bülow.

Thus, by drawing off the divisions of Domont and Subervie, and by the paralysation of the 6th corps, our army was reduced to less than 57,000 men; but it displayed so much resolution that the Emperor did not doubt that it was sufficient to defeat the English.

The 2d corps, as I have already said, had effected the dislodgment of the English from the woods of Hougomont, but the 1st corps, notwithstanding the continual play of several batteries, and the resolution of our infantry and of the light horse of General Lefebvre-Desnouettes and Guyot, had been unable to force either La Haye Sainte or Mont St. Jean. The Emperor ordered Marshal Ney to undertake a fresh attack, and to support it by eighty pieces of cannon. A tremendous fire of musketry and artillery then took place along the whole line. The English insensible to danger, endured the charges of our foot and

of our horse with great steadiness. The more resistance they displayed, the more furiously did our soldiers continue the attack. At length the English, driven from one position to another, evacuated La Haye Sainte and Mont St. Jean, and our troops seized on them with shouts of "Long live the Emperor!"

To maintain them there, Comte d'Erlon immediately sent the 2d Brigade of General Allix. A body of English horse intercepted the passage, threw the brigade into disorder, and then, falling on our batteries, succeeded in dismounting several pieces of artillery. The cuirassiers of General Milhaud rushed forward at a gallop to repulse the English horse. A fresh division of these came and fell upon our cuirassiers. Our lancers and chasseurs were sent to their assistance. A general charge ensued, and the English, broken, overthrown, and cut down, were forced to retire in disorder.

Hitherto the French army, or, to speak more properly, the 40,000 men of Generals Reille and d'Erlon, had obtained and preserved a marked superiority. The enemy, driven back, appeared hesitating on their movements. Dispositions had been observed that seemed to indicate an approaching retreat. The Emperor, satisfied, joyfully exclaimed: "They are ours, I have them:" and Marshal Soult and all the Generals considered, as he did, the victory certain. The Guard had already received orders to put itself in motion to occupy the ground we had gained, and annihilate the enemy, when General Domont sent to inform the Emperor that Bülow's corps had just formed in line, and was advancing rapidly on the rear of our right. This information changed the design of Napoleon, and, instead of employing his Guard to support the 1st and 2d corps, he kept it in reserve, ordering Marshal Ney to maintain his ground in the woods of Hougomont, at La Haye Sainte, and at Mont St. Jean, till the event of the movement which Count Lobau was about to make against the Prussians should be known.

The English, informed of the arrival of Bülow, resumed the offensive, and endeavoured to drive us from the positions that we had taken from them. Our troops repulsed them victori-

ously. Marshal Ney, carried away by his reckless courage, forgot the orders of the Emperor. He charged the enemy at the head of Milhaud's cuirassiers and the light cavalry of the Guard, and succeeded, amid the applause of the army, in establishing himself on the heights of Mont St. Jean, till then inaccessible.

This ill-timed and hazardous movement did not escape the Duke of Wellington. He ordered his infantry to advance, and fell upon us with all his cavalry. The Emperor immediately ordered General Kellermann and his cuirassiers to hasten to extricate our first line. The horse grenadiers and dragoons of the Guard, either from a misconception of Marshal Ney or spontaneously, put themselves in motion, and followed the cuirassiers without it being possible to stop them. A second conflict, more bloody than the first, took place at all points. Our troops, exposed to the incessant fire of the enemy's batteries and infantry, heroically sustained and executed numerous brilliant charges during two hours, in which we had the glory of taking six flags, dismounting several batteries, and cutting to pieces four regiments; but in which we also lost the flower of our intrepid cuirassiers and of the cavalry of the Guard.

The Emperor, whom this fatal engagement filled with despair, could not remedy it. Grouchy did not arrive; and he had already been obliged to weaken his reserves by 4,000 of the Young Guard, in order to master the Prussians, whose numbers and whose progress were still increasing.

Meantime our cavalry, weakened by a considerable loss and unequal contests incessantly renewed, began to be disheartened, and to yield ground. The issue of the battle appeared to become doubtful. It was necessary to strike a grand blow by a desperate attack.

The Emperor did not hesitate a moment.

Orders were immediately given to Count Reille to collect all his forces, and to fall with impetuosity on the right of the enemy, while Napoleon in person proceeded to attack the front with his reserves. The Emperor had already formed his Guard into a column of attack, when he heard that our cavalry

had just been compelled to evacuate in part the heights of Mont St. Jean. Marshal Ney was immediately ordered to take with him four battalions of the Middle Guard, and hasten with all speed to the fatal height, to support the cuirassiers by whom it was still occupied.

The determined aspect of the Guard, and the harangues of Napoleon, animated the courage of all : the cavalry and a few battalions who had followed his movement to the rear faced about towards the enemy, shouting, " The Emperor for ever ! "

At this moment the firing of musketry was heard. " There 's Grouchy ! " exclaimed the Emperor. " The day is ours ! " Labédoyère flew to announce this happy news to the army : in spite of the enemy he penetrated to the head of our columns. " Marshal Grouchy is arriving, the Guard is going to charge : courage ! courage ! 't is all over with the English."

One last shout of hope burst from every rank : the wounded who were still capable of taking a few steps returned to the combat, and thousands of voices eagerly repeated, " Forward ! forward ! "

The column commanded by " the bravest of the brave," on its arrival in the face of the enemy, was received by discharges of artillery that occasioned it a terrible loss. Marshal Ney, weary of bullets, ordered the batteries to be carried by the bayonet. The grenadiers rushed on them with such impetuosity that they neglected the admirable order to which they had been so often indebted for victory. Their leader, intoxicated with intrepidity, did not perceive this disorder. He and his soldiers rushed on the enemy tumultuously. A shower of balls and grape burst on their heads. Ney's horse was shot under him, Generals Michel and Friant fell wounded or dead, and a number of brave fellows were stretched on the ground. Wellington did not allow our grenadiers time to recover themselves. He attacked them in flank with his cavalry, and compelled them to retire in the greatest disorder. At the same instant the 30,000 Prussians under Zieten, who had been taken for Grouchy's army, carried by assault the village of La Haye, and drove our men before them. Our cavalry, our infantry, already

staggered by the defeat of the Middle Guard, were afraid of being cut off, and precipitately retreated. The English horse, skilfully availing themselves of the confusion which this unexpected retreat had occasioned, pierced through our ranks, and succeeded in spreading disorder and dismay amongst them. The other troops on the right, who continued to resist with great difficulty the attack of the russians, and who had been in want of ammunition above an hour, seeing some of our squadrons routed and some of the Guards running away, thought all was lost, and quitted their position. This panic extended in an instant to our left, and the whole army, after having so valiantly carried the enemy's strongest posts, abandoned them with as much precipitation as they had displayed bravery in conquering them.

The English army, which had advanced in proportion as we retreated, and the Prussians, who had not ceased to pursue us, fell at once on our scattered battalions; night increased the tumult and alarm, and soon the whole army was nothing but a confused crowd, which the English and Prussians routed without effort, and pitilessly massacred.

The Emperor, witnessing this frightful defection, could scarcely believe his eyes. His aides-de-camp flew to rally the troops in all directions. He also threw himself into the midst of the crowd. But his words, his orders, his entreaties were not heard. How was it possible for the army to form anew under the guns and amid the continual charges of 80,000 English and 60,000 Prussians, who covered the field of battle?

However, eight battalions, which the Emperor had previously collected, formed in squares, and blocked up the road to prevent the advance of the Prussian and English armies. These brave fellows, notwithstanding their resolution and courage, could not long resist the efforts of an enemy twenty times their number. Surrounded, assaulted, cannonaded on all sides, most of them at length fell. Some sold their lives dearly; others, exhausted with fatigue, hunger, and thirst, had no longer strength to fight, and suffered themselves to be killed without being able to make any defence. Two battalions only, whom the enemy

were unable to break, retreated disputing the ground, till, thrown into disorder, and hurried along by the general movement, they were obliged themselves to follow the stream.

One last battalion of reserve, the illustrious and unfortunate remains of the granite column of the fields of Marengo, had remained unshaken amid the tumultuous waves of the army. The Emperor retired into the ranks of these brave fellows, still commanded by Cambronne! He formed them into a square, and advanced at their head to meet the enemy. All his Generals — Ney, Soult, Bertrand, Drouot, Corbineau, De Flahaut, Labédoyère, Gourgaud, etc. — drew their swords and became soldiers. The old grenadiers, incapable of fear for their own lives, were alarmed at the danger that threatened the life of the Emperor. They conjured him to withdraw. "Retire," said one of them. "You see clearly that death shuns you." The Emperor resisted, and ordered them to fire. The officers around him seized his bridle and dragged him away. Cambronne and his brave fellows crowded round their expiring eagles, and bade Napoleon an eternal adieu. The English, moved by their heroic resistance, conjured them to surrender. "No," said Cambronne, "the Guard can die, but not yield!" At the same moment they all rushed on the enemy with shouts of "Long live the Emperor!" Their blows were worthy of the conquerors of Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, and Montmirail. The English and Prussians, from whom they still kept back the victory, united against this handful of heroes, and cut them down. Some, covered with wounds, fell to the ground, weltering in their blood; others, more fortunate, were killed outright: finally, they whose hopes were not answered by death shot one another, that they might not survive their companions-in-arms or die by the hands of their enemies.[1]

Wellington and Blücher, thus become quiet possessors of the field of battle, traversed it as masters. But at what expense of blood was this unjust triumph purchased! Never, no never, were the blows of the French more formidable or more deadly

[1] It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers of the graphic, if incorrect, picture of Waterloo given in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables."

to their adversaries. Thirsting after blood and glory, despising danger and death, they rushed daringly on the blazing batteries of their enemy, and seemed to multiply in number, to seek, attack, and pursue them in their inaccessible intrenchments. 30,000 English or Prussians were sacrificed by their hands on that fatal day; and when it is considered that this horrible carnage was the work of 50,000 men, dying with fatigue and hunger, and striving in miry ground against an impregnable position and 130,000 fighting men, we cannot but be seized with sorrowful admiration, and decree to the vanquished the palm of victory.[1]

[1] "Memoirs of the Private Life, Return, and Reign of Napoleon in 1815," by M. Fleury de Chaboulon, ex-Secretary of the Emperor Napoleon and of his cabinets, Master of Requests to the Council of State, etc.

CHAPTER X.

1815.

One of the first public men to see Napoleon after his return from Waterloo was Lavallette. "I flew," says he, "to the Élysée to see the Emperor: he summoned me into his closet, and as soon as he saw me, he came to meet me with a frightful epileptic laugh. 'Oh, my God!' he said, raising his eyes to heaven, and walking two or three times up and down the room. This appearance of despair was however very short. He soon recovered his coolness, and asked me what was going forward in the Chamber of Representatives. I could not attempt to hide that party spirit was there carried to a high pitch, and that the majority seemed determined to require his abdication, and to pronounce it themselves if he did not concede willingly. 'How is that?' he said. 'If proper measures are not taken, the enemy will be before the gates of Paris in eight days. Alas!' he added, 'have I accustomed them to such great victories that they know not how to bear *one day's misfortune?* What will become of poor France? I have done all I could for her!' He then heaved a deep sigh. Somebody asked to speak to him, and I left him, with a direction to come back at a later hour.

"I passed the day in seeking information among all my friends and acquaintances. I found in all of them either the greatest dejection or an extravagant joy, which they disguised by feigned alarm and pity for myself, which I repulsed with great indignation. Nothing favourable was to be expected from the Chamber of Representatives.

They all said they wished for liberty, but, between two enemies who appeared ready to destroy it, they preferred the foreigners, the friends of the Bourbons, to Napoleon, who might still have prolonged the struggle, but that he alone would not find means to save them and erect the edifice of liberty. The Chamber of Peers presented a much sadder spectacle. Except the intrepid Thibaudeau, who till the last moment expressed himself with admirable energy against the Bourbons, almost all the others thought of nothing else but getting out of the dilemma with the least loss they could. Some took no pains to hide their wish of bending again under the Bourbon yoke."

On the evening of Napoleon's return to Paris he sent for Benjamin Constant to come to him at the Élysée about seven o'clock. The Chambers had decreed their permanence, and proposals for abdication had reached the Emperor. He was serious but calm. In reply to some words on the disaster of Waterloo, he said, "The question no longer concerns me, but France. They wish me to abdicate. Have they calculated upon the inevitable consequences of this abdication? It is round me, round my name, that the army rallies: to separate me from it is to disband it. If I abdicate to-day, in two days' time you will no longer have an army. These poor fellows do not understand all your subtleties. Is it believed that axioms in metaphysics, declarations of right, harangues from the tribune, will put a stop to the disbanding of an army? To reject me when I landed at Cannes I can conceive possible; to abandon me now is what I do not understand. It is not when the enemy is at twenty-five leagues' distance that any Government can be overturned with impunity. Does any one imagine that the Foreign Powers will be won over by fine words? If they had dethroned me fifteen days ago, there would have been some spirit in it; but as it is, I make part of what strangers attack, I make

part, then, of what France is bound to defend. In giving me up she gives up herself, she avows her weakness, she acknowledges herself conquered, she courts the insolence of the conqueror. It is not the love of liberty which deposes me, but Waterloo; it is fear, and a fear of which your enemies will take advantage. And then what title has the Chamber to demand my abdication? It goes out of its lawful sphere in doing so; it has no authority. It is my right, it is my duty, to dissolve it."

"He then hastily ran over the possible consequences of such a step. Separated from the Chambers, he could only be considered as a military chief: but the army would be for him; that would always join him who can lead it against foreign banners, and to this might be added all that part of the population which is equally powerful and easily led in such a state of things. As if chance intended to strengthen Napoleon in this train of thought, while he was speaking, the avenue of Marigny resounded with the cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' A crowd of men, chiefly of the poor and labouring class, pressed forward into the avenue, full of a wild enthusiasm, and trying to scale the walls to make an offer to Napoleon to rally round and defend him. Bonaparte for some time looked attentively at this group. 'You see it is so,' said he; 'those are not the men whom I have loaded with honours and riches. What do these people owe me? I found them — I left them — poor. The instinct of necessity enlightens them; the voice of the country speaks by their mouths; and if I choose, if I permit it, in an hour the refractory Chambers will have ceased to exist. But the life of a man is not worth purchasing at such a price: I did not return from the isle of Elba that Paris should be inundated with blood.' He did not like the idea of flight. 'Why should I not stay here?' he repeated. 'What do you suppose they would do to a man disarmed like me? I

will go to Malmaison: I can live there in retirement with some friends, who most certainly will come to see me only for my own sake.'

"He then described with complacency, and even with a sort of gaiety, this new kind of life. Afterwards, discarding an idea which sounded like mere irony, he went on: 'If they do not like me to remain in France, where am I to go? To England? My abode there would be ridiculous or disquieting. I should be tranquil; no one would believe it. Every fog would be suspected of concealing my landing on the coast. At the first sign of a green coat getting out of a boat, one party would fly from France, the other would put France out of the pale of the law. I should compromise everybody, and by dint of the repeated "Behold he comes!" I should feel the temptation to set out. America would be more suitable; I could live there with dignity. But once more, what is there to fear? What sovereign can, without injuring himself, persecute me? To one I have restored half his dominions; how often has the other pressed my hand, calling me *a great man!* And as to the third, can he find pleasure or honour in the humiliation of his son-in-law? Would they wish to proclaim in the face of the world that all they did was through fear? As to the rest, I shall see: I do not wish to employ open force. I came in the hope of combining our last resources: they abandoned me; they do so with the same facility with which they received me back. Well, then, let them efface, if possible, this double stain of weakness and levity! Let them cover it over with some sacrifice, with some glory! Let them do for the country what they will not do for me. I doubt it. To-day, those who deliver up Bonaparte say that it is to save France; to-morrow, by delivering up France, they will prove that it was to save their own heads.'"[1]

[1] Hazlitt.

The humiliating scenes which rapidly succeeded one another, and which ended in Napoleon's unconditional surrender, may be briefly told. As soon as possible after his arrival at Paris he assembled his counsellors, when he declared himself in favour of still resisting. The question, however, was whether the Chambers would support him; and Lafayette, being treacherously informed, it is said by Fouché, that it was intended to dissolve the Chambers, used his influence to get the Chambers to adopt the propositions he laid before them. By these the independence of the nation was asserted to be in danger; the sittings of the Chamber were declared permanent, and all attempts to dissolve it were pronounced treasonable. The propositions were adopted, and, being communicated to the Chamber of Peers, that body also declared itself permanent. Whatever might have been the intentions of Bonaparte, it was now manifest that there were no longer any hopes of his being able to make his will the law of the nation; after some vacillation, therefore, on 22d June he published the following declaration: —

TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

Frenchmen! — In commencing war for maintaining the national independence, I relied on the union of all efforts, of all wills, and the concurrence of all the national authorities. I had reason to hope for success, and I braved all the declarations of the powers against me. Circumstances appear to me changed. I offer myself a sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France. May they prove sincere in their declarations, and really have directed them only against my power. My political life is terminated, and I proclaim my son under the title of

NAPOLEON II., EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

The present Ministers will provisionally form the Council of the Government. The interest which I take in my son induces

me to invite the Chambers to form without delay the Regency by a law. Unite all for the public safety, that you may continue an independent nation. (Signed) NAPOLEON.

This declaration was conveyed to both the Chambers, which voted deputations to the late Emperor, accepting this abdication, but in their debates the nomination of his son to the succession was artfully eluded. The Chamber of Representatives voted the nomination of a Commission of five persons, three to be chosen from that Chamber, and two from the Chamber of Peers, for the purpose of provisionally exercising the functions of Government, and also that the Ministers should continue their respective functions under the authority of this Commission. The persons chosen by the Chamber of Representatives were Carnot, Fouché, and Grenier; those nominated by the Peers were the Duke of Vicenza (Caulaincourt) and Baron Quinette. The Commission nominated five persons to the Allied army for the purpose of proposing peace. These proceedings were, however, rendered of little importance by the resolution of the victors to advance to Paris.

Napoleon's behaviour just before and immediately after the crisis is well described by Lavallette. "The next day," he observes, "I returned to the Emperor. He had received the most positive accounts of the state of feeling in the Chamber of Representatives. The reports had, however, been given to him with some little reserve, for he did not seem to me convinced that the resolution was really formed to pronounce his abdication. I was better informed on the matter, and I came to him without having the least doubt in my mind that the only thing he could do was to descend once more from the throne. I communicated to him all the particulars I had just received, and I did not hesitate to advise him to follow

the only course worthy of him. He listened to me with a sombre air, and though he was in some measure master of himself, the agitation of his mind and the sense of his position betrayed themselves in his face and in all his motions. 'I know,' said I, 'that your Majesty may still keep the sword drawn, but with whom and against whom? Defeat has chilled the courage of every one; the army is still in the greatest confusion. Nothing is to be expected from Paris, and the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire cannot be renewed.' — 'That thought,' he replied, stopping, 'is far from my mind. I will hear nothing more about myself. But poor France!' At that moment Savary and Caulaincourt entered, and, having drawn a faithful picture of the exasperation of the Deputies, they persuaded him to assent to abdication. Some words he uttered proved to us that he would have considered death preferable to that step; but still he took it.

"The great act of abdication being performed, he remained calm during the whole day, giving his advice on the position the army should take, and on the manner in which the negotiations with the enemy ought to be conducted. He insisted especially on the necessity of proclaiming his son Emperor, not so much for the advantage of the child as with a view to concentrate all the power of sentiments and affections. Unfortunately, nobody would listen to him. Some men of sense and courage rallied round that proposition in the two Chambers, but fear swayed the majority; and among those who remained free from it many thought that a public declaration of liberty, and the resolution to defend it at any price, would make the enemy and the Bourbons turn back. Strange delusion of weakness and want of experience! It must, however, be respected, for it had its source in love of their country; but while we excuse it, can it be justified? The population of the metropolis

had resumed its usual appearance, which was that of complete indifference, with a resolution to cry 'Long live the King!' provided the King arrived well escorted; for one must not judge of the whole capital by about one-thirtieth part of the inhabitants, who called for arms, and declared themselves warmly against the return of the exiled family.

"On the 23d I returned to the Élysée. The Emperor had been for two hours in his bath. He himself turned the discourse on the retreat he ought to choose, and spoke of the United States. I rejected the idea without reflection, and with a degree of vehemence that surprised him. 'Why not America?' he asked. I answered, 'Because Moreau retired there.' The observation was harsh, and I should never have forgiven myself for having expressed it, if I had not retracted my advice a few days afterwards. He heard it without any apparent ill-humour, but I have no doubt that it must have made an unfavourable impression on his mind. I strongly urged on his choosing England for his asylum.

"The Emperor went to Malmaison. He was accompanied thither by the Duchesse de St. Leu, Bertrand and his family, and the Duc de Bassano. The day that he arrived there, he proposed to me to accompany him abroad. 'Drouot,' he said, 'remains in France. I see the Minister of War wishes him not to be lost to his country. I dare not complain, but it is a great loss for me; I never met with a better head, or a more upright heart. That man was formed to be a prime minister anywhere.' I declined to accompany him at the time, saying, 'My wife is *enceinte;* I cannot make up my mind to leave her. Allow me some time, and I will join you wherever you may be. I have remained faithful to your Majesty in better times, and you may reckon upon me now. Nevertheless, if my wife did not require all my

attention, I should do better to go with you, for I have sad forebodings respecting my fate.'

"The Emperor made no answer; but I saw by the expression of his countenance that he had no better augury of my fate than I had. However, the enemy was approaching, and for the last three days he had solicited the Provisional Government to place a frigate at his disposal, with which he might proceed to America. It had been promised him; he was even pressed to set off; but he wanted to be the bearer of the order to the captain to convey him to the United States, and that order did not arrive. We all felt that the delay of a single hour might put his freedom in jeopardy.

"After we had talked the subject over among ourselves, I went to him and strongly pointed out to him how dangerous it might be to prolong his stay. He observed that he could not go without the order. 'Depart, nevertheless,' I replied; 'your presence on board the ship will still have a great influence over Frenchmen; cut the cables, promise money to the crew, and if the captain resist have him put on shore, and hoist your sails. I have no doubt but Fouché has sold you to the Allies.'—'I believe it also; but go and make the last effort with the Minister of Marine.' I went off immediately to M. Decrés. He was in bed, and listened to me with an indifference that made my blood boil. He said to me: 'I am only a Minister. Go to Fouché; speak to the Government. As for me, I can do nothing. Good-night.' And so saying, he covered himself up again in his blankets. I left him; but I could not succeed in speaking either to Fouché or to any of the others. It was two o'clock in the morning when I returned to Malmaison; the Emperor was in bed. I was admitted to his chamber, where I gave him an account of the result of my mission, and renewed my entreaties. He listened to me, but made no answer. He got up, however,

and spent a part of the night in walking up and down the room.

"The following day was the last of that sad drama. The Emperor had gone to bed again, and slept a few hours. I entered his cabinet at about twelve o'clock. 'If I had known you were here,' he said, 'I would have had you called in.' He then gave me, on a subject that interested him personally, some instructions which it is needless for me to repeat. Soon after I left him, full of anxiety respecting his fate, my heart oppressed with grief, but still far from suspecting the extent to which both the rigour of fortune and the cruelty of his enemies would be carried." [1]

All the morning of the 29th of June the great road from St. Germain rung with the cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" proceeding from the troops who passed under the walls of Malmaison. About mid-day General Becker,[2]

[1] "Memoirs of Lavallette," vol. ii. p. 197.

[2] The following official letters between Fouché, Davoust, etc., relative to the situation of Napoleon at this period, are too interesting to be omitted.

The Commission of Government to Marshal, the Prince of Eckmuhl, Minister of War.

PARIS, 27th June,

SIR, — Such is the present state of affairs, that it is necessary that Napoleon should resolve on taking his departure for the isle of Aix. If he does not decide upon doing so, when you announce the subjoined resolutions you will take care that he is watched at Malmaison, in order to prevent his escape. You will, with this view, place the proper number of gendarmerie and troops under the direction of General Becker to guard every avenue which leads to Malmaison. For this purpose you will give the necessary orders to the chief inspector of gendarmerie. These measures must be as secret as possible.

This letter is intended for you, but General Becker (who will be charged to acquaint Napoleon with the resolutions) will receive particular instructions from your Excellency, and will make him sensible that they have been drawn up for the interest of the State and the safety of his person; that their prompt fulfilment is indispensable; and finally, that the interest of Napoleon himself, as regards his future fate, imperiously demands their execution.

(Signed) THE DUKE OF OTRANTO.

sent by the Provisional Government, arrived. He had been appointed to attend Napoleon. Fouché knew that

Copy of the Resolutions of the Commission of Government.

PARIS, 26th June, 1815.

The Commission of Government resolves as follows: —

Art. I. The Minister of Marine shall give orders for two frigates to be prepared at Rochefort to convey Napoleon Bonaparte to the United States.

Art. II. He shall be furnished, if he requires it, until his departure, with a sufficient escort, under the command of Lieutenant-General Becker, who will be charged to provide for his safety.

Art. III. The Director-General of Posts shall give the necessary orders for the relays of horses.

Art. IV. The Minister of Marine shall give the necessary orders to secure the immediate return of the frigates after the embarkation of Napoleon.

Art. V. The frigates shall not quit Rochefort until the safe arrival of the passports.

Art. VI. The Ministers of Marine, of War, and of the Finances are charged, in respect to their several departments, with the execution of the present resolutions.

(Signed) THE DUKE OF OTRANTO.

By the Commission of Government,
the Assistant-Secretary of State,
(Signed) COUNT BERLIER.

The Duke of Otranto to the Minister of War.

PARIS, 27th June, 1815, Noon.

SIR, — I transmit you a copy of a letter I have just written to the Minister of Marine respecting Napoleon. You will perceive the necessity, upon reading it, of giving orders to General Becker not to separate himself from the person of Napoleon whilst the latter shall remain in the Roads.

(Signed) THE DUKE OF OTRANTO.

The Duke of Otranto to the Minister of Marine.

PARIS, 27th June, 1815, Noon.

SIR, — The Commission reminds you of the instructions which it caused to be transmitted to you an hour ago. It is necessary that the resolution should be executed as directed by the Commission yesterday, and according to which Napoleon Bonaparte will remain in the Roads of Aix until the passports shall arrive.

The interest of the State, which cannot be indifferent to him, requires that he shall remain there until his own fate and that of his family shall

General Becker had grievances against the Emperor, and thought to find in him a willing agent. He was greatly deceived, for the General paid to the Emperor a degree of respect highly to his honour. Time now became pressing. The Emperor, at the moment of departure, sent a message by General Becker himself to the Provisional Government, offering to march as a private citizen at the head of the troops. He promised to repulse Blücher, and afterwards to continue his route. Upon the refusal of the Provisional Government,

be definitively arranged. Every means shall be employed in order that the negotiation may be settled to his satisfaction. The honour of France is interested in it, but meanwhile every possible precaution must be taken for the personal security of Napoleon, and that he does not quit the place which has been temporarily assigned to him.

The President of the Commission of Government.

(Signed) The Duke of Otranto.

The Minister of War to General Becker.

Paris, 27th June, 1815.

Sir, — I have the honour to transmit to you the resolutions annexed, which the Commission of Government charges you to notify to the Emperor Napoleon; observing to his Majesty that circumstances are so imperious that it has become indispensable he should decide upon departing for the isle of Aix. This resolution, observes the Commission, has been taken as much for the safety of his own person as for the welfare of the State, which must always be dear to him.

If his Majesty does not come to an early decision upon the notification of these resolutions, it is the intention of the Commission of Government that necessary measures should be taken to prevent the escape of his Majesty.

I repeat to you, Sir, that this resolution has been adopted for the welfare of the State, and for the personal security of the Emperor, and that the Commission of Government considers its prompt execution as indispensable for the interest of his Majesty and of his family.

I have the honour to be, etc. [————]

This letter remained unsigned. The Prince of Eckmuhl (Davoust), with the same nobleness of sentiment as distinguished Macdonald in 1814, at the moment of despatching it, observed to his secretary, "I will never sign that letter; do you sign it, — that will be sufficient." The secretary, however, did not sign it (*Mémorial*, tome i. pp. 25–30).

he quitted Malmaison on the 29th. Napoleon and part of his suite took the road to Rochefort. He slept at Rambouillet on the 29th of June, on the 30th at Tours, on the 1st of July he arrived at Niort, and on the 3d reached Rochefort, on the western coast of France, with the intention of escaping to America; but the whole western seaboard was so vigilantly watched by British men-of-war that, after various plans and devices, he was obliged to abandon the attempt in despair. He was lodged at the house of the prefect, at the balcony of which he occasionally showed himself to acknowledge the acclamations of the people.

During his stay here a French naval officer, commanding a Danish merchant vessel, generously offered to some of Napoleon's adherents to further his escape. He proposed to take Napoleon alone, and undertook to conceal his person so effectually as to defy the most rigid scrutiny, and offered to sail immediately to the United States of America. He required no other compensation than a small sum to indemnify the owners of his ship for the loss this enterprise might occasion them. This was agreed to by Bertrand upon certain stipulations.

On the evening of the 8th of July Napoleon reached Fouras, receiving everywhere testimonies of attachment. He proceeded on board the Saale, one of the two frigates appointed by the Provisional Government to convey him to the United States, and slept on board that night. Very early on the following morning he visited the fortifications of that place, and returned to the frigate for dinner. On the evening of the 9th of July he despatched Count Las Cases and the Duke of Rovigo to the commander of the English squadron, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the passports promised by the Provisional Government to enable him to proceed to America had been received. A negative answer was returned; it was at the same time

signified that the Emperor would be attacked by the English squadron if he attempted to sail under a flag of truce, and it was intimated that every neutral vessel would be examined, and probably sent into an English port. Las Cases affirms that Napoleon was recommended to proceed to England by Captain Maitland, who assured him that he would experience no ill-treatment there.[1]

[1] Napoleon's presence at Rochefort excited such enthusiasm among the people, the sailors, and soldiers, that the shore uninterruptedly resounded with shouts of "Long live the Emperor!" and these shouts, repeated from mouth to mouth, could not but teach those who had flattered themselves with having mastered the will of Napoleon, how easy it would be for him to shake off his chains and laugh at their vain precautions. Faithful to his determination, however, he firmly resisted the impulse of circumstances, and the continual solicitations made him to put himself at the head of the patriots and the army. "It is too late," he constantly repeated; "the evil is now without remedy; it is no longer in my power to save the country. A civil war now would answer no end, — would be of no utility. To myself alone it might prove advantageous, by affording me the means of procuring personally more favourable conditions: but these I must purchase by the inevitable destruction of the most generous and magnanimous spirit which France possesses; and such a result inspires me with horror." Up to the 29th of June, the day when the Emperor quitted Malmaison, no English vessel had been seen off the coast of Rochefort, and there is every reason to believe that Napoleon, if circumstances had allowed him to embark immediately after his abdication, would have reached the United States without obstruction. But when he arrived at the sea-coast, he found every outlet occupied by the English, and appeared to retain little hope of escaping.

The 8th of July he went on board the French frigate La Saale, which had been prepared to receive him. His suite was embarked on board the Medusa, and the next day, the 9th, the two vessels anchored at the isle of Aix. Napoleon, always the same, ordered the garrison under arms, examined the fortifications most minutely, and distributed praise or blame as if he had still been sovereign master of the State. On the 10th the wind, hitherto contrary, became fair; but an English fleet of eleven vessels was cruising within sight of the port, and it was impossible to get to sea. On the 11th the Emperor, weary of this state of anxiety, sent Comte de Las Cases, now become his secretary, to sound the disposition of the English Admiral, to inquire whether he was authorised to allow him liberty to repair to England or to the United States. The Admiral answered that he had no orders; nevertheless he was ready to receive

The English ship Bellerophon then anchored in the Basque roads, within sight of the French vessels of war. The coast being, as we have stated, entirely blockaded by the English squadron, the Emperor was undecided as to the course he should pursue. Neutral vessels and *chasse-marées*, manned by young naval officers, were proposed, and many other plans were devised.

Napoleon disembarked on the 12th at the isle of Aix with acclamations ringing on every side. He had quitted the frigates because they refused to sail, owing either to the weakness of character of the commandant, or in consequence of his receiving fresh orders from the Provisional

Napoleon and convey him to England, but that it was not in his power to answer whether he would obtain permission to remain there or to repair to America. Napoleon, not satisfied with this answer, caused two half-decked vessels to be purchased with intention, under favour of night, to reach a Danish smack with which he had contrived to hold communication.

This step having failed, some young midshipmen, full of courage and devotion, proposed to him to go on board the two barques, and swore they would forfeit their lives if they did not convey him to New York. Napoleon was not deterred by so long a voyage in such slight vessels, but he knew that they could not avoid stopping on the coasts of Spain and Portugal to take in water and provision, and he would not expose himself and people to the danger of falling into the hands of the Portuguese or Spaniards.

Being informed that an American vessel was at the mouth of the Gironde, he sent off General Lallemand immediately to ascertain the existence of the vessel and the sentiments of the captain. The General returned with all speed to inform him that the captain would be happy and proud to extricate him from the persecution of his enemies; but Napoleon, yielding, as it is said, to the advice of some persons about him, gave up the idea of attempting this passage, and determined to throw himself on the generosity of the English. On the 14th he caused the Admiral to be informed that the next day he would repair on board his vessel. On the 15th, in the morning, he went off in the brig L'Epervier, and was received on board the Bellerophon with the honours due to his rank and to his misfortune. General Becker, who had orders not to quit him, attended him. The moment they came alongside, the Emperor said to him, 'Withdraw, General; I would not have it be believed that a Frenchman is come to deliver me into the hands of my enemies." On the 16th the Bellerophon set sail for England (*Fleury de Chaboulon*).

Government. Many persons thought that the enterprise might be undertaken with some probability of success; the wind, however, remained constantly in the wrong quarter.

Las Cases returned to the Bellerophon at four o'clock in the morning of the 14th, to inquire whether any reply had been received to the communication made by Napoleon. Captain Maitland stated that he expected to receive it every moment, and added that, if the Emperor would then embark for England, he was authorised to convey him thither. He added, moreover, that in his own opinion, and many other officers present concurred with him, he had no doubt Napoleon would be treated in England with all possible attention and respect; that in England neither the King nor Ministers exercised the same arbitrary power as on the Continent; that the English indeed possessed a generosity of sentiment and a liberality of opinions superior even to those of the King. Las Cases replied that he would make Napoleon acquainted with Captain Maitland's offer, and added that he thought the Emperor would not hesitate to proceed to England, so as to be able to continue his voyage to the United States. He described France, south of the Loire, to be in commotion, the hopes of the people resting on Napoleon as long as he was present; the propositions everywhere made to him, and at every moment; his decided resolution not to become the pretext of a civil war; the generosity he had exhibited in abdicating, in order to render the conclusion of a peace more practicable; and his settled determination to banish himself, in order to render that peace more prompt and more lasting.

The messengers returned to their master, who, after some doubt and hesitation, despatched General Gourgaud with the following well-known letter to the Prince Regent: —

Rochefort, 13th July, 1815.

Royal Highness, — A victim to the factions which divide my country, and to the hostility of the greatest Powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and come, like Themistocles, to share the hospitality of the British people. I place myself under the protection of their laws, and I claim that from your Royal Highness as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.

(Signed) Napoleon.

About four P. M. Las Cases and Savary returned to the Bellerophon, where they had a long conversation with Captain Maitland, in the presence of Captains Sartorius and Gambier, who both declare that Maitland repeatedly warned Napoleon's adherents not to entertain the remotest idea that he was enabled to offer any pledge whatever to their master beyond the simple assurance that he would convey him in safety to the English coast, there to await the determination of the British Government.[1]

Napoleon had begun to prepare for his embarkation before daylight on the 15th. It was time that he did so, for a messenger charged with orders to arrest him had already arrived at Rochefort from the new Government.[2] The execution of this order was delayed by General Becker for a few hours in order to allow Napoleon sufficient time to escape. At daybreak he quitted the Épervier, and was enthusiastically cheered by the ship's company so long as the boat was within hearing. Soon

[1] On their second interview Captain Maitland's precise words to Las Cases were, —

"You will recollect that I am not authorised to stipulate as to the reception of Bonaparte in England, but that he must consider himself as entirely at the disposal of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent."

See the Croker "Correspondence," vol. ii. pp. 238–241, for the orders given to the navy.

[2] Thiers (tome xx. p. 534) says these orders had been intentionally delayed by Fouché. See also the Croker "Correspondence," vol. ii. p. 236.

after six he was received on board the Bellerophon with respectful silence, but without those honours generally paid to persons of high rank. Bonaparte was dressed in the uniform of the *chasseurs à cheval* of the Imperial Guard, and wore the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.

On entering the vessel he took off his hat, and, addressing Captain Maitland, said, "I am come to throw myself on the protection of the laws of England." Napoleon's manner was well calculated to make a favourable impression on those with whom he conversed. He requested to be introduced to the officers of the ship, and put various questions to each. He then went round the ship, although he was informed that the men were cleaning and scouring, and remarked upon anything which struck him as differing from what he had seen on French vessels. The clean appearance of the men surprised him. "He then observed," says Captain Maitland, to whose interesting narrative we refer, "'I can see no sufficient reason why your ships should beat the French ones with so much ease. The finest men-of-war in your service are French; a French ship is heavier in every respect than one of yours: she carries more guns, and those guns are of a larger calibre, and she has a great many more men.'" His inquiries, which were minute, proved that he had directed much attention to the French navy.

On the first morning Napoleon took breakfast in the English fashion, but, observing that his distinguished prisoner did not eat much, Captain Maitland gave directions that for the future a hot breakfast should be served up after the French manner. The Superb, the Admiral's ship, which had been seen in the morning, was now approaching. Immediately on her anchoring Captain Maitland went on board to give an account of all that had happened, and received the Admiral's approbation of

what he had done. In the afternoon Admiral Sir Henry Hotham was introduced to Napoleon, and invited by him to dinner. This was arranged, in order to make it more agreeable to him, by Bonaparte's *maître d'hôtel.* On dinner being announced, Napoleon led the way, and seated himself in the centre at one side of the table, desiring Sir Henry Hotham to take the seat on his right, and Madame Bertrand that on his left hand. On this day Captain Maitland took his seat at the end of the table, but on the following day, by Napoleon's request, he placed himself on his right hand, whilst General Bertrand took the top. Two of the ship's officers dined with the Emperor daily, by express invitation. The conversation of Napoleon was animated. He made many inquiries as to the family and connections of Captain Maitland, and in alluding to Lord Lauderdale, who was sent as ambassador to Paris during the administration of Mr. Fox, paid that nobleman some compliments, and said of the then Premier, "Had Mr. Fox lived, it never would have come to this; but his death put an end to all hopes of peace."

On one occasion he ordered his camp-bed to be displayed for the inspection of the English officers. In two small leather packages were comprised the couch of the once mighty ruler of the Continent. The steel bedstead which, when folded up, was only two feet long, and eighteen inches wide, occupied one case, while the other contained the mattress and curtains. The whole was so contrived as to be ready for use in three minutes.

Napoleon spoke in terms of high praise of the marines on duty in the Bellerophon, and on going through their ranks exclaimed to Bertrand, "How much might be done with a hundred thousand such soldiers as these!" In putting them through their exercise, he drew a contrast between the charge of the bayonet as made by the English and the French, and observed that the English method of

fixing the bayonet was faulty, as it might easily be twisted off when in close action. In visiting Admiral Hotham's flag-ship, the Superb, he manifested the same active curiosity as in former instances, and made the same minute inquiries into everything by which he was surrounded. During breakfast one of Napoleon's suite, Colonel Planat, was much affected, and even wept, on witnessing the humiliation of his master.

On the return of Bonaparte from the Superb to the Bellerophon, the latter ship was got under weigh and made sail for England. When passing within a cable's length of the Superb, Napoleon inquired of Captain Maitland if he thought that distance was sufficient for action. The reply of the English officer was characteristic; he told the Emperor that half the distance, or even less, would suit much better. Speaking of Sir Sidney Smith, Bonaparte repeated the anecdote connected with his quarrel at St. Jean d'Acre with that officer, which has already been related in one of the notes earlier in these volumes. Patting Captain Maitland on the shoulder, he observed that had it not been for the English navy he would have been Emperor of the East, but that wherever he went he was sure to find English ships in the way.

The Bellerophon, with Bonaparte on board, sighted the coast of England on Sunday, the 23d of July, 1815, and at daybreak on the 24th the vessel approached Dartmouth. No sooner had the ship anchored than an order from Lord Keith was delivered to Captain Maitland, from which the following is an extract: —

Extract of an Order from Admiral Viscount Keith, G.C.B., addressed to Captain Maitland, of H.M.S. Bellerophon, dated Ville de Paris, Hamoaze, 23d July, 1815.

Captain Sartorius, of his Majesty's ship Slaney, delivered to me last night, at eleven o'clock, your despatch of the 14th in-

stant, acquainting me that Bonaparte had proposed to embark on board the ship you command, and that you had acceded thereto, with the intention of proceeding to Torbay, there to wait for further orders. I lost no time in forwarding your letter by Captain Sartorius to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, in order that their Lordships might, through him, be acquainted with every circumstance that had occurred on an occasion of so much importance ; and you may expect orders from their Lordships for your further guidance. You are to remain in Torbay until you receive such orders ; and in the mean time, in addition to the directions already in your possession, you are most positively ordered to prevent every person whatever from coming on board the ship you command, except the officers and men who compose her crew ; nor is any person whatever, whether in his Majesty's service or not, who does not belong to the ship, to be suffered to come on board, either for the purpose of visiting the officers, or on any pretence whatever, without express permission either from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty or from me. As I understand from Captain Sartorius that General Gourgaud refused to deliver the letter with which he was charged for the Prince Regent to any person except his Royal Highness, you are to take him out of the Slaney into the ship you command, until you receive directions from the Admiralty on the subject, and order that ship back to Plymouth Sound, when Captain Sartorius returns from London.

It was stated about this time, in some of the English newspapers, that St. Helena would be the place of exile of the ex-Emperor, the bare report of which evidently caused great pain to Napoleon and his suite. General Gourgaud was obliged to return to the Bellerophon, not having been suffered to go on shore to deliver the letter from Bonaparte to the Prince Regent with which he had been intrusted. The ship which bore the modern Alexander soon became a natural object of attraction to the whole neighbourhood, and was constantly surrounded by

crowds of boats. Napoleon frequently showed himself to the people from shore, with a view of gratifying their curiosity. On the 25th of July the number of guard-boats which surrounded the vessel was greatly increased, and the alarm of the captives became greater as the report was strengthened as to the intention of conveying Bonaparte to St. Helena.

In conversation with Captain Maitland, Napoleon, who seemed to be aware that the English fishermen united the occupation of smugglers to their usual trade, stated that many of them had been bribed by him, and had assisted in the escape of French prisoners of war. They had even proposed to deliver Louis XVIII. into his power, but as they would not answer for the safety of his life, Napoleon refused the offer. Upon the arrival of despatches from London, the Bellerophon got under weigh for Plymouth Sound on the 26th of July. This movement tended still further to disconcert the ex-Emperor and his followers. In passing the breakwater Bonaparte could not withhold his admiration of that work, which he considered highly honourable to the public spirit of the nation, and, alluding to his own improvements at Cherbourg, expressed his apprehensions that they would now be suffered to fall into decay.

Captain Maitland was directed by Lord Keith to observe the utmost vigilance to prevent the escape of his prisoners, and with this view no boat was permitted to approach the Bellerophon; the Liffey and Eurotas were ordered to take up an anchorage on each side of the ship, and further precautions were adopted at night.

On the 27th of July Captain Maitland proceeded to Lord Keith, taking with him Bonaparte's original letter to the Prince Regent, which, as General Gourgaud had not been permitted to deliver it personally, Napoleon now desired to be transmitted through the hands of the Ad-

miral. As Lord Keith had now received instructions from his Government as to the manner in which Napoleon was to be treated, he lost no time in paying his respects to the fallen chief.

On the 31st of July the anxiously expected order of the English Government arrived. In this document, wherein the ex-Emperor was styled "General Bonaparte," it was notified that he was to be exiled to St. Helena, the place of all others most dreaded by him and his devoted adherents. It was, moreover, specified that he might be allowed to take with him three officers, and his surgeon, and twelve servants.[1] To his own selection was conceded the choice of these followers, with the exclu-

[1] The following persons went with Napoleon to St. Helena: General Count Bertrand (the Grand Marshal), with his wife and three children; General Count Montholon, with his wife and one child; General Gourgaud; Count Las Cases and his son Emmanuel; Marchand, the Emperor's head valet, and the following servants, — Saint-Denis, chief chasseur; Novarre, or Noverraz, chasseur; Santini (a Corsican), usher; Archambaud senior, a *piqueur* (outrider); Archambaud junior (ditto); Corsor, clerk of the kitchen; Gentili (from Elba), a footman; Cipriani (a Corsican), *maître d'hôtel*, who died at St. Helena in 1818; Peyron, or Pierron, butler; Lepage, cook; Rousseau, steward; Joséphine; and Bernard and wife, servants to Count Bertrand. Captain Piontowski, a Pole, a volunteer, arrived 30th December, 1815; O'Meara, a surgeon in the English navy, agreed to accompany Napoleon from the Bellerophon: he was sent away from St. Helena by order of the Government, 25th July, 1818. Dr. Antommarchi, with the Abbés Buonavita (Bonavista) and Vignali, with a cook, Chandelier or Chandell and a valet, sent by Cardinal Fesch, arrived 18th September, 1820. The Abbé Buonavita returned to Europe, leaving St. Helena on the 17th of March, 1821. General Gourgaud, in 1818, returned to Europe ill, and not getting on with the other officers. Captain Piontowski, with Rousseau, Santini, and the younger Archambaud, were sent away by Sir Hudson Lowe in October, 1816; Las Cases and his son were sent away by Sir Hudson Lowe on the 29th of December, 1816, and Madame Montholon returned to Europe in 1819. Of these persons, Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud, the younger Las Cases, Marchand, the young Bertrand, Saint-Denis, Novarre, Peyron, and Archambaud returned to St. Helena in 1840 to escort the body of Napoleon to France.

sion, however, of Savary and Lallemand, who were on no account to be permitted any further to share his fortunes. This prohibition gave considerable alarm to those individuals, who became excessively anxious as to their future disposal, and declared that to deliver them up to the vengeance of the Bourbons would be a violation of faith and honour.

Napoleon himself complained bitterly on the subject of his destination, and said: "The idea of it is horrible to me. To be placed for life on an island within the tropics, at an immense distance from any land, cut off from all communication with the world, and everything that I hold dear in it! — c'est pis que la cage de fer de Tamerlan. I would prefer being delivered up to the Bourbons. Among other insults," said he, — "but that is a mere bagatelle, a very secondary consideration, — they style me 'General'! They can have no right to call me General; they may as well call me 'Archbishop,' for I was Head of the Church as well as of the Army. If they do not acknowledge me as Emperor, they ought as First Consul; they have sent ambassadors to me as such; and your King, in his letters, styled me 'Brother.' Had they confined me in the Tower of London, or one of the fortresses in England (though not what I had hoped from the generosity of the English people), I should not have so much cause of complaint; but to banish me to an island within the tropics! They might as well have signed my death-warrant at once, for it is impossible a man of my habit of body can live long in such a climate." [1]

Having so expressed himself, he wrote a second letter to the Prince Regent, which was forwarded through Lord Keith. It was the opinion of Generals Montholon and

[1] Captain Maitland's Narrative.

Gourgaud that Bonaparte would sooner kill himself than go to St. Helena. This idea arose from his having been heard emphatically to exclaim, "I will *not* go to St. Helena!" The Generals, indeed, declared that were he to give his own consent to be so exiled, they would themselves prevent him. In consequence of this threat, Captain Maitland was instructed by Lord Keith to tell those gentlemen that as the English law awarded death to murderers, the crime they meditated would inevitably conduct them to the gallows.

Early on the morning of the 4th of August the Bellerophon was ordered to be ready at a moment's notice for sea. The reason of this was traced to a circumstance which is conspicuous among the many remarkable incidents by which Bonaparte's arrival near the English coast was characterised. A rumour reached Lord Keith that a *habeas corpus* had been procured with a view of delivering Napoleon from the custody he was then in. This, however, turned out to be a *subpœna* for Bonaparte as a witness at a trial in the Court of King's Bench; and, indeed, a person attempted to get on board the Bellerophon to serve the document; but he was foiled in his intention; though, had he succeeded, the *subpœna* would, in the situation wherein the ex-Emperor then stood, have been without avail.

On the 5th Captain Maitland, having been summoned to the flag-ship of Lord Keith, acquainted General Bertrand that he would convey to the Admiral anything which Bonaparte (who had expressed an urgent wish to see his Lordship) might desire to say to him. Bertrand requested the captain to delay his departure until a document, then in preparation, should be completed; and at length brought from Napoleon's cabin a paper, of which the following is a translation:—

PROTEST OF HIS MAJESTY THE LATE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, Etc.

I hereby solemnly protest, before God and man, against the injustice offered me, and the violation of my most sacred rights, in forcibly disposing of my person and my liberty. I came freely on board the Bellerophon; I am not a prisoner; I am the guest of England. I was indeed instigated to come on board by the captain, who told me that he had been directed by his Government to receive me and my suite, and conduct me to England, if agreeable to my wishes. I presented myself in good faith, with the view of claiming the protection of the English laws. As soon as I had reached the deck of the Bellerophon, I considered myself in the home and on the hearth of the British people.

If it was the intention of the Government, in giving orders to the captain of the Bellerophon to receive me and my suite, merely to entrap me, it has forfeited its honour and sullied its flag.

If this act be consummated, it will be useless for the English to talk to Europe of their integrity, their laws, and their liberty. British good faith will have been lost in the hospitality of the Bellerophon.

I appeal to history; — it will say that an enemy, who made war for twenty years upon the English people, came voluntarily in his misfortunes to seek an asylum under their laws. What more striking proof could he give of his esteem and his confidence? But what return did England make for so magnanimous an act? They pretended to hold out a friendly hand to this enemy, and when he delivered himself up in good faith, they sacrificed him.

(Signed) Napoleon.

On board the Bellerophon,
4th August, 1815.

Captain Maitland denied that any snare was laid for Bonaparte, either by himself or by the English Govern-

ment, and stated that the precautions for preventing the escape of Napoleon from Rochefort were so well ordered that it was impossible to evade them; and that the fugitive was compelled to surrender himself to the English ship.

On the 7th of August, Bonaparte, with the suite he had selected, was transferred from the Bellerophon to the Northumberland. Lord Keith's barge was prepared for his conveyance to the latter vessel, and his Lordship was present on the occasion. A captain's guard was turned out, and as Napoleon left the Bellerophon, the marines presented arms, and the drum was beaten as usual in saluting a general officer. When he arrived on board the Northumberland, the squadron got under weigh, and Napoleon sailed for the place of his final exile and grave.[1]

[1] For the continuation of Napoleon's voyage, see Chapter XIII.

CHAPTER XI.

1815.

The fulfilment of my prediction was now at hand, for the result of the battle of Waterloo enabled Louis XVIII. to return to his dominions. As soon as I heard of the King's departure from Ghent, I quitted Hamburg, and travelled with all possible haste in the hope of reaching Paris in time to witness his Majesty's entrance. I arrived at St. Denis on the 7th of July, and, notwithstanding the intrigues that were set on foot, I found an immense number of persons assembled to meet the King. Indeed, the place was so crowded that it was with the greatest difficulty I could procure even a little garret for my lodging.

Having resumed my uniform of a captain of the National Guard, I proceeded immediately to the King's palace. The *salon* was filled with ladies and gentlemen who had come to congratulate the King on his return. At St. Denis I found my family, who, not being aware that I had left Hamburg, were much surprised to see me.

They informed me that the Parisians were all impatient for the return of the King, — a fact of which I could judge by the opposition manifested to the free expression of public feeling. Paris having been declared in a state of blockade, the gates were closed, and no one was permitted to leave the capital, particularly by the Barrière de la Chapelle. It is true that special permission might be obtained, and with tolerable ease, by those

who wished to leave the city; but the forms to be observed for obtaining the permission deterred the mass of the people from proceeding to St. Denis, which, indeed, was the sole object of the regulation. As it had been resolved to force Fouché and the tricoloured cockade upon the King, it was deemed necessary to keep away from his Majesty all who might persuade him to resist the proposed measures. Madame de Bourrienne told me that on her arrival at St. Denis she called upon M. Hue and M. Lefebvre, the King's physician, who both acquainted her with those fatal resolutions. Those gentlemen, however, assured her that the King would resolutely hold out against the tricoloured cockade, but the nomination of the ill-omened man appeared inevitable.

Fouché Minister of the Police! If, like Don Juan, I had seen a statue move, I could not have been more confounded than when I heard this news. I could not credit it until it was repeated to me by different persons. How, indeed, could I think that at the moment of a reaction the King should have intrusted the most important ministerial department to a man to whose arrest he had a hundred days before attached so much consequence, — to a man, moreover, whom Bonaparte had appointed, at Lyons, to fill the same office! This was inconceivable! Thus, in less than twenty-four hours, the same man had been intrusted to execute measures the most opposite, and to serve interests the most contradictory. He was one day the minister of usurpation, and the next the minister of legitimacy! How can I express what I felt when Fouché took the oath of fidelity to Louis XVIII., — when I saw the King clasp in his hands the hands of Fouché! I was standing near M. de Chateaubriand, whose feelings must have been similar to mine, to judge from a passage in his admirable work, "La Monarchie selon la Charte." "About nine in the evening," he says, "I

was in one of the royal antechambers. All at once the door opened, and I saw the President of the Council enter leaning on the arm of the new minister. Oh, Louis-le-Désiré! Oh, my unfortunate master! you have proved that there is no sacrifice which your people may not expect from your paternal heart!"

Fouché was resolved to have his restoration as well as M. de Talleyrand, who had had his the year before; he therefore contrived to retard the King's entry into Paris for four days. The prudent members of the Chamber of Peers, who had taken no part in the King's Government in 1814, were the first to declare that it was for the interest of France to hasten his Majesty's entrance into Paris, in order to prevent foreigners from exercising a sort of right of conquest in a city which was a prey to civil dissension and party influence. Blücher informed me that the way in which Fouché contrived to delay the King's return greatly contributed to the pretensions of the foreigners who, he confessed, were very well pleased to see the population of Paris divided in opinion, and to hear the alarming cries raised by the confederates of the faubourgs when the King was already at St. Denis.

I know for a fact that Louis XVIII. wished to have nothing to do with Fouché, and indignantly refused to appoint him when he was first proposed. But he had so nobly served Bonaparte during the Hundred Days that it was necessary he should be rewarded. Fouché, besides, had gained the support of a powerful party among the emigrants of the Faubourg St. Germain, and *he possessed the art of rendering himself indispensable.* I have heard many honest men say very seriously that to him was due the tranquillity of Paris. Moreover, Wellington was the person by whose influence in particular Fouché was made one of the counsellors of the King. After all the benefits which foreigners had conferred upon us, Fouché

was indeed an acceptable present to France and to the King.[1]

I was not ignorant of the Duke of Wellington's influence upon the affairs of the second Restoration, but for a long time I refused to believe that his influence should have outweighed all the serious considerations opposed to such a perfect anomaly as appointing Fouché the Minister of a Bourbon. But I was deceived. France and the King owed to him Fouché's introduction into the Council, and I had to thank him for the impossibility of resuming a situation which I had relinquished for the purpose of following the King into Belgium. Could I be Prefect of Police under a Minister whom a short time before

[1] Beugnot (vol. ii. p. 274) says that while the King was at St. Denis, before entering Paris, Talleyrand, the Duke of Wellington, and Fouché met at Poissy. "I never understood why the Duke of Wellington was so zealous in his support of the Duc d'Otranto. It is true that he was remarkably distrustful of the real feelings of France, and perhaps he had allowed himself to be persuaded that Fouché alone was master of the situation." In March, 1814, either Metternich, or some of the Ministers of the Allies in his presence, had asked Vitrolles, "Could your Prince (Comte d'Artois) attach himself to Fouché?"—"Fouché," answered I (Vitrolles), in a murmur; "that is rather strong, but still, if he were necessary." This applied to the Comte d'Artois, but shows that the Royalists did not look on Fouché as an impossible choice (*Vitrolles*, tome i. p. 148). Louis XVIII. seems to have really felt deeply having to appoint Fouché as Minister. Beugnot (vol. ii. p. 278) says he "presented the ordinance for the appointment of the Duke of Otranto (Fouché)! The King glanced at the paper, and let it fall on the desk; the pen slipped from his hand, the blood rushed into his face, his eyes became sorrowful, and he fell back as if struck by some fatal thought. A sorrowful silence had suddenly interrupted a conversation that was quite easy and pleasant. This silence lasted some minutes, after which the King said, with a deep sigh, 'Come, it must be done.' He picked up his pen, stopped again before writing the letters, and uttered these words, 'Oh, my unhappy brother! If you see me, you have forgiven me.' He signed at last, but in a painful and agitated manner, with great tears falling from his eyes and moistening the paper." This feeling could hardly have been feigned, though it has been believed by some that Louis XVIII. had greater wrongs to his brother to complain of than the appointment of one of the regicides as Minister.

I had received orders to arrest, but who eluded my agents? That was impossible. The King could not offer me the place of Prefect under Fouché, and if he had I could not have accepted it. I was therefore right in not relying on the assurances which had been given me; but I confess that if I had been told to guess the cause why they could not be realised I never should have thought that cause would have been the appointment of Fouché as a Minister of the King of France. At first, therefore, I was of course quite forgotten, as is the custom of courts when a faithful subject refrains from taking part in the intrigues of the moment.

I have already frequently stated my opinion of the pretended talent of Fouché; but admitting his talent to have been as great as was supposed, that would have been an additional reason for not intrusting the general police of the kingdom to him. His principles and conduct were already sufficiently known. No one could be ignorant of the language he held respecting the Bourbons, and in which he indulged as freely after he became the Minister of Louis XVIII. as when he was the Minister of Bonaparte. It was universally known that in his conversation the Bourbons were the perpetual butt for his sarcasms, that he never mentioned them but in terms of disparagement, and that he represented them as unworthy of governing France. Everybody must have been aware that Fouché, in his heart favoured a Republic, where the part of President might have been assigned to him. Could any one have forgotten the famous postscript he subjoined to a letter he wrote from Lyons to his worthy friend Robespierre: "To celebrate the *fête* of the Republic suitably, I have ordered 250 persons to be shot"? And to this man, the most furious enemy of the restoration of the monarchy, was consigned the task of consolidating it for the second time! But it would require another Claudian to describe this new Rufinus!

Fouché never regarded a benefit in any other light than as the means of injuring his benefactor. The King, deceived, like many other persons, by the reputation which Fouché's partisans had conjured up for him, was certainly not aware that Fouché had always discharged the functions of Minister in his own interest, and never for the interest of the Government which had the weakness to intrust him with a power always dangerous in his hands. Fouché had opinions, but he belonged to no party, and his political success is explained by the readiness with which he always served the party he knew must triumph, and which he himself overthrew in its turn. He maintained himself in favour from the days of blood and terror until the happy time of the second Restoration only by abandoning and sacrificing those who were attached to him; and it might be said that his ruling passion was the desire of continual change. No man was ever characterised by greater levity or inconstancy of mind. In all things he looked only to himself, and to this egotism he sacrificed both subjects and Governments. Such were the secret causes of the sway exercised by Fouché during the Convention, the Directory, the Empire, the Usurpation, and after the second return of the Bourbons. He helped to found and to destroy every one of those successive Governments. Fouché's character is perfectly unique. I know no other man who, loaded with honours, and almost escaping disgrace, has passed through so many eventful periods, and taken part in so many convulsions and revolutions.

On the 7th of July the King was told that Fouché alone could smooth the way for his entrance into Paris, that he alone could unlock the gates of the capital, and that he alone had power to control public opinion. The reception given to the King on the following day afforded an opportunity of judging of the truth of these assertions.

The King's presence was the signal for a feeling of concord, which was manifested in a very decided way. I saw upon the boulevards, and often in company with each other, persons, some of whom had resumed the white cockade, while others still retained the national colours, and harmony was not in the least disturbed by these different badges.

Having returned to private life solely on account of Fouché's presence in the Ministry, I yielded to that consolation which is always left to the discontented. I watched the extravagance and inconsistency that were passing around me, and the new follies which were every day committed; and it must be confessed that a rich and varied picture presented itself to my observation. The King did not bring back M. de Blacas. His Majesty had yielded to prudent advice, and on arriving at Mons sent the unlucky Minister as his ambassador to Naples. Vengeance was talked of, and there were some persons inconsiderate enough to wish that advantage should be taken of the presence of the foreigners in order to make what they termed "an end of the Revolution," as if there were any other means of effecting that object than frankly adopting whatever good the Revolution had produced. The foreigners observed with satisfaction the disposition of these shallow persons, which they thought might be turned to their own advantage. The truth is, that on the second Restoration our pretended allies proved themselves our enemies.

But for them, but for their bad conduct, their insatiable exactions, but for the humiliation that was felt at seeing foreign cannon planted in the streets of Paris, and beneath the very windows of the palace, the days which followed the 8th of July might have been considered by the Royal Family as the season of a festival. Every day people thronged to the garden of the Tuileries, and ex-

pressed their joy by singing and dancing under the King's windows. This ebullition of feeling might perhaps be thought absurd, but it at least bore evidence of the pleasure caused by the return of the Bourbons.

This manifestation of joy by numbers of persons of both sexes, most of them belonging to the better classes of society, displeased Fouché, and he determined to put a stop to it. Wretches were hired to mingle with the crowd and sprinkle corrosive liquids on the dresses of the females: some of them were even instructed to commit acts of indecency, so that all respectable persons were driven from the gardens through the fear of being injured or insulted. As it was wished to create disturbance under the very eyes of the King, and to make him doubt the reality of the sentiments so openly expressed in his favour, the agents of the police mingled the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" with that of "Vive le Roi!" and it happened oftener than once that the most respectable persons were arrested and charged by Fouché's infamous agents with having uttered seditious cries. A friend of mine, whose Royalist opinions were well known, and whose father had been massacred during the Revolution, told me that while walking with two ladies he heard some individuals near him crying out, "Vive l'Empereur!" This created a great disturbance. The sentinel advanced to the spot, and those very individuals themselves had the audacity to charge my friend with being guilty of uttering the offensive cry. In vain the bystanders asserted the falsehood of the accusation; he was seized and dragged to the guard-house, and after being detained for some hours, he was liberated on the application of his friends. By dint of such wretched manœuvres, Fouché triumphed. He contrived to make it be believed that he was the only person capable of preventing the disorders of which he himself was the

sole author. He got the police of the Tuileries under his control. The singing and dancing ceased, and the palace was the abode of dulness.

While the King was at St. Denis, he restored to General Dessoles the command of the National Guard. The General ordered the barriers to be immediately thrown open. On the day of his arrival in Paris the King determined, as a principle, that the throne should be surrounded by a Privy Council, the members of which were to be the princes and persons whom his Majesty might appoint at a future period. The King then named his new Ministry, which was thus composed: —

Prince Talleyrand, peer of France, President of the Council of Ministers, and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Baron Louis, Minister of Finance.

The Duke of Otranto, Minister of the Police.

Baron Pasquier, Minister of Justice, and Keeper of the Seals.

Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr, War Minister.

Comte de Jaucourt, peer of France, Minister of the Marine.

The Duc de Richelieu,[1] peer of France, Minister of the King's Household.

[1] Some time after it was thought proper to suppress the office of Minister of the King's Household, and to substitute in its stead the office of Intendant-General, — an arrangement which I thought better calculated for a Constitutional Government. M. de Richelieu's successor in this office was the Comte de Pradel, a man of great ability. The office of Minister of the King's Household was again restored in favour of my old friend Lauriston, whose elevation did not alter his sentiments towards his old comrades. After his death the office underwent another metamorphosis, and received again the title of Intendant-General, and was filled by M. de la Bouillerie, one of those men whom Bonaparte, during the Consulate and afterwards, esteemed for his talents and probity. I recollect often having heard him say, speaking of M. de la Bouillerie, "He is the man to manage money matters. There is no need to revise his accounts." Bonaparte sent for him from Paris to the camp at Boulogne to

The portfolio of the Minister of the Interior, which was not immediately disposed of, was provisionally intrusted to the Minister of Justice. But what was most gratifying to the public in the composition of this new ministry was that M. de Blacas, who had made himself so odious to everybody, was superseded by M. de Richelieu, whose name revived the memory of a great Minister, and who, by his excellent conduct throughout the whole course of his career, deserves to be distinguished as a model of honour and wisdom.

General satisfaction was expressed on the appointment of Marshal Macdonald to the post of Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour in lieu of M. de Pradt. M. de Chabrol resumed the Prefecture of the Seine, which, during the Hundred Days, had been occupied by M. de Bondi. M. de Molé was made Director-General of bridges and causeways. I was superseded in the Prefecture of Police by M. Decazes, and M. Beugnot followed M. Ferrand as Director-General of the Post-office.

I think it was on the 10th of July that I went to St. Cloud to pay a visit of thanks to Blücher. I had been informed that as soon as he learned I had a house at St. Cloud he sent a guard to protect it. This spontaneous mark of attention was well deserving of grateful acknowledgment, especially at a time when there was so much reason to complain of the plunder practised by the Prussians.[1] My visit to Blücher presented to observation a

examine the accounts, and afterwards appointed him Treasurer of the Crown after we lost Estève, our old companion, in the Egyptian expedition. — *Bourrienne.*

[1] The English occupied St. Cloud after the Prussians. My large house, in which the children of the Comte d'Artois were inoculated, was respected by them, but they occupied a small house forming part of the estate. The English officer who commanded the troops stationed a guard at the large house. One morning we were informed that the door had been broken open and a valuable looking-glass stolen. We complained to the commanding officer, and on the affair being inquired into it was

striking instance of the instability of human greatness. I found Blücher residing like a sovereign in the Palace of St. Cloud, where I had lived so long in the intimacy of Napoleon, at a period when he dictated laws to the Kings of Europe before he was a monarch himself. In that cabinet in which Napoleon and I had passed so many busy hours, and where so many great plans had their birth, I was received by the man who had been my prisoner at Hamburg. The Prussian General immediately reminded me of the circumstance. "Who could have foreseen," said he, "that after being your prisoner I should become the protector of your property? You treated me well at Hamburg, and I have now an opportunity of repaying your kindness. Heaven knows what will be the result of all this! One thing, however, is certain, and that is that the Allies will now make such conditions as will banish all possibility of danger for a long time to come. The Emperor Alexander does not wish to make the French people expiate too dearly the misfortunes they have caused us. He attributes them to Napoleon, but Napoleon cannot pay the expenses of the war, and they must be paid by some one. It was all very well for once, but we cannot pay the expense of coming back a second time. However," added he, "you will lose none of your territory; that is a point on which I can give you positive assurance. The Emperor Alexander has several times repeated in my presence to the King my master, 'I honour the French nation, and I am determined that it shall preserve its old limits.'"

discovered that the sentinel himself had committed the theft. The man was tried by a court-martial, and condemned to death, — a circumstance which, as may naturally be supposed, was very distressing to us. Madame de Bourrienne applied to the commanding officer for the man's pardon, but could only obtain his reprieve. The regiment departed some weeks after, and we could never learn what was the fate of the criminal. — *Bourrienne.*

The above are the very words which Blücher addressed to me. Profiting by the friendly sentiments he expressed towards me, I took the opportunity of mentioning the complaints that were everywhere made of the bad discipline of the troops under his command. "What can I do?" said he. "I cannot be present everywhere; but I assure you that in future and at your recommendation I will severely punish any misconduct that may come to my knowledge."

Such was the result of my visit to Blücher; but, in spite of his promises, his troops continued to commit the most revolting excesses. Thus the Prussian troops have left in the neighbourhood of Paris recollections no less odious than those produced by the conduct of Davoust's corps in Prussia. Of this an instance now occurs to my memory, which I will relate here. In the spring of 1816, as I was going to Chevreuse, I stopped at the Petit Bicêtre to water my horse. I seated myself for a few minutes near the door of the inn, and a large dog belonging to the innkeeper began to bark and growl at me. His master, a respectable-looking old man, exclaimed, "Be quiet, Blücher!" — "How came you to give your dog that name?" said I. — "Ah, sir! it is the name of a villain who did a great deal of mischief here last year. There is my house; they have left scarcely anything but the four walls. They said they came for our good; but let them come back again . . . we will watch them, and spear them like wild boars in the wood." The poor man's house certainly exhibited traces of the most atrocious violence, and he shed tears as he related to me his disasters.

Before the King departed for Ghent he had consented to sign the contract of marriage between one of my daughters and M. Massieu de Clerval, though the latter was at that time only a lieutenant in the navy. The day appointed for the signature of the contract happened to be

Sunday, the 19th of March, and it may well be imagined that in the critical circumstances in which we then stood, a matter of so little importance could scarcely be thought about. In July I renewed my request to his Majesty, which gave rise to serious discussions in the Council of Ceremonies. Lest any deviation from the laws of rigid etiquette should commit the fate of the monarchy, it was determined that the marriage contract of a lieutenant in the navy could be signed only at the *petty levee*. However, his Majesty, recollecting the promise he had given me, decided that the signature should be given at the *grand levee*. Though all this may appear exceedingly ludicrous, yet I must confess that the triumph over etiquette was very gratifying to me.

A short time after, the King appointed me a Councillor of State, a title which I had held under Bonaparte ever since his installation at the Tuileries, though I had never fulfilled the functions of the office. In the month of August, the King having resolved to convoke a new Chamber of Deputies, I was appointed President of the Electoral College of the Department of the Yonne. As soon as I was informed of my nomination I waited on M. de Talleyrand for my instructions, but he told me that, in conformity with the King's intentions, I was to receive my orders from the Minister of Police. I observed to M. de Talleyrand that I must decline seeing Fouché, on account of the situation in which we stood with reference to each other. "Go to him, go to him," said M. de Talleyrand, "and be assured Fouché will say to you nothing on the subject."

I felt great repugnance to see Fouché, and consequently I went to him quite against my inclination. I naturally expected a very cold reception. What had passed between us rendered our interview exceedingly delicate. I called on Fouché at nine in the morning,

and found him alone, and walking in his garden. He received me as a man might be expected to receive an intimate friend whom he had not seen for a long time. On reflection I was not very much surprised at this, for I was well aware that Fouché could make his hatred yield to calculation. He said not a word about his arrest, and it may well be supposed that I did not seek to turn the conversation on that subject. I asked him whether he had any information to give me respecting the elections of the Yonne. "None at all," said he; "get yourself nominated if you can, only use your endeavours to exclude General Desfournaux. Anything else is a matter of indifference to me." — "What is your objection to Desfournaux?" — "The Ministry will not have him."

I was about to depart, when Fouché called me back, saying, "Why are you in such haste? Cannot you stay a few minutes longer?" He then began to speak of the first return of the Bourbons, and asked me how I could so easily bring myself to act in their favour. He then entered into details respecting the Royal family which I conceive it to be my duty to pass over in silence. It may be added, however, that the conversation lasted a long time, and, to say the least of it, was by no means in favour of "divine right."

I conceived it to be my duty to make the King acquainted with this conversation, and as there was now no Comte de Blacas to keep truth and good advice from his Majesty's ear, I was, on my first solicitation, immediately admitted to the Royal cabinet. I cautiously suppressed the most startling details, for, had I literally reported what Fouché said, Louis XVIII. could not possibly have given credit to it. The King thanked me for my communication, and I could perceive he was convinced that by longer retaining Fouché in office he would become the victim of the Minister who had been so scandalously

forced upon him on the 7th of July. The disgrace of the Duke of Otranto speedily followed, and I had the satisfaction of having contributed to repair one of the evils with which the Duke of Wellington visited France.

Fouché was so evidently a traitor to the cause he feigned to serve, and Bonaparte was so convinced of this, that during the Hundred Days, when the Ministers of the King at Ghent were enumerated in the presence of Napoleon, some one said, "But where is the Minister of the Police?"—"*Eh! parbleu,*" said Bonaparte, "that is Fouché? . . ." It was not the same with Carnot, in spite of the indelible stain of his vote: if he had served the King, his Majesty could have depended on him, but nothing could shake the firmness of his principles in favour of liberty. I learned, from a person who had the opportunity of being well informed, that he would not accept the post of Minister of the Interior which was offered to him at the commencement of the Hundred Days until he had a conversation with Bonaparte, to ascertain whether he had changed his principles. Carnot placed faith in the fair promises of Napoleon, who deceived him, as he had deceived others.

Soon after my audience with the King I set off to discharge my duties in the department of the Yonne, and I obtained the honour of being elected to represent my countrymen in the Chamber of Deputies. My colleague was M. Raudot, a man who, in very trying circumstances, had given proofs of courage by boldly manifesting his attachment to the King's Government. The following are the facts which I learned in connection with this episode, and which I circulated as speedily as possible among the electors of whom I had the honour to be President. Bonaparte, on his way from Lyons to Paris, after his landing at the Gulf of Juan, stopped at Avalon, and immediately sent for the mayor, M. Raudot. He instantly obeyed the

summons. On coming into Napoleon's presence, he said, "What do you want, General?" This appellation displeased Napoleon, who nevertheless put several questions to M. Raudot, who was willing to oblige him as a traveller, but not to serve him as an Emperor. Napoleon having given him some orders, this worthy servant of the King replied, "General, I can receive no orders from you, for I acknowledge no sovereign but the King, to whom I have sworn allegiance." Napoleon then directed M. Raudot, in a tone of severity, to withdraw, and I need not add that it was not long before he was dismissed from the mayoralty of Avalon.

The elections of the Yonne being over, I returned to Paris, where I took part in public affairs only as an amateur, while waiting for the opening of the session. I was deeply grieved to see the Government resort to measures of severity to punish faults which it would have been better policy to attribute only to the unfortunate circumstances of the times. No consideration can ever make me cease to regret the memory of Ney, who was the victim of the influence of foreigners. Their object, as Blücher intimated to me at St. Cloud, was to disable France from engaging in war for a long time to come, and they hoped to effect that object by stirring up between the Royal Government and the Army of the Loire that spirit of discord which the sacrifice of Ney could not fail to produce. I have no positive proofs of the fact, but in my opinion Ney's life was a pledge of gratitude which Fouché thought he must offer to the foreign influence which had made him Minister.

About this time I learned a fact which will create no surprise, as it affords another proof of the chivalrous disinterestedness of Macdonald's character. When, in 1815, several Marshals claimed from the Allied powers their endowments in foreign countries, Madame Moreau, to whom

the King had given the honorary title of *Madame la Maréchale*, and who was the friend of the Duke of Tarentum, wrote, without Macdonald's knowledge, to M. de Blacas, our ambassador at Naples, begging him to endeavour to preserve for the Marshal the endowment which had been given him in the Kingdom of Naples. As soon as Macdonald was informed of this circumstance, he waited upon Madame Moreau, thanked her for her kind intentions, but at the same time informed her that he should disavow all knowledge of her letter, as the request it contained was entirely averse to his principles. The Marshal did, in fact, write the following letter to M. de Blacas: "I hasten to inform you, sir, that it was not with my consent that Madame Moreau wrote to you, and I beg you will take no step that might expose me to a refusal. The King of Naples owes me no recompense for having beaten his army, revolutionised his kingdom, and forced him to retire to Sicily." Such conduct was well worthy of the man who was the last to forsake Napoleon in 1814, and the first to rejoin him, and that without the desire of accepting any appointment in 1815. M. de Blacas, who was himself much surprised at Macdonald's letter, communicated it to the King of Naples, whose answer deserves to be recorded. It was as follows: "If I had not imposed a law upon myself to acknowledge none of the French endowments, the conduct of Marshal Macdonald would have induced me to make an exception in his favour." It is gratifying to see princes such scrupulous observers of the laws they make for themselves!

About the end of August, 1815, as I was walking on the Boulevard des Capucines, I had the pleasure of meeting Rapp, whom I had not seen for a long time. He had just come out of the house of Lagrenée, the artist, who was painting his portrait. I was on foot, and Rapp's carriage was waiting; so we both stepped into it, and set off to take

a drive in the Bois de Boulogne. We had a great deal to say to each other, for we had not met since the great events of the two Restorations. The reason of this was that in 1814 I passed a part of the year at Sens, and since the occurrences of March, 1815, Rapp himself had been absent from Paris. I found him perfectly resigned to his change of condition, though indulging in a few oaths against the foreigners. Rapp was not one of those Generals who betrayed the King on the 20th of March. He told me that he remained at the head of the division which he commanded at Écouen, under the orders of the Duc de Berri, and that he did not resign it to the War Minister until after the King's departure. "How did Napoleon receive you?" I inquired. "I waited till he sent for me. You know what sort of fellow I am. I know nothing about politics; not I. I had sworn fidelity to the King. I know my duty, and I would have fought against the Emperor." — "Indeed!" — "Yes, certainly I would, and I told him so myself." — "How! did you venture so far?" — "To be sure. I told him that my resolution was definite. 'Pshaw!' . . . replied he angrily. 'I knew well that you were opposed to me. If we had come to an action, I should have sought you out on the field of battle. I would have shown you the Medusa's head. Would you have dared to fire on me?' — 'Without doubt,' I replied. 'Ah! *parbleu!* this is too much,' he said. 'But your troops would not have obeyed you. They had preserved all their affection for me.' — 'What could I do?' resumed I. 'You abdicated, you left France, you recommended us to serve the King — and then you return! Besides, I tell you frankly, I do not augur well of what will happen. We shall have war again. France has had enough of that.' Upon this," continued Rapp, "he assured me that he had other thoughts; that he had no further desire for war; that he wished to govern in peace, and de-

vote himself solely to the happiness of his people. When I hinted opposition on the part of the Foreign Powers, he said that he had made alliances. He then spoke to me of the King, and I said I had been much pleased with him; indeed, the King gave me a very gratifying reception on my return from Kiow, and I see no reason why I should complain, when I am so well used. During the conversation the Emperor much extolled the conduct of the Duke of Orleans. He then gave me some description of his passage from the isle of Elba and his journey to Paris. He complained of being accused of ambition; and observing that I looked astonished and doubtful — 'What?' he continued, 'am I ambitious, then?' And patting his belly with both his hands, 'Can a man,' he asked, 'so fat as I am be ambitious?' I could not for my soul help saying, 'Ah! Sire, your Majesty is surely joking.' He pretended, however, to be serious, and after a few moments, noticing my decorations, he began to banter me about the Cross of St. Louis and the Cross of the Lily, which I still wore."

I asked Rapp whether all was true that had been said about the enthusiasm which was manifested along the whole of Napoleon's route from the Gulf of Juan to Paris. "*Ma foi!*" he replied, "I was not there any more than you, but all those who accompanied him have assured me of the truth of the details which have been published; but I recollect having heard Bertrand say that on one occasion he was fearful for the safety of the Emperor, in case any assassin should have presented himself. At Fossard, where the Emperor stopped to breakfast on his way to Paris, his escort was so fatigued as to be unable to follow, so that he was for some time almost alone on the road, until a squadron which was in garrison at Melun met him and escorted him to Fontainebleau. As to anything else, from all I have heard, the Emperor was exposed to no danger."

We then began to talk of our situation, and the singular chances of our fortune. Rapp told me how, within a few days only, he had ceased to be one of the discontented; for the condition of the Generals who had commanded army corps in the campaign of Waterloo was very different in 1815 from what it had been in 1814. "I had determined," he said, "to live a quiet life, to meddle with nothing, and not even to wear my uniform. I had, therefore, since the King's return never presented myself at Court; when, a week ago, while riding on horseback two or three hundred paces from this spot,[1] I saw a group of horsemen on the other side of the avenue, one of whom galloped towards me. I immediately recognised the Duc de Berri. 'How, Monseigneur, is it you?' I exclaimed. 'It is, my dear General; and since you will not come to us, I must come to you. Will you breakfast with me to-morrow morning?' *Ma foi!*" continued Rapp, "what could I do? The tone of kindness in which he gave this invitation quite charmed me. I went, and I was treated so well that I shall go again. But I will ask for nothing: I only want these Prussians and English rascals out of the way!" I complimented Rapp on his conduct, and told him that it was impossible that so loyal and honest a man as he should not, at some time or other, attract the King's notice. I had the happiness to see this prediction accomplished. Since that time I regularly saw Rapp whenever we both happened to be in Paris, which was pretty often.

I have already mentioned that in the month of August the King named me Councillor of State.[2] On the 19th of the following month I was appointed Minister of State

[1] We were then near the Barrière de l'Étoile, and were turning back. — *Bourrienne.*

[2] I discharged the functions of Councillor of State until 1818, at which time an Ordinance appeared declaring those functions incompatible with the title of Minister of State. — *Bourrienne.*

and member of the Privy Council, I may close these volumes by relating a circumstance very flattering to me, and connected with the last-mentioned nomination. The King had directed M. de Talleyrand to present to him, in his official character of President of the Council of Ministers, a list of the persons who might be deemed suitable as members of the Privy Council. The King, having read the list, said to his Minister, "But, M. de Talleyrand, I do not see here the names of two of our best friends, Bourrienne and Alexis de Noailles." — "Sire, I thought their nomination would seem more flattering in coming directly from your Majesty." The King then added my name to the list, and afterwards that of the Comte Alexis de Noailles, so that both our names are written in Louis XVIII.'s own hand in the original Ordinance.[1]

I have now brought to a conclusion my narrative of the extraordinary events in which I have taken part, either as a spectator or an actor, during the course of a strangely diversified life, of which nothing now remains but recollections.

[1] For a totally different version of this incident, see the passage about Bourrienne in the following chapter, p. 358, and De Vitrolles, tome iii. p. 219.

CHAPTER XII.[1]

THE CENT JOURS.

THE extraordinary rapidity of events during the *Cent Jours*, or Hundred Days of Napoleon's reign in 1815, and the startling changes in the parts previously filled by the chief personages, make it difficult to consider it as an historical period; it more resembles a series of sudden theatrical transformations, only broken by the great pause while the nation waited for news from the army

The first Restoration of the Bourbons had been so unexpected, and was so rapidly carried out, that the Bonapartists, or indeed all France, had hardly realised the situation before Napoleon was again in the Tuileries; and during the *Cent Jours* both Bonapartists and Royalists were alike rubbing their eyes, asking whether they were awake, and wondering which was the reality and which the dream, the Empire or the Restoration.

It is both difficult and interesting to attempt to follow the history of the chief characters of the period; and the reader must pardon some abrupt transitions from person to person, and from group to group, while the details of some subsequent movements of the Bonaparte family[2] must be thrown in to give a proper idea of the strange

[1] This chapter is inserted by the editor of the 1885 edition.

[2] The account given of the Bonaparte family is founded on Wouters' "Histoire Chronologique de la République et de l'Empire suivie des Annales Napoléoniennes" (Bruxelles, Wouters Frères, 1847), which was written under the superintendence of Prince Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte. See also, for many of the characters in this chapter, the "Court and Camp of Bonaparte" (London, Murray, 1831), which is fairly correct considering its date.

revolution in their fortunes. We may divide the characters with which we have to deal into five groups, — the Bonaparte family, the Marshals, the Statesmen of the Empire, the Bourbons, and the Allied Monarchs. One figure and one name will be missing, but if we omit all account of poor, bleeding, mutilated France, it is but leaving her in the oblivion in which she was left at the time by every one except by Napoleon.

The disaster of 1814 had rather dispersed than crushed the Bonaparte family, and they rallied immediately on the return from Elba. The final fall of the Empire was total ruin to them. The provisions of the Treaty of Fontainebleau, which had been meant to insure a maintenance to them, had not been carried out while Napoleon was still a latent power, and after 1815 the Bourbons were only too happy to find a reason for not paying a debt they had determined never to liquidate. It was well for any of the Bourbons in their days of distress to receive the bounty of the usurper, but there was a peculiar pleasure in refusing to pay the price promised for his immediate abdication.

The flight of the Bonapartes in 1815 was rapid. Metternich writes to Maria Louisa in July, 1815: "Madame Mère and Cardinal Fesch left yesterday for Tuscany. We do not know exactly where Joseph is. Lucien is in England under a false name, Jérôme in Switzerland, Louis at Rome. Queen Hortense has set out for Switzerland, whither General de Flahault and his mother will follow her. Murat seems to be still at Toulon; this, however, is not certain." Was ever such an account of a dynasty given! These had all been among the great ones of Europe: in a moment they were fugitives, several of them having for the rest of their lives a bitter struggle with poverty. Fortunately for them the Pope, the King of Holland, and the Grand

Duke of Tuscany were not under heavy obligations to Napoleon, and could thus afford to give to his family the protection denied them by those monarchs who believed themselves bound to redeem their former servility.

When Napoleon landed, Maria Louisa was in Austria, and she was eager to assist in taking every precaution to prevent her son, the young King of Rome, being spirited off to join his father, whose fortunes she had sworn to share. She herself was fast falling under the influence of the one-eyed Austrian General, Neipperg, just then left a widower, who was soon to be admitted to share her bed. By 1829 she seemed to have entirely forgotten the different members of the Bonaparte family, speaking of her life in France as "a bad dream."[1] She obtained the Grand Duchy of Parma, where she reigned till 1847, marrying a third time, it is said, the Count Bombelles, and dying just too soon to be hunted from her Duchy by the Revolution of 1848.

There is something very touching in most that we know of the poor young King of Rome, from his childish but strangely prescient resistance to his removal from Paris to Blois on the approach of the Allies in 1814, to the message of remembrance sent in after years to the column of the Place Vendôme, "his only friend in Paris."

At four years of age Méneval describes him as gentle, but quick in answering, strong, and with excellent health. "Light curly hair in ringlets set off a fresh face, while fine blue eyes lit up his regular features. He was precociously intelligent, and knew more than most children older than himself."[2] When

[1] This is in opposition to the mention made of Maria Louisa in Napoleon's Will; but see Méneval, tome ii. pp. 360–369, and Vitrolles, tome iii. pp. 500–508, and the "Talleyrand Correspondence," vol. ii. p. 19.

[2] Méneval, tome ii. p. 225.

Méneval — the former secretary of his father, giving up his post in Austria with Maria Louisa, as he was about to rejoin Napoleon — took farewell of the Prince in May, 1815, the poor little motherless child "drew me towards the window, and, giving me a touching look, said in a low tone, 'Monsieur Méva, tell him (Napoleon) that I always love him dearly.'"[1] We say "motherless," because Maria Louisa seems to have yielded up her child at the dictates of policy to be closely guarded as easily as she gave up her husband. "If," wrote Madame de Montesquiou, his governess, "the child had a mother, I would leave him in her hands, and be happy, but she is nothing like a mother, she is more indifferent to his fate than the most utter stranger in her service."[2] His grandfather, the Emperor Francis, to do him justice, seems to have been really kind to the lad, and while, in 1814, 1815, and in 1830, taking care to deprive him of all chance of his glorious inheritance, still seems to have cared for him personally, and to have been always kind to him. There is no truth in the story that the Austrians neglected his education and connived at the ruin of his faculties. Both his tutor, the Count Maurice Dietrichstein, and Marshal Marmont, who conversed with him in 1831, agree in speaking highly of him as full of promise: Marmont's evidence being especially valuable as showing that the Austrians did not object to the Duke of Reichstadt (as he had been created by his grandfather in 1818)[3] learning all he could of his father's life from one of the Marshals. In 1831 Marmont describes him: "I recognised his father's look in him, and in that he most resembled Napoleon. His

[1] Méneval, tome ii. p. 326.

[2] Iung's "Lucien," tome iii. p. 181.

[3] For the indemnity set apart for the Duke instead of Parma, see Méneval, tome ii. p. 214.

eyes, not so large as those of Napoleon, and sunk deeper in their sockets, had the same expression, the same fire, the same energy. His forehead was like that of his father, and so was the lower part of his face and his chin. Then his complexion was that of Napoleon in his youth, with the same pallor and the same colour of the skin, but all the rest of his face recalled his mother and the House of Austria. He was taller than Napoleon by about three inches." [1]

As long as the Duke lived, his name was naturally the rallying-point of the Bonapartes, and was mentioned in some of the many conspiracies against the Bourbons. In 1830 Joseph Bonaparte tried to get the sanction of the Austrians to his nephew being put forward as a claimant to the throne of France, vacant by the flight of Charles X., but they held their captive firmly.[2] A very interesting passage is given in the "Memoirs of Charles Greville," who says that Prince Esterhazy told him "a great deal about the Duke of Reichstadt, who, if he had lived, would have probably played a great part in the world. He died of a premature decay, brought on, apparently, by over-exertion and over-excitement;[3] his talents were very conspicuous, he was *pétri d'ambition*, worshipped the memory of his father, and for that reason never liked his mother; his thoughts were incessantly turned towards France, and when he heard of the Days of July (overthrow of Charles X.), he said, 'Why was I not there to take my chance?' He evinced great affection and gratitude to his grandfather, who, while he scrupulously observed all his obligations towards Louis Philippe,

[1] Marmont, tome viii. p. 375.

[2] Metternich, vol. v. p. 107, and Iung's "Lucien," tome iii. pp. 398–403.

[3] Marmont (tome viii. pp. 399, 400) attributes this to the Duke having overheard a sneer about his want of energy, after which he over-strained himself.

could not help feeling a secret pride in the aspiring genius of Napoleon's son. He was well educated, and day and night pored over the history of his father's glorious career. He delighted in military exercises, and not only shone at the head of his regiment, but had already acquired the hereditary art of ingratiating himself with the soldiers." [1] Esterhazy went on to describe how the Duke abandoned everything at a ball when he met there Marshals Marmont and Maison: [2] "He had no eyes or ears but for them; from nine in the evening to five the next morning he devoted himself to these Marshals." There was the true Napoleonic ring in his answer to advice given by Marmont when the Duke said that he would not allow himself to be put forward by the Sovereigns of Europe. "The son of Napoleon should be too great to serve as an instrument; and in events of that nature I wish not to be an advanced guard, but a reserve, — that is, to come as a succour, recalling great memories." [3]

His death in 1832, on the 22d of July, the anniversary of the battle of Salamanca, solved many questions. Metternich visited the Duke on his deathbed. "It was a heartrending sight. I never remember to have seen a more mournful picture of decay." [4] When Francis was told of the death of his grandson, he answered, "I look upon the Duke's death as a blessing for him. Whether it be detrimental or otherwise to the public good, I do not know. As for myself, I shall ever lament the loss of my grandson." [5]

[1] "The Greville Memoirs" ("Journal of Charles Greville," London, Longmans, 1874), vol. iii. pp. 374, 375. See, however, the very different account given by Wouters, "Annales Napoléoniennes," p. 1049.

[2] Maison, a General and Count of the Empire, was made Marshal of France in 1829.

[3] Marmont, tome viii. p. 397.

[4] Metternich, vol. v. p. 196.

[5] *Ibid.*

Josephine was in her grave at Rueil when Napoleon returned. She had died on the 29th of May, 1814, at Malmaison, while the Allies were exhibiting themselves in Paris. It seems hard that she should not have lived to enjoy a triumph, however brief, over her Austrian rival. "She, at least," said Napoleon truly, "would never have abandoned me."

Josephine's daughter, Hortense, separated from her husband, Louis Bonaparte, and created Duchess of St. Leu by Louis XVIII., was in Paris, much suspected by the Bourbons, but really engaged in a lawsuit with her husband about the custody of her sons. She had to go into hiding when the news of the landing arrived, but her empty house, left unwatched, became very useful for receiving the Bonapartists, who wished for a place of concealment, — amongst them, as we shall see, being, of all people, Fouché! Hortense was met by Napoleon with some reproaches for accepting a title from the Bourbons, but she did the honours of the Élysée for him, and it is creditable to both of them that, braving the vile slanders about their intercourse, she was with him to the end; and that one of the last persons to embrace him at Malmaison before he started for the coast was his adopted daughter, the child of his discarded wife. Hortense's presence in Paris was thought to be too dangerous by the Prussian Governor, and she was peremptorily ordered to leave. An appeal to the Emperor Francis received a favourable answer, but Francis always gave way where any act against his son-in-law was in question, and she had to start at the shortest notice on a wandering life to Aix, Baden, and Constance, till the generosity of the small but brave canton of Thurgau enabled her to get a resting-place at the Château of Arenenberg.

In 1831 she lost her second son, the eldest then sur-

viving, who died from fever in a revolutionary attempt in which he and his younger brother, the future Napoleon III., were engaged. She was able to visit France *incognita*, and even to see Louis Philippe and his Queen; but her presence in the country was soon thought dangerous, and she was urged to leave. In 1836 Hortense's last child, Louis Napoleon, made his attempt at an *émeute* at Strasburg, and was shipped off to America by the Government. She went to France to plead for him, and then, worn out by grief and anxiety, returned to Arenenberg, which her son, the future Emperor, only succeeded in reaching in time to see her die in October, 1837. She was laid with Josephine at Rueil.

Hortense's brother, Prince Eugène, the Viceroy of Italy, was at Vienna when Napoleon returned, and fell under the suspicion of the Allies of having informed the Emperor of the intention of removing him from Elba. He was detained in Bavaria by his father-in-law the King, to whose Court he retired, and who in 1817 created him Duke of Leuchtenberg and Prince of Eichstadt. With the protection of Bavaria he actually succeeded in wringing from the Bourbons some 700,000 francs of the property of his mother. A first attack of apoplexy struck him in 1823, and he died from a second in February, 1824, at Munich. His descendants have intermarried into the Royal families of Portugal, Sweden, Brazil, Russia, and Würtemberg; his grandson now (1884) holds the title of Leuchtenberg.

Except Louis, an invalid, all the brothers of the Emperor were around him in the *Cent Jours*, the supreme effort of their family. Joseph had left Spain after Vittoria, and had remained in an uncomfortable and unrecognised state near Paris until in 1814 he was again employed, and when, rightly or not, he urged the retreat of the Regency from Paris to Blois. He then took refuge

at his château of Prangins in the canton Vaud in Switzerland, closely watched by the Bourbonists, who dreaded danger from every side except the real point, and who preferred trying to hunt the Bonapartists from place to place, instead of making their life bearable by carrying out the engagements with them.

In 1815, escaping from the arrest with which he was threatened, after having written to urge Murat to action with fatal effect, Joseph joined Napoleon in Paris, and appeared at the Champ-de-Mai, sitting also in the Chamber of Peers, but, as before, putting forward ridiculous pretensions as to his inherent right to the peerage, and claiming a special seat. In fact, he never could realise how entirely he owed any position to the brother he wished to treat as an equal.

He remained in Paris during the brief campaign, and after Waterloo was concealed in the house of the Swedish Ambassador, where his sister-in-law, the Crown Princess of Sweden, the wife of Bernadotte, was living. Muffling, the Prussian Governor of Paris, wished to arrest him, but as the Governor could not violate the domicile of an Ambassador, he had to apply to the Czar, who arranged for the escape of the ex-King before the Governor could seize him. Joseph went to the coast, pretty much following the route of Napoleon. He was arrested once at Saintes, but was allowed to proceed, and he met his brother on the 4th of July at Rochefort.

It is significant as to the possibility of the escape of Napoleon that Joseph succeeded in getting on the brig Commerce as "M. Bouchard," and, though the ship was thrice searched by the English, he got to New York on the 28th of August, where he was mistaken for Carnot. He was well received, and, taking the title of Comte de Survilliers, he first lived at Lansdowne, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, where he afterwards always passed part of

the year while he was in America. He also bought the property of Point Breeze, at Bordentown, on the Delaware, where he built a house with a fine view of the river. This first house was burnt down, but he erected another, where he lived in some state and in great comfort, displaying his jewels and pictures to his admiring neighbours, and showing kindness to impecunious nephews.[1]

The news of the Revolution of July in 1830, which drove Charles X. from the throne, excited Joseph's hopes for the family of which he considered himself the Regent, and he applied to Metternich to get the Austrian Government to allow or assist in the placing his nephew, the Duke of Reichstadt, on the throne of France. Austria would not even answer.

In July, 1832, Joseph crossed to England, where he met Lucien, just arrived from Italy, bringing the news of the death of his nephew. Disappointed, he stayed in England for some time,[2] but returned to America in 1836. In 1839 he finally left America, and again came to England, where he had a paralytic stroke, and in 1843 he went to Florence, where he met his wife after a long separation.

Joseph lived long enough to see the two attempts of another nephew, Louis Napoleon, at Strasburg in 1836, and at Boulogne in 1840, which seem to have been undertaken without his knowledge, and to have much surprised him. He died in Florence in 1844; his body was buried first in Santa Croce, Florence, but was removed to the Invalides in 1864. His wife, the ex-Queen, had retired in 1815 to Frankfort and to Brussels, where she was well

[1] See "Scribner's Monthly," vol. xxi. 1880–1881, November, 1880, p. 28: "Bordentown and the Bonapartes."

[2] For reference to the unpretentious demeanour of Joseph and Lucien in England, see "Journal of Charles Greville" (Longmans, 1874), vol. iii. pp. 11 and 18.

received by the King, William, and where she stayed till 1823, when she went to Florence, dying there in 1845. Her monument is in the Cappella Riccardi, Santa Croce, Florence.

Lucien had retired to Rome in 1804, on the creation of the Empire, and had continued embroiled with his brother, partly from his so-called Republican principles, but chiefly from his adhering to his marriage, his second one, with Madame Jouberthon, — a union which Napoleon steadily refused to acknowledge, offering Lucien anything, a kingdom or the hand of a queen (if we take Lucien's account), if he would only consent to the annulment of the contract.

In August, 1810, affecting uneasiness as Napoleon stretched his power over Rome, Lucien embarked for America, but he was captured by the English and taken, first to Malta and then to England, where he passed the years till 1814 in a sort of honourable captivity, first at Ludlow and then at Thorngrove, not far from that town.

In 1814 Lucien was released, when he went to Rome, where he was welcomed by the kindly old Pope, who remembered the benefits conferred by Napoleon on the Church, while he forgot the injuries personal to himself; and the stiff-necked Republican, the one-time "Brutus" Bonaparte, accepted the title of Duke of Musignano and Prince of Canino.

In 1815 Lucien joined his brother, whom he wished to abdicate at the Champ-de-Mai in favour of the King of Rome, placing his sword only at the disposal of France. This step was seriously debated, but, though it might have placed the Allies in a more difficult position, it would certainly have been disregarded by them, at least unless some great victory had given the dynasty firmer footing. After Waterloo he was in favour of a dissolu-

tion of the Chambers, but Napoleon had become hopeless and almost apathetic, while Lucien himself, from his former connection with the 18th and 19th Brumaire, was looked on with great distrust by the Chambers, as indeed he was by his brother. Advantage was taken of his Roman title to taunt him with not being a Frenchman, and all his efforts failed. At the end he fled, and failing to cross to England or to get to Rochefort, he reached Turin on the 12th of July only to find himself arrested. He remained there till the 15th of September, when he was allowed to go to Rome. There he was interned and carefully watched; indeed in 1817 the Pope had to intervene to prevent his removal to the North of Germany, so anxious were the Allies as to the safety of the puppet they had put on the throne of France.

The death of Napoleon in 1821 released Lucien and the Bonaparte family from the constant surveillance exercised over them till then. In 1830 he bought a property, the Croce del Biacco, near Bologna. The flight of the elder branch of the Bourbons from France in 1830 raised his hopes, and, as already said, he went to England in 1832 to meet Joseph and to plan some step for raising Napoleon II. to the throne. The news of the death of his nephew dashed all the hopes of the family, and after staying in England for some time he returned to Italy, dying at Viterbo in 1840, and being buried at Canino, where also his second wife lies. Lucien had a taste for literature, and was the author of several works, which a kindly posterity will allow to die.

Louis Bonaparte had fled from his Kingdom of Holland in 1810, after a short reign of four years, disgusted with being expected to study the interests of the brother to whom he owed his throne, and with being required to treat his wife Hortense with ordinary consideration. He had taken refuge in Austria, putting that Court in great

anxiety how to pay him the amount of attention to be expected by the brother of the Emperor, and at the same time the proper coldness Napoleon might wish shown to a royal deserter. Thanks to the suggestions of Metternich, they seem to have been successful in this task. Taking the title of Comte de St. Leu from an estate in France, Louis went first to Toplitz, then to Gratz, and in 1813 he took refuge in Switzerland. In 1814 he went to Rome, and then to Florence, where the Grand Duke Ferdinand received any of the family who came there with great kindness.

Louis was the least interesting of the family, and it is difficult to excuse his absence from France in 1815. After all, the present of a kingdom is not such an unpardonable offence as to separate brothers for ever, and Napoleon seems to have felt deeply the way in which he was treated by a brother to whom he had acted as a father; still ill-health and the natural selfishness of invalids may account for much. While his son Louis Napoleon was flying about making his attempts on France, Louis remained in the Roman Palace of the French Academy, sunk in anxiety about his religious state. He disclaimed his son's proceedings, but this may have been due to the Pope, who sheltered him. Anyhow, it is strange to mark the difference between the father and his two sons who came of age, and who took to revolution so kindly.

In 1846 Louis was ill at Leghorn when his son escaped from Ham, where he had been imprisoned after his Boulogne attempt. Passports were refused to the son to go from Italy to his father, and Louis died alone on the 25th of July, 1846. He was buried at Santa Croce, Florence, but the body was afterwards removed to the village church of St. Leu Taverny, rebuilt by his son Napoleon III.

Jérôme, the youngest of the whole family, the "middy," as Napoleon liked to call him, had been placed in the navy, in which profession he passed as having distinguished himself, after leaving his admiral in rather a peculiar manner, by attacking an English convoy, and eventually escaping the English by running into the port of Concarneau, believed to be inaccessible. At that time it was an event for a French man-of-war to reach home.

Jérôme had incurred the anger of Napoleon by marrying a beautiful young lady of Baltimore, a Miss Paterson, but, more obedient than Lucien, he submitted to have this marriage annulled by his all-powerful brother, and in reward he received the brand-new Kingdom of Westphalia, and the hand of a daughter of the King of Würtemberg, "the cleverest King in Europe," according to Napoleon. Jérôme is said to have ruled rather more as a Heliogabalus than a Solomon, but the new Kingdom had the advantage of starting with good administrators, and with the example of "the Code."

In 1812 Jérôme was given the command of the right wing of the Grand Army in its advance against Russia, but he did not fulfil the expectations of his brother, and Davoust took the command instead. Every king feels himself a born general: whatever else they cannot do, war is an art which comes with the crown, and Jérôme, unwilling to serve under a mere Marshal, withdrew in disgust. In 1813 he had the good feeling and the good sense to refuse the treacherous offer of the Allies to allow him to retain his kingdom if he joined them against his brother, a snare his sister Caroline fell into at Naples.

On the downfall of Napoleon, Jérôme, as the Count of Gratz, went to Switzerland, and then to Gratz and Trieste. His wife, the ex-Queen Catherine, fell into the hands of Maubreuil, the officer sent on a mysterious mission,

believed to be intended for the murder of Napoleon, but which only resulted in the robbery of the Queen's jewels and of some 80,000 francs. The jewels were for the most part recovered, being fished up from the bed of the Seine,[1] but not the cash.

In 1815 Jérôme joined his brother, and appeared at the Champ-de-Mai. A true Bonaparte, his vanity was much hurt, however, by having — he, a real king — to sit on the back seat of the carriage, while his elder brother Lucien, a mere Roman prince, occupied a seat of honour by the side of Napoleon. In the Waterloo campaign he was given the 6th division, forming part of Reille's corps, General Guilleminot being sent with him to prevent any of the awkwardnesses of 1812. His division was engaged with the Prussians on the 15th of June, and at Quatre Bras he was severely wounded. At Waterloo his division formed the extreme left of the French infantry, opposite Hougomont, and was engaged in the struggle for that post. Whatever his failings may have been, he is acknowledged to have fought gallantly. After the battle he was given the command of the army by his brother, and was told to cover the retreat to Laon, which he reached on the 21st of June, with 18,000 infantry, 3,000 cavalry and two batteries which he had rallied.[2] This, be it observed, is a larger force than Ney told the Chambers even Grouchy (none of whose men are included) could have, and Jérôme's strength had swollen to 25,000 infantry and 6,000 cavalry when he handed over the army to Soult at Laon. Napoleon had intended to leave Jérôme with the command of the army, but he eventually took him to Paris.

When Napoleon left the country, Jérôme was assured by the ambassador of Würtemberg that he would find a

[1] De Vitrolles, tome ii. p. 86.
[2] Bingham's "Letters of Napoleon," vol. iii. p. 401.

refuge in the dominions of his father-in-law; but when he arrived there, he was informed that if he did not wish to be, according to the original intentions of the Allies, handed over to the Prussians, and separated from his wife, he must sign an engagement to remain in Würtemberg under strict surveillance. He was then imprisoned at Göppingen, and afterwards at Ellwangen, where he was not even allowed to write or receive letters except through the captain of the château.

Part of Jérôme's troubles came from the conduct of his wife Catherine, who had the idea that, as she had been given in marriage by her father to Jérôme, as she had lived for seven years as his wife, and as she had borne a child to him, she was really his wife, and bound to remain with him in his misfortunes! The Royal family of Würtemberg, however, following the illustrious example of that of Austria, looked on her past life as a mere state of concubinage, useful to the family, and to be respected while her husband could retain his kingdom, but which should end the moment there was nothing more to be gained from Napoleon or his brother. It was all proper and decorous to retain the title of King of Würtemberg, which the former Duke and then Elector had owed to the exile of St. Helena, but King Frederick, and still less his son William, who succeeded him in 1816, could not comprehend Catherine's clinging to her husband when he had lost his kingdom. "I was a Queen; I am still a wife and mother," wrote the Princess to her disgusted father. Another complaint against this extraordinary Princess was that she actually saw Las Cases on his return from St. Helena, and thus obtained news of the exile.[1]

After constant ill-treatment Jérôme and his wife, as the Count and Countess of Montfort, a rank the King of

[1] See Catherine's own account in Méneval, tome iii. pp. 403–427.

Würtemberg afterwards raised to Prince, were allowed to proceed to Hainburg near Vienna, then to Florence, and, later, to Trieste, where Jérôme was when his sister Elisa died. In 1823 they were permitted to go to Rome, and in 1835 they went to Lausanne, where his true-hearted wife died the same year. Jérôme went to Florence, and lived to see the revival of the Empire, and to once more enjoy the rank of a French Prince. He died in 1860 at the château of Villegenis in France, and was buried in the Invalides.

The mother of the Emperor, Letitia, in 1814, had retained her title of Impératrice Mère, and had retired to Rome. She then went to Elba in June, and stayed there with her daughter Pauline until Napoleon had sailed from France. On 2d March, 1814, she went from Elba to San Vicenzo, near Leghorn, and then to Rome. Her son sent a frigate for her, the Melpomene, which was captured by the English Rivoli;[1] another vessel, the Dryade, brought her to France, and she joined Napoleon in Paris. One must have a regard for this simple old lady, who was always careful and saving, only half believing in the stability of the Empire; and, like a true mother, always most attentive to the most unfortunate of her children. Her life had been full of startling changes, and it must have been strange for the woman who had been hunted out of Corsica, flying from her house just in time to save her life from the adherents of Paoli, to find herself in grandeur in Paris. She saw her son just before he left, as she thought, for America, and then retired to the Rinuccini — now the Bonaparte — Palace at Rome, where she died in 1836. She had been anxious to join Napoleon at St. Helena, and had refused, as long as Napoleon was alive, to forgive her daughter Caroline,

[1] James' "Naval History," vol. vi. p. 227.

the wife of Murat, for her abandonment of her brother. She was buried at Albano.

Letitia's youngest daughter, the beautiful but frail Pauline, Duchess of Guastalla, married first to General Leclerc, and then to Prince Camille Borghèse, was at Nice when her brother abdicated in 1814. She retired with her mother to Rome, and in October, 1814, went to Elba, staying there till Napoleon left, except when she was sent to Naples with a message of forgiveness for Murat. There was a characteristic scene between her and Colonel Campbell when the English Commissioner arrived to find Napoleon gone. Pauline professed ignorance till the last of her brother's intentions, and pressed the Colonel's hand to her heart, that he might feel how agitated she was. "She did not appear to be so," says the battered old Colonel, who seems to have been proof against her charms. She then went to Rome, and later to Pisa. Her health was failing, and, unable to join her brother in France, she sent him her only means of assistance, her jewels, which were captured at Waterloo. Her offer to go to St. Helena, repeated several times, was never accepted by Napoleon. She died in 1825 at Florence, from consumption, reconciled to her husband, from whom she had been separated since 1807. She was buried at Sta. Maria Maggiore, Rome.

Elisa, the eldest sister of Napoleon, the former Grand-Duchess of Tuscany, which Duchy she had ruled well, being a woman of considerable talent, was the first of all to die. In 1814 she had been forced to fly from her Government, and, accompanied by her husband, she had attempted to reach France. Finding herself cut off by the Austrians, she took shelter with Augereau's army, and then returned to Italy. She took the title of Comtesse de Campignano, and retired to Trieste, near which town, at the Château of Sant Andrea, under a

wearisome surveillance, she expired in 1820, watched by her husband, Felix Bacciocchi, and her sister Caroline. Her monument is in the Bacciocchi Chapel in San Petronio, Bologna.

Caroline, the wife of Murat, was the only one of the family untrue to Napoleon. Very ambitious, and forgetting how completely she owed her Kingdom of Naples to her brother, she had urged Murat in 1814 to separate from Napoleon, and, still worse, to attack Eugène, who held the North of Italy against the Austrians. She relied on the formal treaty with Austria that Murat should retain his Kingdom of Naples, and she may also have trusted to the good offices of her former admirer Metternich. When the Congress of Vienna met, the French Minister, Talleyrand, at once began to press for the removal of Murat. A trifling treaty was not considered an obstacle to the Heaven-sent deliverers of Europe, and Murat, believing his fate sealed, hearing of Napoleon's landing, and urged on by a misleading letter from Joseph Bonaparte, at once marched to attack the Austrians. He was easily routed by the Austrians under Neipperg, the future husband of Maria Louisa. Murat fled to France, and Caroline first took refuge in an English man-of-war, the Tremendous, being promised a free passage to England. She was, however, handed over to the Austrians, who kept her in confinement at Hainburg near Vienna. In October, 1815, Murat landed in Calabria in a last wild attempt to recover his throne. He was arrested, and immediately shot. After his murder Caroline, taking the title of Countess of Lipona (an anagram of Napoli), was permitted to retire to Trieste with Elisa, Jérôme, and his wife. Caroline was almost without means of existence, the Neapolitan Bourbons refusing even to give up the property she had brought there. She married a General Macdonald. When Hortense was

buried at Rueil, Caroline obtained permission to attend the sad ceremony. In 1838 she went to France to try to obtain a pension, and succeeded in getting one of 100,000 francs. She died from cancer in the stomach in 1839, and was buried in the Campo Santo, Bologna.

Cardinal Fesch, the half-uncle of Napoleon, the Archbishop of Lyons, who had fallen into disgrace with Napoleon for taking the side of the Pope and refusing to accept the see of Paris, to which he was nominated by Napoleon, had retired to Rome in 1814, where he remained till the return of Napoleon, when he went to Paris, and accepted a peerage. After Waterloo he again sought the protection of the Pope, and he remained at Rome till his death in 1839, a few days before Caroline Bonaparte's. He was buried in S. Lorenzo in Lucina, Rome. He had for years been a great collector of pictures, of which he left a large number (1,200) to the town of Ajaccio. The Cardinal, buying at the right time when few men had either enough leisure or money to think of pictures, got together a most valuable collection. This was sold in 1843-44 at Rome. Its contents now form some of the greatest treasures in the galleries of Dudley House and of the Marquis of Hertford, now Sir Richard Wallace's. In a large collection there are generally some daubs, but it is an amusing instance of party spirit to find the value of his pictures run down by men who are unwilling to allow any one connected with Napoleon to have even taste in art. He always refused the demands of the Restoration that he should resign his see of Lyons, though under Louis Philippe he offered to do so, and leave his pictures to France, if the Bonaparte family were allowed to enter France: this was refused.

It can hardly be denied that the fate of the Bonapartes was a hard one. Napoleon had been undisputed sovereign of France for fourteen years, Louis had been King of

Holland for four years, Jérôme was King of Westphalia for six years, Caroline was Queen of Naples for seven years. If Napoleon had forfeited all his rights by leaving Elba after the conditions of his abdication had been broken by the Allies, still there was no reason why the terms stipulated for the other members of the family should not have been carried out, or at least an ordinary income insured to them. With all Napoleon's faults he was always ready to shower wealth on the victims of his policy. The sovereigns of the Continent had courted and intermarried with the Bonapartes in the time of that family's grandeur: there was neither generosity nor wisdom in treating them as so many criminals the moment fortune had declared against them. The conduct of the Allies was not influenced simply by the principle of legitimacy, for the King of Saxony only kept his throne by the monarchs falling out over the spoil. If sovereigns were to be respected as of divine appointment, it was not well to make their existence only depend on the fate of war.

Nothing in the history of the *Cent Jours* is more strange than the small part played in it by the Marshals, the very men who are so identified in our minds with the Emperor, that we might have expected to find that brilliant band playing a most prominent part in his last great struggle, no longer for mere victory, but for very existence. In recording how the Guard came up the fatal hill at Waterloo for their last combat, it would seem but natural to have to give a long roll of the old historic names as leading or at least accompanying them; and the reader is apt to ask, where were the men whose very titles recalled such glorious battle-fields, such achievements, and such rewards showered down by the man who, almost alone at the end of the day, rode forward

to invite that death from which it was such cruel kindness to save him?

Only three Marshals were in Belgium in 1815, and even of them one did but count his promotion from that very year, so it is but natural for French writers to dream of what might have been the course of the battle if Murat's plume had waved with the cavalry, if Mortier had been with the Guard, and if Davoust or one of his tried brethren had taken the place of Grouchy. There is, however, little real ground for surprise at this absence of the Marshals. Death, time, and hardship had all done their work amongst that grand array of commanders. Some were old men, veterans of the Revolutionary wars, when first created Marshals in 1804; others, such as Masséna, were now but the wreck of themselves; and even before 1812 Napoleon had been struck with the failing energy of some of his original companions: indeed, it might have been better for him if he had in 1813, as he half resolved, cast away his dislike to new faces, and fought his last desperate campaigns with younger men who still had fortunes to win, leaving "Berthier to hunt at Grosbois," and the other Marshals to enjoy their well-deserved rest in their splendid hôtels at Paris.

Besides, in 1814 the Marshals, perhaps partly necessarily, had taken — still more, had been believed by the army to have taken, — a principal part in forcing the abdication of Napoleon; and the officers of the junior ranks, with the old privates, the lion-hearted men whose fidelity never swerved, and who thought themselves well rewarded for a life passed in his service if they caught but a glance of the Emperor as he swept over the field where they lay with just enough life for one last cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" such men, forming a large part of the army, looked with great distrust on the Marshals who

had taken rank, honour, and wealth from the Emperor, and who had then shrunk from the side of the beaten Napoleon, or forced the pen into his unwilling hands, in their panic at the idea of losing the rewards they had received from him.

Thus, while Napoleon himself had good reason for meeting his Marshals with but little of his former trust, the mass of the army were full of suspicion even of those who were fighting under the tricolour, this feeling going so far that one private, on the very field of Ligny, ran out to warn the Emperor that Soult was betraying him. On the other side the Marshals themselves had but too great remembrance of the warmth, real or affected, with which they had received the Bourbons; and even Ney, cheerfully venturing his life a thousand times at Waterloo, did so without the confidence which had been in his breast when he alone formed the rear-guard of the army on the retreat from Moscow. Thus, we have now but a sorry tale to tell, — a mean and dreary ending to a glorious history.

For our present purpose we may divide the Marshals into three groups, — those absent or dead; those who remained true to the Bourbons; and those who, more or less reluctantly, joined Napoleon.[1]

The wretched Augereau we may leave out of account. At first destined by Napoleon for punishment, he soon attempted to atone for his base conduct to the Emperor in 1814 by a violent proclamation against the Bourbons. From that moment he was held in just contempt by both parties, only appearing again as one of the members of the military court who, with fatal goodwill, accepted the ill-advised objection of Ney against their competence. He died in 1816, bitterly regretting, it is said, his vote at the trial of Ney: he had much to regret.

[1] For an interesting sketch of some of the Marshals, see "Temple Bar," vol. lxviii., No. 273, 1883, p. 495.

Death had removed some of the most brilliant of the list of Marshals. The rough, gallant, well-tried Lannes had died from wounds received at Essling in 1809. Bessières had been killed in 1813, the day before Lutzen. Poniatowski, who had wielded his *bâton* a brief but eventful three days, had been drowned in the retreat from Leipsic. Berthier, the constant companion of Napoleon in Italy, in Egypt, indeed in every campaign from 1796, had abandoned his friend in 1814, and had welcomed the Bourbons with indecent warmth. In 1815 he accompanied the King over the frontier, privately expressing his intention of returning to rejoin Napoleon, who, threatening to strike him off the roll of Marshals, would certainly have welcomed him with only a passing gibe at his appearance alongside the carriage of Louis XVIII. Berthier met his death in a mysterious manner at Bamberg, where he had retired to the lands of his wife's uncle, the King of Bavaria, by throwing himself (or being thrown) from a balcony, a matter to which we shall again refer when speaking of the death of Marshal Brune, in whose case a most determined murder was attempted to be represented as suicide.

Murat, in obedience, it is said, to the counsels of his wife, Caroline Bonaparte, had abandoned Napoleon in 1814, foolishly trusting to the promises of Austria that he should retain his Kingdom of Naples. He attacked Eugène, and thought he had purchased his safety by his base and foolish ingratitude. When the Congress of Vienna met, he soon found that his removal was one of the great aims of France, and neither the solemn treaty with Austria nor the old affection of Metternich for Caroline were any obstacles to the great plan of getting rid of the last Napoleonic Sovereign. Furious at this, Murat, ever rash, the moment he heard of the landing of Napoleon, distrusting the Austrians, afraid of Napo-

leon not giving him the object of his dreams, the whole of Italy, and wishing to force the hand of Napoleon, at once, with incredible folly, marched against the Austrians. He penetrated to the Po, but had to retire, and the Austrians, under Neipperg, afterwards to be the husband of Maria Louisa, forced him from his throne by the 20th of May. Murat fled to France and Corsica, leading a wretched life in hiding, but refusing the Austrian offer of an asylum if he would pledge his honour not to leave the Austrian dominions. At last he landed in Calabria, in a desperate attempt to recover his kingdom, was seized and shot on the 13th of October, 1815, — a deed which it is unnecessary to characterise. He died as he had lived, a brave but theatrical man, with his last breath giving the order to the firing party to spare his face. He deserved a better fate, but perhaps the Bourbon was mistaken in his cruelty, and, while attempting to revenge the death of the Duc d'Enghien, of which Murat was guiltless, may have saved Murat the misery of the wandering life he would have had to share with the family which had raised and ruined him by its alliance.

Bernadotte had been Crown Prince of Sweden from 1810. In 1813 and 1814 he had led an army against Napoleon, having great hopes of gaining the crown of France if the Emperor were dethroned. He had a difficult part to play, — to please the Allies whose votes he hoped to gain, while any victory won by his forces might be fatal to his chances with the French. He certainly would have been put forward by the Allies if it had been once determined that neither Napoleon nor the Bourbons were to be allowed to reign; but the claims of the Bourbons were too strong; and in any case it is impossible to believe that he would ever have been accepted by the army or by the nation. It is satisfactory

to note his total failure to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. The Allies became suspicious of him in 1814, and he had to be contented with the addition of Norway to his future kingdom, Sweden, which he governed with fair success from 1818 as Charles (John) XIV. to his death in 1844. The present King of Sweden is his grandson. The wife of Bernadotte, Eugénie Bernardine Désirée Clary, the sister-in-law of Joseph Bonaparte, was in Paris during the *Cent Jours*, living in the hôtel of the Swedish Ambassador, where she gave shelter to Joseph, as has already been said. She died in 1860.

The Marshals who adhered to the cause of the Bourbons in 1815 were Macdonald, Pérignon, Victor, Kellermann, Marmont, Gouvion St. Cyr, and Oudinot. Marmont had been exempted from Napoleon's amnesty by the Decrees of Lyons (in which Augereau was at first to have figured, till he won oblivion, if not pardon, by his violent proclamation against the Bourbons). On his arrival in Paris, Napoleon intended to strike off the list of Marshals Oudinot, Victor, and St. Cyr; and on the 10th of April[1] we find him writing to the War Minister to strike off Berthier, Marmont, Victor, Pérignon, Augereau, and Kellermann. Soult seems also to have been nearly treated in the same way. Napoleon was, however, always tender to those who had served him, and it is characteristic of the man to find him preparing to give pensions to any of the erring Marshals who might have no fortune.

Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, who had been long in a sort of disgrace under the Empire until made Marshal in 1809 for his services at Wagram, where Napoleon had offered him his hand on the field the day after the battle in token of reconciliation, had behaved loyally

[1] Bingham's "Letters of Napoleon," vol. iii. p. 372.

towards Napoleon in 1814, and had to the last struggled for his cause. In 1815 he remained faithful to the Bourbons. When Napoleon landed, he was commanding at Bourges, and he was ordered to Nimes to assist the Duc d'Angoulême. At Lyons he met the Comte d'Artois and the Duke of Orleans, who detained him to take the command of the troops. Macdonald did his best to keep the soldiers to their duty, but he was obliged to advise the Princes to withdraw; and as soon as Napoleon approached, Macdonald had to fly at full speed, pursued for a long distance by his own men, — a fact to be remembered in judging of the conduct of Ney. He was then employed in the task of attempting to collect an army at Melun, till the temper of the soldiers showed that to be useless. Macdonald then accompanied the King to Lille, where he and Mortier gave their best advice to the distracted Court, urging the King not to quit the country. On the 23d of March, when the King crossed the frontier, Macdonald refused to leave France, and retired to his home, where he was left undisturbed, although he refused the offers of Napoleon. Indeed, respected, as he well deserved to be, by both sides, we find the Prussian Governor of Paris after Waterloo singling him out, with Oudinot, as the two honourable officers on whom he could call. He met the King on his return to Paris, and was charged with the disbandment of the army when the Bourbons determined to break the sword which had fallen from the hands of the great captain, and which they were afraid even to preserve. Appropriately made Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, he had to announce the impossibility of doing any business in the Hôtel of the Order, so encumbered was it with the Allied troops, — a melancholy change from the time of its institution.[1] We

[1] Napoleon's appointments of civilians to the Legion are attacked in "Analysis and History of the Catholic Religion" (Bentley, 1826), p. 88.

find him always taking a creditable part in the debates of the time, — defending Drouot, for example; and in 1840 he closed a long and honourable life, entitled to make the proud and rare boast of having been faithful to two Sovereigns in the hour of their misfortunes.

When De Vitrolles was sent to the South to try to establish a government of resistance to Napoleon, he found poor old Marshal Pérignon living quietly in Languedoc, and called on him to take command of the forces at Toulouse. The Marshal did his best with a simple good faith which earned for him the sneers of his Royalist employer; but he was sorely puzzled by the temper of the troops, and when we think of the reason for the non-appearance of Mortier at Waterloo, it is odd to find Pérignon complaining that he had to remind his officers that when a call for sudden action was made, it was not the time to have sciatica or other illnesses. The illness prevalent among his officers, however, was only a dislike to serve against the Emperor, and as soon as a commissioner from Napoleon arrived, Pérignon was politely ousted from his command, and was allowed to retire to his home. The Bourbons gave him the rewards withheld by Napoleon, creating him a marquis and peer. He died in 1818.

Victor (really Claude Perrin), Duke of Belluno, never a very warm admirer of the Emperor, and who had been harshly treated in 1814, attempted to stem the tide in 1815, but had to follow the King out of the country. After the second Restoration he was president of the

"The same star which decorated the breast of the bravest of the brave, Ney, also glittered on that of the eunuch Crescentini." This arises from a misunderstanding. The Legion was intended for all services to the State, civil or military, and replaced the Bourbon Crosses of St. Louis for military, St. Michel for civil services, and the St. Esprit for grandees. See Mazas' "La Légion, 1854." In an unlucky attempt to include all merits, the singer Crescentini received, not the Legion, but the Iron Crown (*Mémorial*, tome vi. p. 288).

commission charged with the examination of the conduct of the officers of the army during the *Cent Jours:* a good choice for the Bourbons, as we find him voting for the death of Ney. He became Minister of War from December, 1821, to December, 1823, quitting the post on account of discussions connected with the irrepressible Ouvrard. He died in 1841, seventy-seven years old.

Kellermann, Duke of Valmy, who with Sérurier, Pérignon, and Lefebvre had been, even when created Marshal in 1804, intended to have only an honorary rank for past services, had been employed on the frontier in 1814. Made a peer by the King, he remained passively loyal during 1815, but voted always afterwards against the reaction. He died in 1820. We cannot help thinking of the good old Scotch custom of having one of the family on each side when we find the Marshal's son, the Kellermann of Marengo, fighting at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, although he had small reason for attachment to Napoleon.

Marmont, having done his best in 1814 to make the cause of Napoleon and of France hopeless by taking his corps over to the enemy, had wisely not carried out his pious intention of devoting the remainder of his years to the tender care of the personal comforts of Napoleon. He had much more sensibly remained high in the royal favour, though the cautious King would not adopt his plan of remaining in the Tuileries to stand a siege by Napoleon, nor could he get any one to assist him in his odd idea of saving the King by practically making him a prisoner, and forcibly removing the royal favourite Blacas, Marmont himself being willing to become generalissimo by land and sea. On the approach of Napoleon he crossed the frontier, feeding his hopes on imaginary speeches of Napoleon, full of trust in the man whom, for some mysterious reason, Napoleon denounced in public.

Marmont passed his after life without the great employments he considered his due, contenting himself with interviews with the sergeant of English artillery who laid the gun which wounded him at Salamanca, and who himself was similarly hit at Waterloo, with pleasant conversations with Metternich, and with lessons to the young King of Rome on the campaigns of the great Emperor. Of all the former holders of Napoleon's splendid gifts in foreign lands, he alone retained his, by special favour of the Emperor of Austria: verily he had his reward. It is, however, but fair to Marmont to acknowledge that, regardless of the royal anger, he overcame all obstacles, forcing the guard as a soldier would say, to enable the miserable Madame Lavallette to throw herself at the feet of the King to implore mercy for her husband. Marmont is reported to have urged her case beforehand with fervour, saying with too much truth to the King, "Sire, I have given you more than life." He also wisely advised Madame Lavallette not to trust to the treacherous hints of the Royalists that Lavallette's life would be spared on the scaffold, and to carry out her plan for the escape of her husband if her application to the King failed. In 1830 he had the disagreeable task of attempting to defend Paris during the rising of July. In this defence Marmont, as often before, exhibited great personal bravery, so that the young Las Cases, who was in the ranks of the insurgents, longing to avenge Napoleon, could not find it in his heart to fire at him. When he had failed, he advised the King to abdicate in favour of his grandson (the late Comte de Chambord) rather than be forced from the throne. His advice was followed, but it was too late, and he had to escort Charles X. to Cherbourg, whence the King passed over to England. Marmont then withdrew from France, and died at Venice in 1852, having lived to see France again under a Napoleon.

He left a character probably below his real deserts, but it is impossible not to compare his conduct unfavourably with that of Macdonald.

Gouvion St. Cyr, who had not been created a Marshal till 1812, and who had not received the high rewards showered down on many of the Marshals, returned to France in 1814 after his release from the imprisonment to which he and his garrison of Dresden had been subjected by the Allies, in breach of the capitulation and of all good faith. He threw himself into the cause of the Bourbons, and was sent to take the command of an army to be raised on the Loire, which, it was hoped, would be joined by risings in the West, — an addition to his command deprecated by St. Cyr. The Marshal arrived at his headquarters, Orleans, to find the troops there under orders from Davoust, the new Minister of War, had mounted the tricolour. He succeeded for the moment in stopping this, and in putting the General, Pajol, under arrest, but he soon had to leave the place and return to Paris. He then was directed to go to the West to head a rising, — a task naturally distasteful to him, and which he was relieved from, keeping quiet during the last campaign. After Waterloo he was one of the leaders with whom the Royalists dreamt of attempting some *émeute*. On the 9th of July, 1815, he was made War Minister, and soon found what it was to serve the Bourbons. It is pleasant to read how the old Marshal, remembering his services under the Republic, had to fill the lists of officers with the names of *émigrés* and leaders of the Vendéan insurgents, and how he showed his anger at the interference of the busybody De Vitrolles. St. Cyr had some strange ideas; for instance, he broke up the regiments of lancers, putting one squadron of that arm in each regiment of mounted chasseurs. He was, perhaps from his former training, one of the officers opposed to the forma-

tion of a guard or picked body, but on this point he had to give way to the wishes of the Court, and apparently of the Allies, till he had agreed to a guard of 12,000 men. He left the Ministry in September, 1815, but held it again from 1817 to 1819, having also been Marine Minister from June to September, 1817. He died in 1830.

Oudinot, Duke of Reggio, one of the 1809 creations as Marshal, had become a warm partisan of the Bourbons; and on the news of the landing of Napoleon he was sent to command the Guard, then called Grenadiers and Chasseurs de France, which was at Metz. The Bourbons, with their usual extraordinary want of common sense, had neither treated the Guard well nor broken up the corps, thus keeping them in a discontented state, ready for the hand of Napoleon. The incredibly foolish order was given to Oudinot to march to oppose Napoleon. Off set the Guard, but poor Oudinot soon found that while he was treated with all due respect, he was practically a prisoner, and that the corps he professed to command was determined to join Napoleon at once. "If," said the unhappy Marshal to the messenger sent, too late, to stop the march, — "if I cannot escape, they will take me to the Emperor." He did, however, succeed in avoiding, for the moment, a meeting under such very unpleasant circumstances, though he saw Napoleon later. All this action of the troops has to be remembered in thinking of the conduct of Ney. Oudinot refused to take service under Napoleon, and after Waterloo he was prominent in trying to get hostilities stopped, and in assisting the recall of the Bourbons. He soon superseded Dessoles in command of the National Guard of Paris, and received honours from the Bourbons which he might accept without loss of self-respect, but still one cannot speak of him in the same way as of Macdonald. There is an air of

perhaps only apparent insincerity and double-dealing in his conduct. He was on the Champ-de-Mai, and when afterwards questioned about this, replied that he was there, *but only in undress*, — an answer, it must be admitted, not absurd to a soldier, as an officer in undress would only be a spectator, not a participator; still it is easy to understand how the reply was sneered at, and one fails to see why he should have gone there at all. In the same manner, while he hung about Vitrolles (who was acting as the representative of the Bourbons) as if he were a mere aide-de-camp instead of a Marshal, he rushed away when he found Vitrolles committed to an angry interview with a deputation of the Chambers. Perhaps, however, De Vitrolles is unfair to the Marshal, for he seems to have been deeply stung, not only by the disappearance of Oudinot when he wanted backing, but also by finding that, in the hurry, Oudinot had taken his, De Vitrolles', hat: one of those little ludicrous details which crop up in the history of graver events. Oudinot took part in the expedition into Spain in 1823 to crush the Spanish Liberals, when he commanded at Madrid; and under Louis Philippe he became Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, and Governor of the Invalides. He died in 1847. The General Oudinot who was sent in 1849 by Louis Napoleon, the President of the French Republic, to restore the Pope and to take Rome, held as a Republic by Garibaldi, — an enterprise found to be unexpectedly difficult, — was a son of the Marshal.

The Marshals who joined Napoleon were Masséna, Sérurier, Jourdan, Lefebvre, Moncey, Mortier, Brune, Grouchy (then General), Soult, Suchet, Davoust, Ney; but of these the first five cannot be said to have done more than give in their adhesion to his Government when established, and to accept peerages from him.

Masséna was in command of Toulon, etc., in 1815, and

sent the King the first news of the landing. He might have easily been induced at least to remain passive, and for some time he kept his command tranquil, but the Royalists showed their distrust too openly, while Masséna may have shared in the suspicion, not too misplaced, that an attempt might be made to open the ports to the English fleet. Called on by Napoleon to unfurl the flag of Essling and to join him, Masséna sent in his adhesion on the 14th of April. He really did so unwillingly, and told Napoleon he would have resisted the march on Paris if the Emperor had passed by him. He was brought to Paris, but practically left unemployed till after Waterloo, when the Provisional Government put him in command of the National Guard of Paris. Masséna, however, was now but the mere wreck of the General who in 1799 had saved France from invasion, and who had won such distinction in independent commands; he had not been employed by Napoleon since his return from Spain after his check before Torres Vedras; and it must now have been unutterably galling to him to be sent for by the Prussian Governor of Paris to arrange details of the occupation. We find him interrupting the fiery speech of Labédoyère in the Chamber of Peers, and urging the King to retain the tricolour, but he was soon relieved by Dessoles, and practically had no part in the *Cent Jours*. He died in 1817.

Sérurier, Jourdan, Lefebvre, and Moncey, all Marshals of the first creation in 1804, took but a nominal part in affairs. Sérurier, who was Governor of the Invalides, lost his place on the second Restoration, and remained in retirement afterwards till his death in 1819.

Jourdan, who had never received his share of rewards, and who had most right to complain of Napoleon for the neglect of his services in Spain, accepted a peerage, and was sent to command at Besançon, but took little active

part in anything. Louis Philippe made him Governor of the Invalides in 1830, but he died in 1833.

The rough old Marshal Lefebvre, Duke of Dantzic, accepted a peerage in the new Chamber, and when younger men despaired after Waterloo still counselled resistance, though De Vitrolles ill-naturedly represents him, when forming one of the deputation of the Chambers, as knowing how to give a different aspect to his face, one side being favourable to the Royalist representative, and the other, meant to be seen by the deputation, quite hostile. He lost his former peerage on the return of Louis, but was soon restored. He died in 1820.

Moncey, Duke of Conegliano, gave up his command of the *gendarmerie d'élite* to Savary, and was made one of the new peers. After the Restoration he gave dire offence to the King by refusing to sit on the court-martial for the trial of Ney. For this he was deprived of his rank, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in Ham, — the place which received Louis Napoleon in 1840. It is characteristic of the time and of Bourbon management that Moncey, on his arrival at Ham, was unable to get admission to the castle, as it was occupied by the Prussians, and he had to remain part of the time in a little inn opposite. In 1823 he was employed in the expedition into Spain, and in 1840 he, as Governor of the Invalides, received the body of Napoleon on its arrival from St. Helena. He died in 1842.

Mortier, Duke of Treviso, who in 1814 had defended Paris with Marmont, showing the same courage but greater fidelity, had been sent to the North. On the landing of Napoleon Mortier managed to keep his troops quiet, and by his advice Drouet d'Erlon withdrew from the enterprise of the brothers Lallemand and Lefebvre-Desnouettes, who tried to effect an *émeute* before Napoleon arrived. So satisfactory was his conduct considered by the

Royalist Government that the Minister of War proposed to the Chamber to vote that Mortier, with Macdonald, had deserved well of the country. When the King began to move to the frontier, Mortier and the Duke of Orleans held Lille till the King arrived there; but Louis could only get admission to his own fortress on the promise that neither his military household nor any foreign troops were to be admitted, as there was a not unfounded fear of the fortress being delivered up to the Allies. He accompanied Louis to the frontier with all proper demonstrations of respect, though he had in his pocket the orders of Napoleon to see the Royal family out of France. Mortier then returned to take service under Napoleon, and he was given the command of the Imperial Guard, with which he would have fought at Waterloo had he not been stopped by an attack of sciatica at Maubeuge, where, oddly enough, he had been wounded in 1793. Thiers remarks on the effect of his absence from Waterloo, saying that though the institution of Marshals commanding the Guard as a separate body had done harm before, still in this instance the presence of Mortier would have prevented the too hasty use made by Ney of the cavalry of the Guard. As Mortier had only joined a *de facto* Government, he was not included in the list of proscriptions, but as he refused to judge Ney, as did Moncey, he was struck off the peerage, only to be restored to it when 1819 saw a return to common sense and moderation. Under the Monarchy of July he was Ambassador in Russia in 1830 and 1832, and, in 1834 he became War Minister and President of the Council. In 1835 he was killed by Fieschi's infernal machine while riding by the side of the King, Louis Philippe. He is buried in the Invalides.

Marshal Brune, who had never been in favour during the Empire, and who had not been given one of the dukedoms, threw in his lot with Napoleon, who sent him to

command the 9th corps, which was to be formed in the South, and to restrain Marseilles, which showed symptoms of rising in favour of the Bourbons, and from which Masséna had been removed. After Waterloo he hoisted the white flag rather late in the day, and then proceeded towards Paris. At Avignon he was attacked by a Royalist mob, who first wounded him, and then eventually broke into the hôtel and killed him while he was reading a letter from his wife. His body was thrown into the Rhone, and had to be buried by stealth at the spot where the river brought it ashore, and where it long remained. Allusion has been made to this case in considering the death of Berthier. The local authorities did all they could to represent this cowardly and disgraceful murder of Brune as a case of suicide; the Government would do nothing, and it was only by the efforts of his widow that the memory of the Marshal was cleared six years later, even then no one being punished, and the widow having to pay all costs. If this was the case where we can ascertain every particular, we should be very slow to accept the suicide theory in the case of Berthier. To have the double joy of killing a Marshal who had braved death for his country on a hundred battle-fields, and then of dishonouring his memory, was too tempting to the reactionary mind to make it unlikely that the same thing was done twice. Brune had gone to his command unwillingly, having a presentiment that he went to his death. In descending the steps to start, he fell and injured himself, remarking that it was a bad augury.

One hardly reckons Grouchy as a Marshal, though he had served well and long before gaining the rank. In 1793, when he was Brigadier-General, he lost his rank by a decree against the nobles, but with extraordinary resolution he entered the ranks as a private and regained his grade. He occupied a rather anomalous position,

being a Marquis of the *ancien régime* and a Count of the Empire. In 1815 he joined Napoleon, and was sent against the Duc d'Angoulême, whom he forced to capitulate. Napoleon, partly as a reward for this, partly requiring a commander for his cavalry to replace Murat, gave Grouchy the *bâton*. His conduct during the campaign is a matter of general history; here we need only remark that the presence under him of Vandamme, who had been crushed at Kulm in 1813 in trying to intercept the beaten Allies, may have had some influence in making Grouchy over-cautious. Whatever his faults, Grouchy certainly retreated skilfully, and brought his corps safely to Laon. He received the command of the whole army from Soult at Soissons, giving over his corps to Vandamme, and brought the whole to Paris by the 29th of June. His influence was exerted to stop further resistance, but he was one of those the Bourbons intended to have tried and shot, — a fate he avoided by leaving the Army of the Loire and going to Philadelphia, only returning in 1821, when he was put on the retired list as a lieutenant-general. He was not restored to his rank as Marshal till the 19th of November, 1831, when Louis Philippe reigned. Two of his sisters, both clever women, married, the one Condorcet the Girondist, and the other the more fortunate Cabanis. The Marquis de Grouchy died in 1847.

Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, had been made Minister of War by the Bourbons in September, 1814, replacing their first and characteristic choice of Dupont, the unfortunate General who surrendered at Baylen to the Spaniards. On the landing of Napoleon the Royalists threw doubts on Soult's loyalty, doubts which had no good foundation, for he himself told Napoleon afterwards that he really liked the King. We have a charming scene when the stiff and stupid royal favourite, Count

Blacas, announced to the other Ministers that he intended to question Soult at the Council table, and if the answers were unsatisfactory he had Soult's "dismissal" in his pocket; the dismissal being a pistol with which the old *émigré* meant to shoot the Marshal. When Soult appeared, the other Ministers found that they had important business to transact in their respective offices, and withdrew, leaving Blacas alone with his prey. Soult, however, forestalled the Count by going straight to the King, and informing Louis that the attacks made on him rendered it impossible for him to serve usefully, and he was relieved by Clarke, who had long held the post under Napoleon. This, however, was on the 11th of March, when it mattered little who was Minister. Soult joined Napoleon unwillingly, and after some bargaining, but was given Berthier's old post of Chief of the Staff of the army under Napoleon. His performance of this duty has been much criticised, but, as has been stated before,[1] most of these attacks depend on an erroneous belief in the excellence of the staff in Berthier's time; it must suffice here to say that any failure in this department during the Waterloo campaign may easily be matched in previous wars. Certainly no better choice could have been made for an army about to meet the English. After Waterloo, Soult was put in command of the army at Laon, relieving Jérôme, who was supposed to have brought it from the field. When he heard of Napoleon's abdication, he obtained permission to return to Paris, and gave the command over at Soissons to Grouchy. He has been attacked for this, but his duty was not quite clear. The main army really was then Grouchy's corps, and Soult could not have been expected to serve under Grouchy or even Davoust. In the consultations at Paris he advised non-resistance, but

[1] See p. 183 of this volume.

all those who did so somehow fell under the special displeasure of the Bourbons, and Soult was exiled and retired to Berg. In 1819 he returned, and after 1830, under the Monarchy of July, he held many high offices. He was a special Ambassador to England for the coronation of the Queen, when he was well received as a gallant and skilled foe. In fact, the ordinary histories, military or otherwise, hardly seem to do justice to the effect of Soult's attacks on the English, when they were advancing into France from Spain in 1814, and when Soult's army was rapidly being drained to reinforce the main army under Napoleon. In Louis Philippe's reign Soult was Minister of War three times, and President of the Council as often. In 1847 he was given the high rank of "Maréchal-Général." He died, eighty-two years old, in 1851, under a Republic with a Napoleon as President, but one year too soon to see the Empire revived.

Suchet, Duke of Albufera, who had won such honour in his independent command in Spain, was commanding at Strasburg in 1815, and soon raised the tricolour, and was first given the command of the 5th corps to be formed in Alsace. He was then recalled, and sent to command the 7th corps to defend Savoy, with Lyons as his base, Napoleon saying to him, "Wherever you are posted, I am tranquil as to that place." He held his own against the Austrians as long as there was any hope of success. He lost his peerage until 1822. He was employed by the Bourbons in 1823 in their expedition into Spain. He died in 1826.

Davoust, Duke of Auerstadt, Prince of Eckmühl, whose name should be properly spelt Davout, was one of the principal personages at the end of the *Cent Jours*. Strict and severe, having his corps always in good order, and displaying more character than most of the military men under Napoleon, one is apt to believe that the

conqueror at Auerstadt bade fair to be the most prominent of all the Marshals. In 1814 he had returned from defending Hamburg to find himself under a cloud of accusations, and the Bourbons ungenerously and unwisely left him undefended for acts which they must have known were part of his duty as governor of a besieged place. At the time he was attacked as if his first duty was not to hold the place for France, but to organise a system of outdoor relief for the neighbouring population, and to surrender as soon as he had exhausted the money in the Government chest, and the provisions in the Government stores. Sore and discontented, practically proscribed, still Davoust would not join in the too hasty enterprise of the brothers Lallemand, who wished him to lead the military rising on the approach of Napoleon; but he was with the Emperor on the day after his arrival in Paris.

Davoust might have expected high command in the army, but, to his annoyance, Napoleon fixed on him as War Minister. For several years the War Minister had been little more than a clerk, and neither had nor was expected to have much influence with the army. Napoleon now wanted a man of tried devotion, and of stern enough character to overawe the capital and the restless spirits in the army. Much against his will Davoust was therefore forced to content himself with the organisation of the forces being hastily raised, but he chafed in his position; and it is characteristic of him that Napoleon was eventually forced to send him the most formal orders before the surly Minister would carry out the Emperor's unlucky intention of giving a command to Bourmont, whom Davoust strongly and rightly suspected of treachery. When Napoleon left the capital, Davoust became its governor, and held his post unmoved by the intrigues of the Republicans and the Royalists. When Napoleon returned from the great disaster, Davoust gave his voice

for the only wise policy, — resistance and the prorogation of the factious Chambers. On the abdication of Napoleon the Provisional Government necessarily gave Davoust the command of the army which was concentrated round Paris.

If Davoust had restricted himself less closely to his duty as a soldier, if he had taken more on himself, with the 100,000 men he soon had under him, he might have saved France from much of her subsequent humiliation, or at least he might have preserved the lives of Ney and of the brave men whom the Bourbons afterwards butchered. Outwitted by Fouché, and unwilling to face the hostility of the Chambers, Davoust at last consented to the capitulation of Paris, though he first gave the Prussian cavalry a sharp lesson. While many of his comrades were engaged in the great struggle for favour or safety, the stern Marshal gave up his Ministry, and, doing the last service in his power to France, stopped all further useless bloodshed by withdrawing the army, no easy task in their then humour, behind the Loire, where he kept what the Royalists called the "Brigands of the Loire" in subjection till relieved by Macdonald. He was the only one of the younger Marshals who had not been tried in Spain, and so far he was fortunate; but, though he was not popular with the army, his character and services seem to point him out as the most fit of all the Marshals for an independent command. Had Napoleon been successful in 1812, Davoust was to have received the Viceroyalty of Poland; and he would probably have left a higher name in history than the other men placed by Napoleon to rule over his outlying kingdoms. In any case it was fortunate for France and for the Allies that a man of his character ruled the army after Napoleon abdicated; there would otherwise have been wild work round Paris, as it was only with the greatest diffi-

culty and by the force of his authority and example that Davoust succeeded in getting the army to withdraw from the capital, and to gradually adopt the white cockade. When superseded by Macdonald, he had done a work no other man could have accomplished. He protested against the proscription, but it was too late; his power had departed. In 1819 he was forgiven for his services to France, and was made a peer, but he died in 1823, only fifty-three years old.

Among the Marshals who gave an active support to Napoleon, Ney takes the leading part in most eyes, if it were only for his fate, which is too well known for much to be said here concerning it. In 1815 Ney was commanding in Franche-Comté, and was called up to Paris and ordered to go to Besançon to march so as to take Napoleon in flank. He started off, not improbably using the rough brags afterwards attributed to him as most grievous sins, — such as that "he would bring back Napoleon in an iron cage." It had been intended to have sent the Duc de Berri, the second son of the Comte d'Artois, with Ney; and it was most unfortunate for the Marshal that this was not done. There can be no possible doubt that Ney spoke and acted in good faith when he left Paris. One point alone seems decisive of this. Ney found under him in command, as General of Division, Bourmont, an officer of well-known Royalist opinions, who had at one time served with the Vendéan insurgents, and who afterwards deserted Napoleon just before Waterloo, although he had entreated to be employed in the campaign. Not only did Ney leave Bourmont in command, but, requiring another Divisional-General, instead of selecting a Bonapartist, he urged Lecourbe to leave his retirement and join him. Now, though Lecourbe was a distinguished General, specially famed for mountain warfare, — witness his services in 1799 among the

Alps above Lucerne, — he had been long left unemployed by Napoleon on account of his strong Republican opinions and his sympathy with Moreau. These two Generals, Bourmont and Lecourbe, the two arms of Ney as commander, through whom alone he could communicate with the troops, he not only kept with him, but consulted to the last, before he declared for Napoleon. This would have been too dangerous a thing for a tricky politician to have attempted as a blind, but Ney was well known to be only too frank and impulsive. Had the Duc de Berri gone with him, had Ney carried with him such a gage of the intention of the Bourbons to defend their throne, it is probable that he would have behaved like Macdonald; and it is certain that he would have had no better success. The Bonapartists themselves dreaded what they called the wrongheadedness of Ney. It was, however, thought better to keep the Duc de Berri in safety.

Ney found himself put forward singly, as it were, to oppose the man whom all France was joining; he found, as did every officer sent on a similar mission, that the soldiers were simply waiting to meet Napoleon; and while the Princes sought security, while the soldiers plotted against their leaders, came the calls of the Emperor in the old trumpet tone. The eagle was to fly, — nay, it was flying from tower to tower, and victory was advancing with a rush. Was Ney to be the one man to shoot down his old leader? Could he, as he asked, stop the sea with his hands? On his trial his subordinate, Bourmont, who had by that time shown his devotion to the Bourbons by sacrificing his military honour, and deserting to the Allies, was asked whether Ney could have got the soldiers to act against the Emperor. He could only suggest that if Ney had taken a musket and himself charged, the men would have followed his example. "Still," said Bourmont, "I would not dare to

affirm that he (the Marshal) would have won." And who was Ney to charge? We know how Napoleon approached the forces sent to oppose him: he showed himself alone in the front of his own troops. Was Ney to deliberately kill his old commander? was any general ever expected to undergo such a test? and can it be believed that the soldiers who carried off the reluctant Oudinot and chased the flying Macdonald, had such a reverence for the "Rougeot," as they called him, that they would have stood by while he committed this murder? The whole idea is absurd: as Ney himself said at his trial, they would have "pulverised" him. Undoubtedly the honourable course for Ney would have been to have left his corps when he lost control over them; but to urge, as was done afterwards, that he had acted on a preconceived scheme, and that his example had such weight, was only malicious falsehood. The Emperor himself knew well how little he owed to the free will of his Marshal, and he soon had to send him from Paris, as Ney, sore at heart, and discontented with himself and with both sides, uttered his mind with his usual freedom. Ney was first ordered to inspect the frontier from Dunkirk to Bâle, and was then allowed to go to his home. He kept so aloof from Napoleon that when he appeared on the Champ-de-Mai the Emperor affected surprise, saying that he thought Ney had emigrated. At the last moment Marshal Mortier fell ill. Ney had already been sent for. He hurried up, buying Mortier's horses (presumably the ill-fated animals who died under him at Waterloo), and reached the army just in time to be given the command of the left wing.

It has been well remarked that the very qualities which made Ney invaluable for defence or for the service of a rear-guard weighed against him in such a combat as Quatre Bras. Splendid as a corps leader, he had not the commander's eye to embrace the field and surmise the strength

of the enemy at a glance. At Bautzen in 1813 his staff had been unable to prevent him from leaving the route which would have brought him on the very rear of the enemy, because seeing the foe, and unable to resist the desire of returning their fire, he turned off to engage immediately. At Quatre Bras, not seeing the force he was engaged with, believing he had the whole English army on his hands from the first, he let himself at the beginning of the day be imposed upon by a mere screen of troops.

We cannot here go into Ney's behaviour at Waterloo except to point out that too little importance is generally given to the fact of the English cavalry having, in a happy moment, fallen on and destroyed the artillery which was being brought up to sweep the English squares at close quarters. At Waterloo, as in so many other combats, the account of Ney's behaviour more resembles that of a Homeric hero than of a modern general. To the ideal commander of to-day, watching the fight at a distance, calmly weighing its course, undisturbed except by distant random shots, it is strange to compare Ney staggering through the gate of Königsberg all covered with blood, smoke, and snow, musket in hand, announcing himself as the rear-guard of France, or appearing, a second Achilles, on the ramparts of Smolensko to encourage the yielding troops on the glacis, or amidst the flying troops at Waterloo, with uncovered head and broken sword, black with powder, on foot, his fifth horse killed under him, knowing that life, honour, and country were lost, still hoping against hope and attempting one more last desperate rally. If he had died — ah! if he had died there — what a glorious tomb might have risen, glorious for France as well as for him, with the simple inscription, "The Bravest of the Brave."

Early on the 19th June a small band of officers retreat-

ing from the field found Ney asleep at Marchiennes, "the first repose he had had for four days," and they did not disturb him for orders. "And indeed what order could Marshal Ney have given?" The disaster of the day, the overwhelming horror of the flight of the beaten army, simply crushed Ney morally as well as physically. Rising in the Chambers, he denounced all attempt at further resistance. He did not know, he would not believe, that Grouchy was safe, and that the army was fast rallying. Fresh from the field, with all its traces on him, the authority of Ney was too great for the Government. Frightened friends, plotting Royalists, echoed the wild words of Ney, brave only against physical dangers. Instead of dying on the battle-field, he had lived to insure the return of the Bourbons, the fall of Bonaparte, his own death, and the ruin of France.

Before his exception from the amnesty was known, Ney left Paris on the 6th of July, and went into the country with but little attempt at concealment, and with formal passports from Fouché. The capitulation of Paris seemed to cover him, and he was so little aware of the thirst of the Royalists for his blood that he let his presence be known by leaving about a splendid sabre presented to him by the Emperor on his marriage, and recognised by mere report by an old soldier as belonging to Ney or Murat; and Ney himself let into the house the party sent to arrest him on the 5th of August, and actually refused the offer of Excelmans, through whose troops he passed, to set him free. No one at the time, except the wretched refugees of Ghent, could have suspected, after the capitulation, that there was any special danger for Ney, and it is very difficult to see on what principle the Bourbons chose their victims or intended victims. Drouot, for example, had never served Louis XVIII., he had never worn the white cockade, he had left France with Napoleon for Elba, and

had served the Emperor there. In 1815 he had fought under his own sovereign. After Waterloo he had exerted all his great influence, the greater from his position, to induce the Guard to retire behind the Loire, and to submit to the Bourbons. It was because Davoust so needed him that Drouot remained with the army. Still Drouot was selected for death, but the evidence of his position was too strong to enable the Court to condemn him. Cambronne, another selection, had also gone with Napoleon to Elba. Savary, another selection, had, as was eventually acknowledged, only joined Napoleon when he was in full possession of the reins of Government. Bertrand, who was condemned while at St. Helena, was in the same position as Drouot. In fact, if any one were to draw up a list of probable proscriptions and compare it with those of the 24th of July, 1815, there would probably be few names common to both except Labédoyère, Mouton, Duvernet, etc. The truth is that the Bourbons, and, to do them justice, still more the rancorous band of mediocrities who surrounded them, thirsted for blood. Even *they* could feel the full ignominy of the flight to Ghent. While they had been chanting the glories of the Restoration, the devotion of the people, the valour of the Princes, Napoleon had landed, the Restoration had vanished like a bad dream, and the Princes were the first to lead the way to the frontier. To protest that there had been a conspiracy, and that the conspirators must suffer, was the only possible cloak for the shame of the Royalists, who could not see that the only conspiracy was the universal one of the nation against the miserable men who knew not how to govern a high-spirited people.

Ney, arrested on the 5th of August, was first brought before a Military Court on the 9th of November composed of Marshal Jourdan (President), Marshals Masséna, Augereau, and Mortier, Lieutenants-General Gazan, Claparède

and Vilatte (members). Moncey had refused to sit, and Masséna urged to the Court his own quarrels with Ney in Spain to get rid of the task, but was forced to remain. Defended by both the Berryers, Ney unfortunately denied the jurisdiction of the court-martial over him as a peer. In all probability the Military Court would have acquitted him. Too glad at the moment to be free from the trial of their old comrade, not understanding the danger of the proceeding, the Court, by a majority of five against two, declared themselves non-competent, and on the 21st of November Ney was sent before the Chamber of Peers, which condemned him on the 6th of December.

To beg the life of his brave adversary would have been such an obvious act of generosity on the part of the Duke of Wellington that we may be pardoned for examining his reasons for not interfering. First, the Duke seems to have laid weight on the fact that if Ney had believed the capitulation had covered him he would not have hidden. Now, even before Ney knew of his exception from the amnesty, to appear in Paris would have been a foolish piece of bravado. Further, the Royalist reaction was in full vigour, and when the Royalist mobs, with the connivance of the authorities, were murdering Marshal Brune and attacking any prominent adherents of Napoleon, it was hardly the time for Ney to travel in full pomp. It cannot be said that, apart from the capitulation, the Duke had no responsibility. Generally a Government executing a prisoner may, with some force, if rather brutally, urge that the fact of their being able to try and execute him in itself shows their authority to do so. The Bourbons could not even use this argument. If the Allies had evacuated France, Louis le Désiré would have ordered his carriage and have been at the frontier before they had reached it. If Frenchmen actually fired the shots which killed Ney, the Allies at least shared the

responsibility with the French Government. Lastly, it would seem that the Duke would have asked for the life of Ney if the King, clever at such small artifices, had not purposely affected a temporary coldness to him. Few men would have been so deterred from asking for the life of a dog. The fact is, the Duke of Wellington was a great general, he was a single-hearted and patriotic statesman, he had a thousand virtues, but he was never generous. It cannot be said that he simply shared the feelings of his army, for there was preparation among some of his officers to enable Ney to escape, and Ney had to be guarded by men of good position disguised in the uniform of privates. Ney had written to his wife when he joined Napoleon, thinking of the little vexations the Royalists loved to inflict on the men who had conquered the Continent, "You will no longer weep when you leave the Tuileries." The unfortunate lady wept now as she vainly sought some mercy for her husband. Arrested on the 5th of August, sentenced on the 6th of December, Ney was shot on the 7th of December, and the very manner of his execution shows that in taking his life there was much more of revenge than of justice.

If Ney were to be shot, it is obvious that it should have been as a high act of justice. If neither the rank nor the services of the criminal were to save him, his death could not be too formal, too solemn, too public. Even an ordinary military execution is always carried out with grave and striking forms: there is a grand parade of the troops, that all may see with their own eyes the last act of the law. After the execution the troops defile past the body, that all may see the criminal actually dead. There was nothing of all this in the execution of Ney. A few chance passers, in the early morning of the 7th of December, 1815, saw a small body of troops waiting by the wall of the garden of the Luxembourg. A

fiacre drove up, out of which got Marshal Ney in plain clothes, himself surprised by the every-day aspect of the place. Then, when the officer of the firing party (for such the spectators now knew it to be) saw whom it was he was to fire on, he became, it is said, perfectly petrified; and a peer, one of the judges of Ney, the Duc de la Force, took his place. Ney fell at the first volley with six balls in his breast, three in the head and neck, and one in the arm, and in a quarter of an hour the body was removed; "plain Michel Ney," as he had said to the secretary enunciating his title in reading his sentence, "plain Michel Ney, soon to be a little dust."[1]

The Communists caught red-handed in the streets of Paris in 1870 died with hardly less formality than was observed at the death-scene of the Prince of the Moskwa and Duke of Elchingen, and the truth then became plain. The Bourbons could not, dared not, attempt to carry out

[1] "The grave of 'the bravest of the brave' in Père la Chaise is in the principal avenue, and close to that in which Béranger and Manuel, the orator, lie together, surrounded by the sumptuous tombs of his brother Marshals, and within sight of those of the Generals Foy and Gobert, and that of Baron Larrey, the surgeon of Napoleon I. Ney has no cenotaph, or simple headstone even, to tell the passer-by who it is that lies within the lichen covered rusty iron railing, and few there are who recognise it, unless prompted by individual interest in the intrepid and unfortunate soldier, or by curiosity at the wildness of the neglected and uncared-for place. Years ago some one laid out the enclosure as a small garden, but no one since has even tended it, and weeds have choked all but a few small wild flowers. There is now no slab or inscription, such as described to exist in 1827, or if there is it is completely hidden beneath the ground and tangled brier and the rank grass growing all over the grave" (*Notes and Queries*, 1874, fifth series, vol. i. p. 374).

"In 1827," says a contributor to the same journal, "I was anxious to see the Marshal's grave in Père la Chaise. I well remember the alarm, the precautions, and the mystery with which our *conducteur*, watching his opportunity, sought the spot, and, moving aside the rank grass, disclosed a small flat stone with this inscription — eloquent in its simplicity — 'Hic Amicus.'"

The tomb is now easily discoverable from the plans in the guide-books of Paris, where its exact position is shown.

the sentence of the law with the forms of the law. The Government did not venture to let the troops or the people face the Marshal. The forms of the law could not be carried out; the demands of revenge could be. And if this be thought any exaggeration, the proof of the ill effects of this murder, for its form makes it difficult to call it anything else, is ready to our hands. It was impossible to get the public to believe that Ney had really been killed in this manner, and nearly to this day we have had fresh stories recurring of the real Ney being discovered in America. The deed, however, had really been done. The Marshals now knew that when the Princes fled they themselves must remain to die for the Royal cause; and Louis had at last succeeded in preventing his return to his kingdom amongst the baggage waggons of the Allies from being considered as a mere subject for jeers. One detail of the execution of Ney, however, we are told nothing of: we do not know if his widow, like Madame Labédoyère, had to pay three francs a head to the soldiers of the firing party which shot her husband. Whatever were the faults of the Bourbons, they at least carried out their executions economically.[1]

The end of the Imperial Guard should be told. On Napoleon becoming Consul in 1799, the "Garde du Directoire Exécutif" became the "Garde des Consuls," and was increased to 7,266 men. On the formation of the Empire in 1804, it became the "Garde Impériale," and was raised to 9,798 men. The men composing it were invariably taken from the old and distinguished soldiers of other regiments. There have always been two opinions among French officers on the wisdom of this pro-

[1] For the trials and executions carried out under the second Restoration, see Vaulabelle's "Histoire des Deux Restaurations" (Paris, Perrotin, 1847), tomes iii. and iv.

ceeding, some complaining of the weakening of the regimental *esprit de corps* caused among the ordinary regiments, which were thus trained to look on the Guard as a superior body, and the bad effect of withdrawing so many old and good soldiers who should have leavened the mass of recruits. On the other hand, the Imperial Guard became an enormous reserve for use on the decisive point, and its very approach raised the spirits of the other troops acting on that point, where they then knew the great effort was to be made. Also, there was less jealousy aroused by keeping the Guard in reserve than there would have been if an ordinary corps had been selected for each occasion. Gradually increased, in 1814 the Guard was 112,482 strong.

On the first Restoration the Guard was unwisely deprived of its name and privileges, while it was preserved almost in its entirety. The Grenadiers of the Old Guard became the "Corps Royal de Grenadiers de France," and the Chasseurs, sometimes called the Middle Guard, became the "Corps Royal de Chasseurs de France." Marshal Oudinot was given the command of these two bodies, which were sent to Metz. The cavalry became the "Corps Royal de Dragons de France," under the command of Ney. The artillery of the Guard and the infantry of the Young Guard were absorbed in the rest of the army.

On the return of Napoleon Marshal Oudinot was ordered to march to meet and oppose him, but the Guard, as already said, full of discontent with the Bourbons, were eager to join the Emperor, and Oudinot had to leave his so-called command. The Guard was at once reorganised, much on its former base: its strength during the *Cent Jours* is given as 25,870, but only 20,884, including all its branches, seem to have been in the ranks in the campaign. After the capitulation of Paris, Drouot,

who was put in command of the corps, got it to follow Davoust to the Loire with great difficulty. Marshal Macdonald was charged with the task of breaking it up.

"In despite of this capitulation [of Paris] the proscriptions began to decimate the chiefs of the Guard even before its arrival on the banks of the Loire. Not only were they brought before courts-martial, but they were dogged everywhere, so as to force them to quit a country which showed itself so ungrateful to those it ought to have honoured, and who were stigmatised with the epithet of 'brigands.'[1] Forced to seek a refuge in foreign lands, they went, some to Turkey, some to Greece, others to America, others to the province of Texas, in the Gulf of Mexico, where General Lallemand succeeded in forming a colony which he called the Champ d'Asile [City of Refuge], and where in April, 1818, 200 men of all ranks of the remains of the ex-Imperial Guard were collected together. The annoyances of the Mexican Government, however [Texas was then held by Mexico], soon forced the refugees to quit this inhospitable soil, and on the following 12th of August they disembarked on the island of Galveston, which they had already inhabited before their meeting at the Champ d'Asile. After tortures of every description, unable to preserve any hope of a better future, they determined to leave for New Orleans, where

[1] "Brigand" had then the fatal meaning "Suspect" formerly bore. After Waterloo the Protestants in the South of France were thus designated and attacked till the Duc d'Angoulême stopped the bloodshed (*Lacretelle*, tome i. chap. iv.). We saw the mob pursuing with ferocious cries a man just ahead of them. "This brigand," said I to one of the crowd, "is no doubt a highway robber?" — "No, sir," said he, "he is a rich gentleman in the village, who never took anything away from any one." — "How is he a brigand, then?" — "Because he is a Bonapartist." — "Did he ever do harm to any one?" — "No; but he wished to do it." — "He wished?" said I with astonishment; "and how do you know that he is a Bonapartist?" — "There can be no doubt of it, — he is a Protestant" (*The Memoirs of a French Sergeant*).

they arrived on the 20th of November, 1818. During this time subscriptions had been opened in France for the Texan exiles, but it was only in April, 1820, that a sum of 80,000 francs reached them. Of 200 exiles forty-seven still lived. The grave alone can now tell what has become of the last survivors of the remnant immortalised as much by misfortune as by glory" (*Norvins*, pp. 759–760).

It was but natural that these and other refugees in America should dream of establishing some French State there, and an expedition is said to have been prepared by Lefebvre-Desnouettes and the brothers Lallemand, the founders of the Champ d'Asile, General Humbert at New Orleans, and Grouchy and Clausel, who were also in America. The originators of the plan even hoped to place Napoleon, enabled to escape from St. Helena, at their head, or at least to have Lucien and Jérôme with them. An attempt was made to communicate with the Emperor, but the letters were intercepted by the English.[1] The failure of the insurrection of Mina in Mexico in 1817 ruined their hopes. Some of the Generals, such as Clausel and Grouchy, returned eventually to France to enjoy rank and honour, while others remained in America, with no other result than, as has been said of the members of another nationality there, to lie down in death to make a green spot in the prairies.[2]

[1] Croker's "Correspondence," vol. i. p. 88.

[2] See Norvins, p. 753; "Lucien Bonaparte," by Iung, tome iii pp. 380–382; and "Histoire de l'ex-Garde" (Paris, Delaunay, 1821).

The celebrated reply of the Guard at Waterloo to the English demand for surrender, "La Garde meurt et ne se rend pas," was attributed to Cambronne, a rough old veteran, about the last man to use such a phrase, and who indeed was himself taken prisoner. Cambronne denied using the words, substituting a worse sentence. In 1845 it was claimed for General Michel by his sons, but on doubtful ground. During the siege of Sebastopol the third Napoleon sent his Guards to the Crimea, but ordered that they were not to be employed in the exhausting work of the trenches.

The statesmen of France, distinguished as they were, certainly did not rise to a level with the situation either in 1814 or in 1815. In 1814, it is true, they were almost stunned by the crash of the Empire, and little as they foresaw the restoration of the Bourbons, still less could they have anticipated the extraordinary follies which were to be perpetrated. In 1815 there was less excuse for their helplessness, and, overawed as they were by the mass of foes which was pouring on them to complete the disaster of Waterloo, still it is disappointing to find that there was no one to seize the helm of power, and, confronting the Allies, to stipulate proper terms for France, and for the brave men who had fought for her. The steady Davoust was there with his 100,000 men to add weight to their language, and the total helplessness of the older line of the Bourbons had been too evidently displayed to make their return a certainty, so that there is no reason to doubt that a firm-hearted patriot might have saved France from much of the degradation and loss inflicted on her when once the Allies had again got her at their mercy. At the least the Bourbons might have been deprived of the revenge they sought for in taking some of the best blood of France. Better for Ney and his comrades to have fallen in a last struggle before Paris than to be shot by Frenchmen emboldened by the presence of foreign troops.

Talleyrand, the most prominent figure among the statesmen, was away. His absence at Vienna during the first Restoration was undoubtedly the cause of many of the errors then committed. His ability as displayed under Napoleon has been much exaggerated, for, as the Duke of

This naturally gave rise to complaints, and some wag of the army wrote on the huts of the Guard, "La Garde (*dé*) meurt ici, et ne se rend pas (*aux tranchées*)."

See also Wouters' "Annales," p. 978 note; Thiers, tome xx. p. 248; Dorsey Gardner, p. 384.

Wellington said, it was easy enough to be Foreign Minister to a Government in military possession of Europe, but at least he was above the petty trivialities and absurdities of the Bourbon Court. On the receipt of the news of the landing of Napoleon he really seems to have believed that the enterprise would immediately end in disaster, and he pressed on the outlawing of the man who had overwhelmed him with riches, and who had, at the worst, left him when in disgrace in quiet possession of all his ill-gotten wealth. But, as the power of Napoleon became more and more displayed, as perhaps Talleyrand found that the Austrians were not quite so firm as they wished to be considered, and as he foresaw the possible chances of the Orleans family, he became rather lukewarm in his attention to the King, to whom he had recently been bewailing the hardships of his separation from his loved monarch. He suddenly found that, after a Congress, the first duty of a diplomatist was to look after his liver, and Carlsbad offered an agreeable retreat where he could wait till he might congratulate the winner in the struggle.

Louis deeply resented this conduct of his Foreign Minister, and when Talleyrand at last joined him with all his doubts resolved, the King took the first opportunity of dismissing him, leaving the calm Talleyrand for once stuttering with rage. Louis soon, however, found that he was not the free agent he believed. The Allies did not want to have to again replace their puppet on the throne, and they looked on Talleyrand and Fouché as the two necessary men. Talleyrand was reinstated immediately, and remained for some time at the head of the Ministry. He was, however, not the man for Parliamentary Government, being too careless in business, and trying to gain his ends more by clever tricks than straightforward measures. As for the state into which he let the Govern-

ment fall, it was happily characterised by M. Beugnot. "Until now," said he, "we have only known three sorts of governments, — the Monarchical, the Aristocratic, and the Republican. Now we have invented a new one, which has never been heard of before, — Paternal Anarchy."

In September, 1815, the elections to the Chamber were bringing in deputies more Royalist than the King, and Talleyrand sought to gain popularity by throwing over Fouché. To his horror it appeared that, well contented with this step, the deputies next asked when the former Bishop was to be dismissed. Taking advantage of what Talleyrand conceived to be a happy way of eliciting a strong expression of royal support by threatening to resign, the King replaced him by the Duc de Richelieu. It was well to cut jokes at the Duke, and say that he was the man in France who knew most of the Crimea (the Duke had been long in the Russian service, with the approval of Napoleon), but Talleyrand was overwhelmed. He received the same office at Court which he had held under Napoleon, Grand Chamberlain, and afterwards remained a sardonic spectator of events, a not unimposing figure attending at the Court ceremonials and at the heavy dinners of the King, and probably lending a helping hand in 1830 to oust Charles X. from the throne. The Monarchy of July sent him as Ambassador to England, where he mixed in local politics, — for example, plotting against Lord Palmerston, whose brusque manners he disliked; and in 1838 he ended his strange life with some dignity, having, as one of his eulogists puts it, been faithful to every Government he had served as long as it was possible to save them.

With the darker side of Talleyrand's character we have nothing to do here; it is sufficient for our purposes to say that the part the leading statesman of France took during the *Cent Jours* was simply nil. In 1814 he had let the

reins slip through his hands; in 1815 he could only follow the King, who even refused to adopt his advice as to the proper way in which to return to France, and though he once more became Chief Minister, Talleyrand, like Louis XVIII., owed his restoration in 1815 solely to the Allies.

Next to Talleyrand, at least in the popular belief, came Fouché. Fouché, so long the Police Minister, enjoyed a reputation far above his deserts, as indeed his conduct at this very time shows. In 1814, having been in disgrace since 1810, much to his grief he had been sent to Italy, and found himself unable to get to Paris in time to share in the spoils. During the first Restoration he lived quietly, suspected by both parties, but apparently really inclined to forward the Orleanist cause. The return of Napoleon forced his hand, and an attempt to arrest him, directed by the Bourbons and mismanaged by Bourrienne, threw him on the side of Napoleon. He hedged, however, by foretelling the speedy overthrow of the Empire, and promising to work for the recall of Louis.

Through all the year 1815 Fouché's conduct seems to have been — what his enemies represented it to have always been — a combination of that of knave and fool, the fool in this instance predominating.[1] Strongly suspected by the Bonapartists of giving information to the enemy, he kept his views concealed till he had gained the position of head of the Provisional Government instituted on the Emperor's abdication. At last he had succeeded in placing himself in the position occupied by Talleyrand in 1814, and, like the Irish patriot, no doubt he thanked Heaven that he had a country to sell. He sold it to the

[1] As before stated, Lucien Bonaparte acquits Fouché of betraying Napoleon during the *Cent Jours*, and says that Napoleon knew of Fouché's secret proposals to Metternich, even those which appeared to be against the Emperor himself (Img's *Lucien*, tome iii. p. 294). See also Croker's "Correspondence," vol. ii. p. 236 (Murray, 1884), to show that Fouché wished Napoleon to succeed in escaping.

least possible advantage for himself or France. Every card he had in his hand he threw away. He forced Napoleon to leave France when his presence might still have prevented the rapid advance of the Allies. He discouraged and sent off the army of some hundred thousand men he had under Davoust; and, in treating with the Allies, he failed in obtaining any stipulation for France, or for the men who had fought at Waterloo who might have so easily been protected, or at least enabled to fly. Lastly, and the only good thing about his bargaining, he totally failed to get any terms for himself except the empty promise of retaining his post as Police Minister. This was a mere snare, at least on the part of the King, as is shown by Louis telling Vitrolles that he preferred making Fouché a Minister who could be dismissed, to giving him a peerage which must be retained. Even this promise Fouché owed entirely to the support of the Allies, who, very erroneously, believed that the presence of a regicide in the Ministry would be the best safeguard for the men of the Revolution and the Empire. His part was a more difficult one than he had expected, for he soon found that Excelmans and others among the Bonapartists were anxious to arrest and shoot him for his treachery to Napoleon.

Fouché soon again overreached himself, and lost the support of the one party which must have been faithful to him, by trying to get the favour of the Royalists by signing the edict which sent some of the best soldiers and men in France to death or exile; and it was not his fault that the list was not more extensive than it was. Thanks to Heaven, and to whatever French Saint takes the place of St. Chad, he soon had his guerdon. The country sent up a number of the most extreme Royalist deputies, who insisted on the dismissal of Fouché. The King, too glad to get rid of him, was also anxious to please the Duchesse

d'Angoulême, who refused even to receive Fouché. Offered an Ambassadorship, Fouché again overreached himself by refusing that of the United States, which he might possibly have kept, and, preferring to be near France, taking that of Saxony, which he lost by the *Ordonnance* of 1816 dismissing all regicides. He died in 1820 at Trieste, where he must have met several members of the Bonaparte family. His so-called "Memoirs" are altogether spurious.

We owe Cambacérès, the Arch-Chancellor, an apology for not giving him the place of honour, but he had fallen into a state of feebleness, being much alarmed about his religious safety, and on the return of the chief he dreaded and served he would only resume the post he had held in 1799, — the Ministry of Justice. He took no real part in the *Cent Jours*, after which he was exiled, retiring to the Netherlands till 1819, when, like most of the Bonapartists, he was allowed to return and die in peace in 1824, leaving the memory of a distinguished and moderate Jurist, and, last not least, of a man who thoroughly realised the importance of the great art of dining.

Le Brun, who had been Third Consul until the formation of the Empire, when he became Arch-Treasurer and Duke of Piacenza (Plaisance), and who had been employed on the financial system of the Empire and in governing Genoa, and, later, Holland, when first annexed to the Empire, had accepted the post of one of the Commissaires-Extraordinaires despatched by the Comte d'Artois while Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom before the arrival of the King, and had been sent to Caen. Trained under the *ancien régime*, old, and little fond of display, one would have thought that he would have adhered to the Bourbons, or, rather, would have remained passive. He, however, accepted a peerage from Napoleon, and also the post of Grand Master of the University. On the second Restora-

tion he forfeited his former peerage. He was restored to his rank in 1819, but lived in retirement till his death in 1824, aged 85.

Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza, the Grand Écuyer, the constant and faithful companion of Napoleon, came at once to his side in 1815, but only from fidelity, not with any hope of success. At first he positively declined to retake the Foreign Office, and when he consented, the determination of the Allies not to treat with the man who had made some of them Kings made Caulaincourt's tenure of that post a mere sinecure. Indeed, the first duty he had to perform was to receive the announcements of all the Ambassadors that they intended to withdraw at once. After Waterloo Caulaincourt formed one of the Provisional Government, but he had lost all hope, and was outwitted by Fouché. He and his Duchess were true to Napoleon to the end. This, of course, was hateful to the Royalists, who also professed to believe him specially responsible for the death of the Duc d'Enghien; but the protection of the Czar, who had treated him as a friend from the time he had been Ambassador in Russia, saved him from much of the annoyance he would have had to undergo. Indeed, Alexander got his name erased from the list presented by Fouché of persons selected for exile. He died in 1827, leaving an honourable name, and being a striking instance of a courtier who, never shrinking from telling his master the most unpalatable truths, and openly disapproving of many of his acts, still served Napoleon with as true fidelity in his worst misfortunes as he had done in his time of success.

Maret, Duke of Bassano, who had held the Secretariat during almost the whole period of the Empire, and who never wavered from his fidelity to his master, and who, if he ever injured Napoleon, did so only by too blind an obedience to his orders, had remained in communication

with him while he was at Elba, but had refrained from giving him advice. On the return of Napoleon he was at once by his side, and, retaking his former office, did the Emperor and the Bourbons a great service by insuring the release of the Duc d'Angoulême, who had fallen into the hands of Grouchy by virtue of a capitulation which Napoleon had at first ordered to be fulfilled, but about which he had changed his mind. Maret acted on the first order, and, as usual with Napoleon, received only thanks for his conduct in studying the true interests of his master. Maret was on the field of Waterloo; indeed, he had often enough been by the side of his master in battle. He had only just time to fly, destroying or getting destroyed many papers, and he got to Paris before Napoleon. True to the end, he only left his master by his orders at Rambouillet, and retired to Switzerland. Arrested by the Austrians, he was imprisoned at Gratz, but in 1817 he was allowed to go to Trieste, a favourite if compulsory rendezvous of the Bonapartists at this time. In 1820 he returned to France, remaining watched by the police till 1830. In 1834 he took the office of Minister of the Interior and President of the Ministry under Louis Philippe for a few days. He passed much of his time in furnishing information to writers defending Napoleon, such as Bignon, and he closed an honourable life in 1839, just too soon to welcome the arrival of the remains of his master.

Savary, the Duke of Rovigo, who had been Police Minister from Fouché's dismissal in 1810 to 1814, had behaved with some lukewarmness towards Napoleon on his first abdication. He had not stayed with him to the end, and had remained in France, rather harassed by the same surveillance under which he had put many others, but protected by his former friend, Alexander, who seems to have been more constant in his personal likings

than in other matters. On the arrival of Napoleon, Savary went to him, and was graciously permitted to decline to resume the police, and instead to retake his original post in command of the *gendarmerie d'élite*, a corps too good for this sinful world, as he assures us, but much abused by less well-informed persons. This time Savary did not dare to remain after Napoleon left. He accompanied the Emperor on board the Bellerophon, but for some inscrutable reason the English Government refused to let him go to St. Helena. His wanderings are so curious as to be worth recording. He was first taken to Fort Manoel, Malta, and on the tiny peninsula on which that fort is built he remained till April, 1816. He then went to Smyrna, where, in 1817, he heard that he had been condemned to death for treason by the Bourbon Courts, and he moved to Trieste, and then to Gratz, where he met and was kindly received by Metternich. He returned to Smyrna in 1818, and went to London in 1819, crossing to France in December of that year to apply for a fresh trial, as the first bitter feelings had died away, and the Bonapartists were being allowed to return. He was treated with the same courtesy afterwards shown towards the journalists of the second Empire, being allowed to choose his own day for going to prison ; and he was acquitted. In 1823 he bitterly attacked Talleyrand and the Duke Dalberg for their part in the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, but was silenced by the King. In 1831 Louis Philippe gave him the command of the Army of Algeria, in which post he died in 1833.

It can hardly be by accident that we find Savary concerned in the worst acts of Napoleon's reign, such as the murder of the Duc d'Enghien and the hoodwinking of the Spanish Royal Family. A dashing cavalry officer in his youth, he might have won a better name than he has left, though he has probably had to bear the blame of

many an act he had nothing to do with. It is significant that he publicly raised the question of the responsibility of the Duc d'Enghien's death at a time when the Bonapartist party was in the dust, and when Talleyrand could have easily crushed him if Talleyrand himself had been free of blame in that matter. In any case courage and ability must be conceded to Savary.

During the last agony of the Empire in 1814 some of the Republicans had fully realised the danger the cause of liberty ran if Napoleon fell, and Carnot, the organiser of victory under the Republic, and who had been War Minister to Napoleon for a short time in 1800, had put his services at the disposal of the Emperor, who sent him to Antwerp, which Carnot defended well, only surrendering it to the orders of the Comte d'Artois after all hope for France was gone. In 1815 he thoroughly understood what the return of the Bourbons would imply, and he threw himself heartily into the cause of Napoleon, and accepted the Ministry of the Interior. He behaved with perfect loyalty to Napoleon, although the importance he attached to the characteristic theories of his party made Napoleon say that Carnot thought of improvements in the house while it was on fire. He was nominated one of the Provisional Government, leaving his Ministry to his brother; but, opposed as he was to the Bourbons, he was outwitted by Fouché, and, with his fellow-members, was practically helpless. The Czar attempted to get his name struck off the list of those to be exiled, but it was replied that he had been the author of a work in which it was sought to prove that Louis, when Comte de Provence, had had some secret connection with Robespierre with a view of hastening the fall or death of his unfortunate brother, Louis XVI., — a libel the more dangerous as the conduct of the brothers of the murdered King had

been before attacked. He retired to Warsaw and then to Magdeburg, dying in 1823.

The other Ministers of Napoleon require little mention. Gaudin, Duke of Gaeta, had retaken the Finances, which he had held for the whole reign of Napoleon, thus incurring the wrath of the Abbé Louis when he returned with the King like a bear robbed of her cubs, and found himself deprived of the millions spent by the Emperor. Gaudin cleared himself from the charges brought against him, and from 1820 to 1834 was governor of one of the best of his and his master's institutions, the Bank of France.

Mollien, whom the Bourbons had not employed, after some little hesitation went back to the Treasury, thus forfeiting his strong claim to it on the return from Ghent.

Decrés took his old post at the Marine, in which he had had such a uniformly disastrous tale to tell. Though he had not much affection for the Emperor, and though his language after Waterloo was rough and unfeeling, he seems to have really done his best for Napoleon's safety, and to have tried to insure the success of his flight to America.

Clarke, the Duke of Feltre, long Minister of War under Napoleon, had replaced Soult in that post just before the flight to Ghent, and he thought it wisest to throw in his lot with the Royalists and take what was called the "sentimental journey." St. Cyr took the War Office on the return from Ghent, but Clarke again held it from September, 1815, to September, 1817. He was made Marshal by Louis in 1816 (he was never a Marshal of the Empire), and died in 1818.

Those Ministers, past and present, who were in Paris on the arrival of the Allies seem to have been specially marked out for annoyance: thus poor Montalivet had

some fifty men and fifty horses quartered on him. Molé, with his name honoured in the annals of the French magistracy, the former Grand Judge, had accepted the return of Napoleon with but half-concealed reluctance, refusing to sign the law against the Bourbons, and only consenting to take a post unconnected with politics, which he had first held, — the Roads and Bridges. He was continued in it by the Bourbons, and even made a peer, but his sympathies with Parliamentary Government could not have been strong. Years afterwards, when he had been repeatedly Minister and even Chief Minister to the changing dynasties, in reply to some sneers from De Tocqueville, he nobly defended the brilliant band of men who under Napoleon undertook the task of establishing order, repressing crime and folly, and repairing the evils alike of the *ancien régime* and of the Revolution, believing themselves engaged in a holy and generous crusade. His words should be read. He at least did not believe that he had spent so many years in the service of a clever and unscrupulous adventurer. A Frenchman, he did not forget in his old age what Napoleon had done for France. As once more the wild theories and dreams of the sanguinary Revolutionists were urged on an excited people, he remembered the great soldier and statesman who had put the whole noisy band under his heel, and had given France what so few rulers have given her, — internal peace.

Lavallette, who had for so many years directed the Posts, naturally retook his former office. On the second Restoration he was one of those exempted from the amnesty. Condemned to death, the Royalists were very anxious for his execution. According to them he had walked into the office, struck his stick on the floor, — a great point was made of this stick, — and taken possession in the name of the Emperor. It is difficult to see

the peculiar wickedness of this ; one is rather struck with the extraordinary weakness of an administration which could be thus at once upset. The King received Madame de Lavallette, for what reason it is hard to say, if he had determined on the death of her husband. The Duchesse d'Angoulême was inaccessible and inexorable. How Lavallette escaped should be read at length in his "Memoirs." It is impossible here to do justice to the nerve of his wife and himself, especially when, expecting death at any moment, he delayed the enterprise for a day to improve the arrangements. Putting on the dress of his wife, he got past the gate into a sedan chair, then from that to a *fiacre*, and, slipping out of that, was concealed by the family of a minor functionary in the hôtel of the Duc de Richelieu, the very head of the administration. Though his place of hiding was known to several people, it was preserved from the constant search of the Government. So bloodthirsty were the Royalists that they accused the Prefect of Police of favouring the escape, the very King himself seeming to fear this charge, — a strange one, as Ney had already been shot.

Though the Duke of Wellington looked on with unconcern at the executions which were being carried out, the English army were not all satisfied at being employed to keep the French quiet while the men who had fled at the sight of Napoleon butchered the soldiers who had faced every army in Europe. A scheme which had been prepared to rescue Ney was now directed to save Lavallette. Sir Robert Wilson, Bruce, and Hutchinson, whose names should be honoured by every Englishman, succeeded in snatching one prey from the Bourbons; and Lavallette, in the dress of an English officer, drove out of Paris by the side of Sir Robert, and again appeared at his side when Sir Robert canvassed Westminster. The Royalists were left to the poor satisfaction of badgering Madame

de Lavallette out of her mind. Sir Robert returned to Paris, was arrested, tried, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, with his associates. He himself had been loud in abuse of the Bonapartists in their days of success, but he was a gallant soldier, and having faced the French in the field, and having done his best to inspire the Court of Russia with his own zeal against them, he was not prepared to have even a passive share in the task of butchering men whose sole crime was having served an Emperor only kept from the undisputed possession of the throne of France by a million of foreign bayonets.

Bourrienne himself might fairly have expected to figure amongst the statesmen of the day. He almost under-represents his own part in affairs at this time, as he was really a conspicuous and busy figure, being much employed by Talleyrand in his numerous little plots. How he did not recover the Prefecture of Police which he held before the flight to Ghent we learn by chance, not from his "Memoirs," but from De Vitrolles, who, finding Talleyrand complaining after his return of the manners of the new Prefect, Decazes, whom Talleyrand considered to resemble a young hairdresser, asked him why he had not given the post to Bourrienne, who suited him. Talleyrand explained the matter with his usual nonchalance, and the reason is so characteristic of the Government which replaced Napoleon that it is worth giving. "Certainly," answered Talleyrand; "but how could it be done? Bourrienne was not there. He was returning from Hamburg" (where he had been sent by the King instead of staying at Ghent) "in a bad *calèche*. A wheel broke quite close to Paris, and he lost twenty-four hours in mending it. See what it is to be a *pauvre diable*. Now, if Bourrienne had £200,000 of rentes, he would always be a *pauvre diable*. You see nothing is so important as not to be a *pauvre diable*."[1] This is Talleyrand

[1] Vitrolles, tome iii. p. 128.

all over. As he explained, perhaps at the same time, he had always been rich even in the United States, and not to have a carriage was an absurd idea to him.

Talleyrand did not, however, forget Bourrienne altogether. In the "Memoirs," as the reader will remember,[1] Bourrienne represents his appointment as "Ministre d'État" (practically member of the Privy Council) as a special act of the King. It really was one of the little tricks at which Talleyrand was so clever. By not inserting Bourrienne's name in the list prepared to be laid before the King, and then representing Bourrienne's case as Louis was about to sign, Talleyrand got the appointment made without the objections which would otherwise have been pressed. The speedy fall of Talleyrand's ministry probably prevented Bourrienne appearing in a more prominent position than that in which we have to leave him.

It should, by the way, be remarked that while Bourrienne criticises so severely the proceedings of Napoleon's police, his qualifications (disqualifications, according to some persons) for the Prefecture of Police under the Restoration were his knowledge of the modes of action of that very police and his tendency to adopt its violent methods. After his attack on Napoleon we cannot be sorry for the sharp lesson he, like so many others, received as to the inconstancy of the Royal favour under the Restoration.

The ruin of Bourrienne's mental faculties is said to have been caused by the shock of the Revolution of July and the loss of his fortune. He died in an asylum at Caen in 1834. It will be seen that Napoleon in his Will alludes to Bourrienne as one of the possessors of important papers relating to his history. Bourrienne was a strange and melancholy instance of a man with every quality which would insure his holding high employment, throwing

[1] See *ante*, p. 288.

away all his advantages in his eagerness to snatch at the wealth which would have certainly come to him had he known how to wait.[1]

As for the Bourbons, when Napoleon landed, the Duc d'Angoulême, the eldest son of the Comte d'Artois, and his wife were at Bordeaux in the midst of *fêtes* in their honour. The Royalists were strong in the South, and the Duke, placed in command of the five Southern military divisions, threw himself in rear of Napoleon to try to undo the effect of his passage, but though he obtained some successes he had to capitulate to Generals Gilly and Grouchy. After some hesitation in allowing such a valuable prize to leave his hands, Napoleon gave the order to carry out the capitulation; and the Duke embarked at Cette for Spain, where he remained during the *Cent Jours*, and then only returned to Paris after some stay in the Southern provinces. His wife, the daughter of Louis XVI., who had been imprisoned so long by the Convention, and who had been eventually exchanged in 1795 for the representatives arrested by Dumouriez when he went over to the Austrians, tried to excite a rising in Bordeaux, but General Clausel forced her to embark for England in an English frigate on the 1st of April; and she did not return to France till some weeks after the King had re-entered Paris.

The Duc de Bourbon, son of the Prince de Condé and father of the Duc d'Enghien, was sent to the West to raise La Vendée, but he had to fly almost immediately, and embarked at Nantes.

The Comte d'Artois, the brother of the King, and later King himself as Charles X., was sent to Lyons, to which

[1] For Napoleon's remarks on and inquiries about the peculations of Bourrienne at Hamburg, see "Bourrienne et ses Erreurs," tome ii. pp. 225–246, already quoted, and Bingham's "Letters and Despatches of the First Napoleon" (London, Chapman and Hall, 1884), vol. iii. pp. 81 and 121.

place the Duc d'Orléans followed him, and where the two Princes met Marshal Macdonald. The Marshal did all that man could do to keep the soldiers true to the Bourbons, but he had to advise the Princes to return to Paris, and he himself had to fly for his life when he attempted to stop Napoleon in person. The Duc d'Orléans was then sent to the North to hold Lille, where the King intended to take refuge, and the Comte d'Artois remained with the Court.

Louis himself, with Marshals Berthier and Macdonald, travelled to Lille, while the Comte d'Artois and his second son, the Duc de Berri, the father of the late Comte de Chambord, moved there with the so-called "Maison du Roi," or Royal Guard. The Duc de Berri had shown too much ardour and roughness in his dealings with the army and with the Bonapartists, and it will be remembered how he was silenced by one old private who, when the Duke turned on him with a snarl as to how little Napoleon had done for him, answered, "And if we choose to give him *credit?*"

At Lille the King found the Duc d'Orléans and Marshal Mortier, who had closed the gates and kept the garrison in some approach to fidelity to the Bourbons, scarcely, however, being able or perhaps willing to do more than get the King permission to enter on condition of not being accompanied by either the "Maison," or any foreign troops, — not a useless stipulation if we remember that De Vitrolles was at this very time trying to get the Spaniards to enter France to support the Government he was hoping to found in the South. Indeed, the Royalists had a shameful if natural longing for the entry of foreign troops. Marshals Macdonald and Mortier urged the King to remain in France and to go to Dunkirk, which could be held with a smaller garrison than Lille; but Louis was anxious to be safe, and he proceeded to Ghent, where

he held a miniature Court with his Ministers Blacas, Clarke, Beugnot, Louis, Dambray, Chateaubriand, and other followers, such as De Vaublanc, Capelle, Anglès, Mounier, and Guizot. The Court was very badly off for money; the King, and Clarke, Duke of Feltre, the War Minister, were the only happy possessors of carriages. They passed their time, as the Abbé Louis once bitterly remarked, in saying foolish things till they had a chance of doing them.

The Comte d'Artois, who, probably wisely, certainly cautiously, had refused to go with De Vitrolles to stir up the South until he had placed the King in safety, had ended by going to Ghent too, while the Duc de Berri was at Alost, close by, with a tiny army composed of the remains of the Maison du Roi, of which the most was made in reports. The Duc d'Orléans, always an object of suspicion to the King, had left France with the Royal party, but had refused to stay in Belgium, as he alleged that it was an enemy's country. He crossed to England, where he remained, greatly adding to the anxiety of Louis by refusing to join him.

The end of these Princes is well known. Louis died in 1824, leaving his throne to his brother; but Charles only held it till 1830, when after the rising called "the three glorious days of July," he was civilly escorted from France, and took shelter in England. The Duc d'Angoulême died without issue. The Duc de Berri was assassinated in 1820, but his widow gave birth to a posthumous son, the Duc de Bordeaux, or, to fervid Royalists, Henri V., though better known to us as the Comte de Chambord, who died in 1883 without issue, thus ending the then eldest line of Bourbons, and transmitting his claims to the Orleans family. On the fall of Charles X., the Duc d'Orléans became King of the French, but he was unseated by the Revolution of 1848, and died a refugee in Eng-

land. As the three Princes of the House of Condé, the Prince de Condé, his son, the Duc de Bourbon, and his grandson, the Duc d'Enghien, all died without further male issue, that noble line is extinct.

When the news of the escape of Napoleon from Elba reached Vienna on the 7th of March, 1815, the three heads of the Allies, the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the King of Prussia, were still there. Though it was said that the Congress danced but did not advance, still a great deal of work had really been done, and the news of Napoleon's landing created a fresh bond of union between the Allies which stopped all further chances of disunion, and enabled them to practically complete their work by the 9th of June, 1815, though the treaties required cobbling for some years afterwards.

France, Austria, and England had snatched the greater part of Saxony from the jaws of Prussia, and Alexander had been forced to leave the King of Saxony to reign over half of his former subjects, without, as he wished, sparing him the pain of such a degradation by taking all from him. Russia had to be contented with a large increase of her Polish dominions, getting most of the Grand Duchy of Westphalia. Austria had, probably unwisely, withdrawn from her former outlying provinces in Swabia and the Netherlands, which had before the Revolution made her necessarily the guardian of Europe against France, preferring to take her gains in Italy, gains which she has gradually lost in our days; while Prussia, by accepting the Rhine provinces, completely stepped into the former post of Austria. Indeed, from the way in which Prussia was, after 1815, as it were, scattered across Germany, it was evident that her fate must be either to be crushed by France, or else, by annexing the States enclosed in her dominions, to become the predominating power in Ger-

many. It was impossible for her to remain as she was left.

The Allies tightly bound France. They had no desire to have again to march on Paris to restore Louis to the subjects who had such unfortunate objections to being subjected to that desirable monarch. By the second Treaty of Paris, on the 20th of November, 1815, France was to be occupied by an Allied force, in military positions on the frontier, not to exceed 150,000 men, to be taken from all the Allied armies, under a commander who was eventually the Duke of Wellington. Originally the occupation was not to exceed five years, but in February, 1817, the army was reduced by 30,000 men, one-fifth of each contingent; and by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle of 9th October, 1818, France was to be evacuated by the 30th of November, 1818.

The three monarchs were probably not sorry to get the Congress over on any terms. Alexander had had his fill of displaying himself in the *salons* in his favourite part of an Agamemnon generous towards Troy, and he had worn out his first popularity. He was stung by finding some of his favourite plans boldly opposed by Talleyrand and by Metternich, and, indeed, was anxious to meet the last in open combat. Francis had required all the firmness of what he called his Bohemian head to resist the threats, entreaties, and cajoleries employed to get him to acquiesce in the dethronement of the King of Saxony, and the wiping out of the Saxon nationality by the very alliance which professed to fight only for the rights of nations and of their lawful sovereigns.

All three monarchs had again the satisfaction of entering Paris, but without enjoying the full glories of 1814. "Our friends the enemies" were not so popular then in France, and the spoliation of the Louvre was not pleasant

even to the Royalists. The foreign monarchs soon returned to their own drained and impoverished States.

The Emperor Francis had afterwards a quiet reign to his death in 1835, having only to assist his Minister in snuffing out the occasional flashes of a love of freedom in Germany.

The King of Prussia returned in a triumph well won by his sturdy subjects, and, in the light of his new honours, the Countess Von Voss tells us he was really handsome. He was now at leisure to resume the discussions on uniform, and the work of fastening and unfastening the numerous buttons of his pantaloons, in which he had been so roughly interrupted by Jena. The first institution of the Zollverein, or commercial union with several States, gradually extended, was a measure which did much for the unification of Germany. With his brother sovereigns he revisited Paris at the end of the military occupation in 1818, remaining there longer than the others, "because," said the Parisians, "he had discovered an actor at a small theatre who achieved the feat of making him laugh." He died in 1840. His Queen — heart-broken, it was said — had died in 1810.

Alexander was still brimming over with the best and most benevolent intentions towards every one. The world was to be free, happy, and religious; but he had rather vague ideas as to how his plans were to be carried out. Thus it is characteristic that when his successor desired to have a solemn coronation as King of Poland, it was found that Alexander had not foreseen the difficulties which were met with in trying to arrange for the coronation of a Sovereign of the Greek Church as King of a Roman Catholic State. The much-dreaded but very misty Holy Alliance was one of the few fruits of Alexander's visions. His mind is described as passing through a regular series of stages with each influence under which

he acted. He ended his life, tired out, disillusioned, "deceived in everything, weighed down with regret," obliged to crush the very hopes of his people he had encouraged, dying, in 1825, at Taganrog, leaving his new Polish Kingdom to be wiped out by his successors.

The minor sovereigns require little mention. They retained any titles they had received from Napoleon, while they exulted at being free from his heavy hand and sharp superintendence. Each got a share, small or great, of the spoil, except the poor King of Denmark, who, being assured by Alexander on his departure that he carried away all hearts, answered, "Yes, but not any souls."

The reintroduction of much that was bad in the old system (one country even going so far as to re-establish torture), the steady attack on liberty and on all liberal ideas, Würtemberg being practically the only State which grumbled at the tightening of the reins so dear to Metternich, — all formed a fitting commentary on the proclamations by which the Sovereigns had hounded on their people against the man they represented as the one obstacle to the freedom and peace of Europe. In gloom and disenchantment the nations sat down to lick their wounds. The contempt shown by the monarchs for everything but the right of conquest; the manner in which they treated the lands won from Napoleon as a gigantic "pool" which was to be shared amongst them, so many souls to each; their total failure to fulfil their promises to their subjects of granting liberty, — all these slowly bore their fruits in after years, and their effects are not even yet exhausted. The right of a sovereign to hold his lands was now, by the public law of Europe, to be decided by his strength. The rights of the people were treated as not existing. Truly, as our most gifted poetess has sung, —

"The Kings crept out — the peoples sat at home,
And finding the long invocated peace
(A pall embroidered with worn images
Of rights divine) too scant to cover doom
Such as they suffered, cursed the corn that grew
Rankly to bitter bread, on Waterloo."

CHAPTER XIII.[1]

1815–1821.

The closing scenes in the life of the great Emperor only now remain to be briefly touched upon. In a previous chapter we have narrated the surrender of Napoleon, his voyage to England, and his transference from the Bellerophon to the Northumberland. The latter vessel was in great confusion from the short notice at which she had sailed, and for the two first days the crew was employed in restoring order. The space abaft the mizzen-mast contained a dining-room about ten feet broad, and extending the whole width of the ship, a saloon, and two cabins. The Emperor occupied the cabin on the left, in which his camp-bedstead had been put up; that on the right was appropriated to the Admiral. It was peremptorily enjoined that the saloon should be in common. The form of the dining-table resembled that of the dining-room. Napoleon sat with his back to the saloon, on his left sat Madame Bertrand, and on his right the Admiral, who, with Madame de Montholon, filled up one side of the table. Next that lady, but at the end of the table, was Captain Ross, who commanded the ship, and at the opposite end M. de Montholon, Madame Bertrand, and the Admiral's secretary. The side of the table facing the Emperor was occupied by the Grand Marshal, the Colonel of the 53d Regiment,[2]

[1] This chapter, by the editor of the 1836 edition, is based upon the "Mémorial," and O'Meara's and Antommarchi's works.

[2] The 53d Regiment, now the 1st Battalion of the King's (Shropshire Light Infantry).

Las Cases, and Gourgaud. The Admiral invited one or two of the officers to dinner every day, and the band of the 53d, newly formed, played during dinner-time.

On the 10th of August the Northumberland cleared the Channel, and lost sight of land. The course of the ship was shaped to cross the Bay of Biscay and double Cape Finisterre. The wind was fair, though light, and the heat excessive. Napoleon breakfasted in his own cabin at irregular hours. He sent for one of his attendants every morning to know the distance run, the state of the wind, and other particulars connected with their progress. He read a great deal, dressed towards four o'clock, and then came into the public saloon; here he played at chess with one of the party; at five o'clock the Admiral announced that dinner was on the table. It is well known that Napoleon was scarcely ever more than fifteen minutes at dinner; here the two courses alone took up nearly an hour and a half. This was a serious annoyance to him, though his features and manner always evinced perfect equanimity. Neither the new system of cookery nor the quality of the dishes ever met with his censure. He was waited on by two valets, who stood behind his chair. At first the Admiral was in the habit of offering several dishes to the Emperor, but the acknowledgment of the latter was expressed so coldly that the practice was given up. The Admiral thenceforth only pointed out to the servants what was preferable. Napoleon was generally silent, as if unacquainted with the language, though it was French. If he spoke, it was to ask some technical or scientific question, or to address a few words to those whom the Admiral occasionally asked to dinner.

The Emperor rose immediately after coffee had been handed round, and went on deck, followed by the Grand Marshal and Las Cases. This disconcerted Admiral Cock-

burn, who expressed his surprise to his officers; but Madame Bertrand, whose maternal language was English, replied with spirit, "Do not forget, sir, that your guest is a man who has governed a large portion of the world, and that kings once contended for the honour of being admitted to his table." — "Very true," rejoined the Admiral; and from that time he did his utmost to comply with Napoleon's habits. He shortened the time of sitting at table, ordering coffee for Napoleon and those who accompanied him even before the rest of the company had finished their dinner. The Emperor remained walking on deck till dark. On returning to the after-cabin he sat down to play *vingt et un* with some of his suite, and generally retired in about half an hour. On the morning of the 15th of August all his suite asked permission to be admitted to his presence. He was not aware of the cause of this visit; it was his birthday, which seemed to have altogether escaped his recollection.

On the following day they doubled Cape Finisterre, and up to the 21st, passing off the Straits of Gibraltar, continued their course along the coast of Africa towards Madeira. Napoleon commonly remained in his cabin the whole morning, and from the extreme heat he wore a very slight dress. He could not sleep well, and frequently rose in the night. Reading was his chief occupation. He often sent for Count Las Cases to translate whatever related to St. Helena or the countries by which they were sailing. Napoleon used to start a subject of conversation, or revive that of some preceding day, and when he had taken eight or nine turns the whole length of the deck, he would seat himself on the second gun from the gangway on the larboard side. The midshipmen soon observed this habitual predilection, so that the cannon was thenceforth called the *Emperor's gun*. It was here that Napoleon often conversed for hours together.

On the 22d of August they came within sight of Madeira, and at night arrived off the port. They stopped for a day or two to take in provisions. Napoleon was indisposed. A sudden gale arose, and the air was filled with small particles of sand and the suffocating exhalations from the deserts of Africa. On the evening of the 24th they got under weigh again, and progressed smoothly and rapidly. The Emperor added to his amusements a game at piquet. He was but an indifferent chess-player, and there was no very good one on board. He asked, jestingly, "How it was that he frequently beat those who beat better players than himself?" *Vingt et un* was given up, as they played too high at it; and Napoleon had a great aversion to gaming. One night a negro threw himself overboard to avoid a flogging, which occasioned a great noise and bustle. A young midshipman meeting Las Cases descending into the cabin, and thinking he was going to inform Napoleon, caught hold of his coat, and in a tone of great concern exclaimed, "Ah, sir, do not alarm the Emperor! Tell him the noise is owing to an accident!" In general the midshipmen behaved with marked respect and attention to Bonaparte, and often by signs or words directed the sailors to avoid incommoding him. He sometimes noticed this conduct, and remarked that youthful hearts were always prone to generous instincts.

On the 1st of September they found themselves in the latitude of the Cape de Verd Islands. Everything now promised a prosperous passage, but the time hung heavily. Las Cases had undertaken to teach his son English, and the Emperor also expressed a wish to learn. He, however, soon grew tired and laid it aside, nor was it resumed until long afterwards. His manners and habits were always the same; he invariably appeared contented, patient, and good-humoured. The Admiral gradually laid

aside his reserve, and took an interest in his great captive. He pointed out the danger incurred by coming on deck after dinner, owing to the damp of the evening: the Emperor would then sometimes take his arm and prolong the conversation, talking sometimes on naval affairs, on the French resources in the South, and on the improvements he had contemplated in the ports and harbours of the Mediterranean, — to all which the Admiral listened with deep attention.

Meanwhile Napoleon observed that Las Cases was busily employed, and obtained a sight of his journal, with which he was not displeased. He, however, noticed that some of the military details and anecdotes gave but a meagre idea of the subject of war. This first led to the proposal of his writing his own Memoirs. At length the Emperor came to a determination, and on Saturday, the 9th of September, he called his secretary into his cabin, and dictated to him some particulars of the siege of Toulon. On approaching the line they fell in with the trade-winds, that blow here constantly from the east. On the 16th there was a considerable fall of rain, to the great joy of the sailors, who were in want of water. The rain began to fall heavily just as the Emperor had got upon deck to take his afternoon walk. But this did not disappoint him of his usual exercise; he merely called for his famous gray greatcoat, which the crew regarded with much interest.

On the 23d of September they passed the line. This was a day of great merriment and disorder among the crew: it was the ceremony which the English sailors call the "christening." No one is spared; and the officers are generally more roughly handled than any one else. The Admiral, who had previously amused himself by giving an alarming description of this ceremony, now very courteously exempted his guests from the inconven-

ience and ridicule attending it. Napoleon was scrupulously respected through the whole of this Saturnalian festivity. On being informed of the decorum which had been observed with regard to him, he ordered a hundred Napoleons to be presented to the grotesque Neptune and his crew, which the Admiral opposed, perhaps from motives of prudence as well as politeness.

Owing to the haste with which they had left England, the painting of the ship had been only lately finished, and this circumstance confined Napoleon, whose sense of smell was very acute, to his room for two days. They were now, in the beginning of October, driven into the Gulf of Guinea, where they met a French vessel bound for the Isle of Bourbon. They spoke with the captain, who expressed his surprise and regret when he learnt that Napoleon was on board. The wind was unfavourable, and the ship made little progress. The sailors grumbled at the Admiral, who had gone out of the usual course. At length they approached the termination of their voyage. On the 14th of October the Admiral had informed them that he expected to come within sight of St. Helena that day. They had scarcely risen from table when their ears were saluted with the cry of "Land!" This was within a quarter of an hour of the time that had been fixed on. The Emperor went on the forecastle to see the island, but it was still hardly distinguishable. At daybreak next morning they had a tolerably clear view of it.

At length, about seventy days after his departure from England, and a hundred and ten after quitting Paris, Napoleon reached St. Helena. In the harbour were several vessels of the squadron which had separated from them, and which they thought they had left behind. Napoleon, contrary to custom, dressed early and went upon deck; he went forward to the gangway to view the

island. He beheld a kind of village surrounded by numerous barren hills towering to the clouds. Every platform, every aperture, the brow of every hill was planted with cannon. The Emperor viewed the prospect through his glass. His countenance underwent no change. He soon left the deck; and sending for Las Cases, proceeded to his day's work. The Admiral, who had gone ashore very early, returned about six much fatigued. He had been walking over various parts of the island, and at length thought he had found a habitation that would suit his captives. The place stood in need of repairs, which might occupy two months. His orders were not to let the French quit the vessel till a house should be prepared to receive them. He, however, undertook, on his own responsibility, to set them on shore the next day.

On the 16th, after dinner, Napoleon, accompanied by the Admiral and the Grand Marshal, Bertrand, got into a boat to go ashore. As he passed, the officers assembled on the quarter-deck, and the greater part of the crew on the gangways. The Emperor, before he stepped into the boat, sent for the captain of the vessel, and took leave of him, desiring him at the same time to convey his thanks to the officers and crew. These words appeared to produce the liveliest sensation in all by whom they were understood, or to whom they were interpreted. The remainder of his suite landed about eight. They found the Emperor in the apartments which had been assigned to him: a few minutes after he went upstairs to his chamber. He was lodged in a sort of inn in James Town, which consists only of one short street, or row of houses, built in a narrow valley between two rocky hills.[1]

The next day the Emperor, the Grand Marshal, and the Admiral, riding out to visit Longwood, which had

[1] Hazlitt.

been chosen for the Emperor's residence, on their return saw a small villa, with a pavilion attached to it, about two miles from the town, the residence of Mr. Balcombe, a merchant of the island. This spot pleased Napoleon, and the Admiral was of opinion that it would be better for him to remain here than to return to the town, where the sentinels at his door, with the crowds collected round it, in a manner confined him to his chamber. The pavilion was a sort of summer-house on a pyramidal eminence, about thirty or forty paces from the house, where the family were accustomed to resort in fine weather: this was hired for the temporary abode of the Emperor, and he took possession of it immediately. There was a carriage-road from the town, and the valley was in this part less rugged in its aspect. Las Cases was soon sent for. As he ascended the winding path leading to the pavilion, he saw Napoleon standing at the threshold of the door. His body was slightly bent, and his hands behind his back: he wore his usual plain and simple uniform and the well-known hat. The Emperor was alone. He took a fancy to walk a little, but there was no level ground on any side of the pavilion, which was surrounded by huge pieces of rock. Taking the arm of his companion, however, he began to converse in a cheerful strain. When Napoleon was about to retire to rest, the servants found that one of the windows was open close to the bed: they barricaded it as well as they could, so as to exclude the air, to the effects of which the Emperor was very susceptible. Las Cases ascended to an upper room. The *valets de chambre* lay stretched in their cloaks across the threshold of the door. Such was the first night Napoleon passed at the Briars.

An English officer was lodged with them in the house as their guard, and two non-commissioned officers were stationed near the house to watch their movements.

Napoleon the next day proceeded with his dictation, which occupied him for several hours, and then took a walk in the garden, where he was met by the two Misses Balcombe, lively girls about fourteen years of age, who presented him with flowers, and overwhelmed him with whimsical questions. Napoleon was amused by their familiarity, to which he had been little accustomed. "We have been to a masked ball," said he, when the young ladies had taken their leave.

The next day a chicken was brought for breakfast, which the Emperor undertook to carve himself, and was surprised at his succeeding so well, it being a long time since he had done so much. The coffee he considered so bad that on tasting it he thought himself poisoned, and sent it away.

The mornings were passed in business; in the evening Napoleon sometimes strolled to the neighbouring villa, where the young ladies made him play at whist. "The Campaign of Italy" was nearly finished, and Las Cases proposed that the other followers of Napoleon who were lodged in the town should come up every morning to assist in transcribing "The Campaign of Egypt," the "History of the Consulate," etc. This suggestion pleased the ex-Emperor, so that from that time one or two of his suite came regularly every day to write to his dictation, and stayed to dinner. A tent, sent by the Colonel of the 53d Regiment, was spread out so as to form a prolongation of the pavilion. Their cook took up his abode at the Briars. The table linen was taken from the trunks, the plate was set forth, and the first dinner after these new arrangements was a sort of *fête*.

One day at dinner Napoleon, casting his eye on one of the dishes of his own campaign-service, on which the arms of the King had been engraved, "How they have spoiled that!" he exclaimed; and he could not refrain

from observing that the King was in great haste to take possession of the Imperial plate, which certainly did not belong to him. Amongst the baggage was also a cabinet in which were a number of medallions, given him by the Pope and other potentates, some letters of Louis XVIII. which he had left behind him on his writing-table in the suddenness of his flight from the Tuileries on the 20th of March, and a number of other letters found in the portfolio of M. Blacas intended to calumniate Napoleon.

The Emperor never dressed until about four o'clock: he then walked in the garden, which was particularly agreeable to him on account of its solitude, — the English soldiers having been removed at Mr. Balcombe's request. A little arbour was covered with canvas, and a chair and table placed in it, and here Napoleon dictated a great part of his Memoirs. In the evening, when he did not go out, he generally contrived to prolong the conversation till eleven or twelve o'clock.

Thus time passed with little variety or interruption. The weather in the winter became delightful. One day, his usual task being done, Napoleon strolled out towards the town, until he came within sight of the road and shipping. On his return he met Mrs. Balcombe[1] and a Mrs. Stuart, who was on her way back from Bombay to England. The Emperor conversed with her on the manners and customs of India, and on the inconveniences of a long voyage at sea, particularly to ladies. He alluded to Scotland, Mrs. Stuart's native country, expatiated on the genius of Ossian, and congratulated his fair interlocutor on the preservation of her clear Northern complexion. While the parties were thus engaged, some heavily burdened slaves passed near to them. Mrs. Balcombe mo-

[1] A daughter of Mrs. Balcombe, Mrs. Abell, has since published her "Reminiscences of Napoleon at St. Helena" (London, S. Low and Co., 1873).

tioned them to make a *détour;* but Napoleon interposed, exclaiming, "Respect the burden, madam!" As he said this, the Scotch lady, who had been very eagerly scanning the features of Napoleon, whispered to her friend, "Heavens! what a character, and what an expression of countenance! How different to the idea I had formed of him!"

Napoleon shortly after repeated the same walk, and went into the house of Major Hudson. This visit occasioned considerable alarm to the constituted authorities. The Governor gave a ball, to which the French were invited; and Las Cases about the same time rode over to Longwood to see what advance had been made in the preparations for their reception. His report on his return was not very favourable. They had now been six weeks at the Briars, during which Napoleon had been nearly as much confined as if on board the vessel. His health began to be impaired by it. Las Cases gave it as his opinion that the Emperor did not possess that constitution of iron which was usually ascribed to him, and that it was the strength of his mind, not of his body, that carried him through the labours of the field and of the cabinet. In speaking on this subject Napoleon himself observed that nature had endowed him with two peculiarities: one was the power of sleeping at any hour or in any place;[1] the other, his being incapable of commit-

[1] Napoleon had the happy power, indispensable to a man bearing the enormous strain of his vast and centralised empire, of commanding sleep at will. He was believed to sleep but little: this was a mistake. At times of great excitement he became, as Bourrienne says (see p. 297 of the first volume of this work), almost insensible to bodily wants; but ordinarily, if tired, he would snatch a few minutes' sleep in the intervals of a conversation or between any occurrences. No fears for the future, however hazardous his position, interfered with this power. Thus on the night before his *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire he loaded two pistols and put them by his bedside, telling the surprised Josephine something might happen in

ting any excess either in eating or drinking. "If," said he, "I go the least beyond my mark, my stomach in-

the night. After this he lay down and slept soundly till daylight (*Rémusat*, tome i. p. 149). On the night before Austerlitz, after sending off Savary to ascertain the cause of a night alarm, he fell asleep so heavily that Savary on his return had to shake him to get him to receive the report. Napoleon then mounted and rode along his line, and again returned, to sleep till daybreak, though unquiet about the movements of the enemy (*Savary*, tome ii. pp. 202-203). At Waterloo he threw himself on his camp-bed, telling Jérôme, "It is ten o'clock, I shall sleep till eleven. I shall certainly wake of myself, but in any case rouse me yourself, for they" — pointing to the officers round him — "will not dare to disturb my repose" (*Thiers*, tome xx. pp. 190 and 194). For Napoleon's own remarks on his sleeping, even during a battle, see the "Mémorial," tome ii. p. 364, for 21st to 22d March, 1816. Josephine made Napoleon retain the habit of sleeping with her for long after he was Consul by assuring him that she slept so lightly that he could trust to her arousing him if any attempt were made on him (*Rémusat*, tome i. p. 207). His habit of sometimes falling asleep at a pause in a conversation was often trying to his Ministers. During the 1807 campaign, when Talleyrand, much to his own disgust, was with the army, he was one night called to speak to Napoleon, who was in bed. Finding that Napoleon kept dozing off, but awaking and again beginning to talk each time Talleyrand touched the door handle, the poor Minister, in despair of escaping, had to resort to the plan of passing the rest of the night in an arm-chair in the room. General Gourgaud, who was long with Napoleon, says, "Such was the special organisation of this man, who was extraordinary in everything, that he could sleep an hour, be awakened to give an order, again go to sleep, and be again awakened, without either his repose or his health suffering. Six hours of sleep sufficed for him, whether he took them at a stretch, or whether he slept at intervals during the twenty-four hours" (*Examen critique de l'Ouvrage de Comte de Ségur*, p. 125, and *Méneval*, tome i. p. 380). But this is to be taken as chiefly applying to times of exertion. In ordinary times he seems to have gone to bed between ten and eleven, rising generally about seven (*Rémusat*, tome i. p. 187 and tome ii. p. 335). Most great military commanders have had some similar power, few being like Wallenstein, who could not bear even the clink of spurs near him when resting. As for the Duke of Wellington, Larpent says in his Journal (Bentley, 1854), p. 199, in speaking of 1813, "Lord Wellington is not so easily roused from his bed as he used to be. . . . I understand he was always naturally fond of his pillow. He had rather ride like an express for ten or fifteen leagues than be early and take time to his work. Upon the whole this may fatigue him less, as being a less time on horseback."

stantly revolts." He was subject to nausea from very slight causes, and to colds from any change of air.[1]

The prisoners removed to Longwood on the 10th of December, 1815. Napoleon invited Mr. Balcombe to breakfast with him that morning, and conversed with him in a very cheerful manner. About two Admiral Cockburn was announced; he entered with an air of embarrassment. In consequence of the restraints imposed upon him at the Briars, and the manner in which those of his suite residing in the town had been treated, Bonaparte had discontinued receiving the visits of the Admiral; yet on the present occasion he behaved towards him as though nothing had happened. At length they left the Briars and set out for Longwood. Napoleon rode the horse, a small, sprightly, and tolerably handsome animal, which had been brought for him from the Cape. He wore his uniform of the Chasseurs of the Guard, and his graceful manner and handsome countenance were particularly remarked. The Admiral was very attentive to him. At the entrance of Longwood they found a guard under arms, who rendered the prescribed honours to their illustrious captive. His horse, unaccustomed to parades, and frightened by the roll of the drum, refused to pass the gate till spurred on by Napoleon, while a significant look

[1] The mode of life adopted by Napoleon when at Longwood was very regular. He usually rose early, and employed an hour or two either in dictating to one of his Generals or in a ride on horseback. He generally took his breakfast about ten o'clock, sometimes in his own room, and sometimes with his suite. He devoted the early part of the day to reading or to dictation, until about two or three o'clock, when he was in the habit of receiving visitors. After this he again took an airing, either on horseback or in his carriage, attended by the whole of his suite. On his return he either resumed his book or continued his dictation until dinner-time, which was eight o'clock. He preferred plain food, of which he ate plentifully and with appetite; his drink was claret, of which he took but little, very rarely more than a pint. After dinner chess, cards, a play or a romance read aloud, or general conversation, served to pass away the time until ten or eleven o'clock, at which hour he usually went to bed.

passed among the escort. The Admiral took great pains to point out the minutest details at Longwood. He had himself superintended all the arrangements, among which was a bath-room. Bonaparte was satisfied with everything, and the Admiral seemed highly pleased. He had anticipated petulance and disdain, but Napoleon manifested perfect good-humour.[1]

The entrance to the house was through a room which had been just built to answer the double purpose of an ante-chamber and a dining-room. This apartment led to the drawing-room; beyond this was a third room running in a cross direction and very dark. This was intended to be the depository of the Emperor's maps and books, but it was afterwards converted into the dining-room. The Emperor's chamber opened into this apartment on the right-hand side, and was divided into two equal parts, forming a cabinet and sleeping-room; a little external gallery served for a bathing-room. Opposite the Em-

1 "Longwood," says Las Cases, "originally a farm belonging to the East India Company, and afterwards given as a country residence to the Deputy-Governor, is situated on one of the highest parts of the island. The difference between the temperature of this place and the valley below is very great. It stands on a plateau of some extent, and near the eastern coast. Continual and frequently violent winds blow regularly from the same quarter. The sun, though rarely seen, nevertheless exercises its influence on the atmosphere, which is apt to produce disorders in the liver. Heavy and sudden falls of rain inundate the ground, and there is no settled course of the seasons. The sun passes overhead twice a year. Notwithstanding the abundant rains the grass is either nipped by the wind or dried up by the heat. The water, which is conveyed up to Longwood by pipes, is so unwholesome as to be unfit for use till it has been boiled. The trees, which at a distance impart a smiling aspect to the country, are merely gum-trees, a wretched kind of shrub affording no shade. On one hand the horizon is bounded by the ocean, but the rest of the scene presents only a mass of huge barren rocks, deep gulfs, and desolate valleys; and in the distance appears the green and misty chain of mountains, above which towers Diana's Peak. In short, Longwood can be agreeable only to the traveller after the fatigues of a long voyage, to whom the sight of any country is a relief" (*Memorial*, tome ii. pp. 39–40).

peror's chamber, at the other extremity of the building, were the apartments of Madame Montholon, her husband, and her son, afterward used as the Emperor's library. Detached from this part of the house was a little square room on the ground floor, contiguous to the kitchen, which was assigned to Las Cases.[1] The windows and beds had no curtains. The furniture was mean and scanty. Bertrand and his family resided at a distance of two miles, at a place called *Hut's Gate*. General Gourgaud slept under a tent, as well as Mr. O'Meara, and the officer commanding the guard. The house was surrounded by a garden. In front, and separated by a tolerably deep ravine, was encamped the 53d Regiment, different parties of which were stationed on the neighbouring heights.

The domestic establishment of the Emperor consisted of eleven persons.[2] To the Grand Marshal was confided the general superintendence; to M. de Montholon the domestic details; Las Cases was to take care of the furniture and property, and General Gourgaud to have the management of the stables. These arrangements, however, produced discontent among Napoleon's attendants. Las Cases admits that they were no longer the members of one family, each using his best efforts to promote the advantage of all. They were far from practising that which necessity dictated. He says also, "The Admiral has more than once, in the midst of our disputes with him, hastily exclaimed that the Emperor was decidedly the most good-natured, just, and reasonable of the whole set."[3]

On his first arrival he went to visit the barracks occu-

[1] For plan of Longwood, see "Mémorial," tomes i. and viii., and Norvin's "Life of Napoleon."

[2] For a list of Napoleon's establishment at St. Helena, see p. 263 of this volume.

[3] "Mémorial," tome ii. p. 99.

pied by some Chinese living on the island, and a place called Longwood Farm. He complained to Las Cases that they had been idle of late; but by degrees their hours and the employment of them became fixed and regular. "The Campaign of Italy" being now finished, Napoleon corrected it, and dictated on other subjects. This was their morning's work. They dined between eight and nine, Madame Montholon being seated on Napoleon's right, Las Cases on his left, and Gourgaud, Montholon, and Las Cases' son sitting opposite. The smell of the paint not being yet gone off, they remained not more than ten minutes at table, and the dessert was prepared in the adjoining apartment, where coffee was served up and conversation commenced. Scenes were read from Molière, Racine, and Voltaire; and regret was always expressed at their not having a copy of Corneille. They then played at *reversis*, which had been Bonaparte's favourite game in his youth. The recollection was agreeable to him, and he thought he could amuse himself at it for any length of time, but was soon undeceived. His aim was always to make the *reversis*, that is, to win every trick. Character is displayed in the smallest incidents.

Napoleon read a libel on himself, and contrasted the compliments which had passed between him and the Queen of Prussia with the brutal behaviour ascribed to him in the English newspapers. On the other hand, two common sailors had at different times, while he was at Longwood and at the Briars, in spite of orders and at all risks, made their way through the sentinels to gain a sight of Napoleon. On seeing the interest they took in him he exclaimed, "This is fanaticism! Yes, imagination rules the world!"

The instructions of the English Ministers with regard to the treatment of Napoleon at St. Helena had been prepared with the view completely to secure his person.

An English officer was to be constantly at his table. This order, however, was not carried into effect. An officer was also to accompany Napoleon in all his rides; this order was dispensed with within certain prescribed limits, because Napoleon had refused to ride at all on such conditions. Almost every day brought with it some new cause of uneasiness and complaint. Sentinels were posted beneath Napoleon's windows and before his doors. This order was, however, doubtless given to prevent his being annoyed by impertinent curiosity. The French were certainly precluded from all free communication with the inhabitants of the island; but this precaution was of unquestionable necessity for the security of the Emperor's person. Las Cases complains that the pass-words were perpetually changed, so that they lived in constant perplexity and apprehension of being subjected to some unforeseen insult. "Napoleon," he continues, "addressed a complaint to the Admiral, which obtained for him no redress. In the midst of these complaints the Admiral wished to introduce some ladies (who had arrived in the Doris) to Napoleon; but he declined, not approving this alternation of affronts and civilities." He, however, consented, at the request of their Colonel, to receive the officers of the 53d Regiment. After this officer took his leave, Napoleon prolonged his walk in the garden. He stopped awhile to look at a flower in one of the beds, and asked his companion if it was not a lily. It was indeed a magnificent one. The thought that he had in his mind was obvious. He then spoke of the number of times he had been wounded; and said it had been thought he had never met with these accidents from his having kept them secret as much as possible.[1]

It was near the end of December. One day, after a walk and a *tumble* in the mud, Bonaparte returned and

[1] See footnote in vol. iii. p. 214, also p. 428 of this volume.

found a packet of English newspapers, which the Grand-Marshal translated to him. This occupied him till late, and he forgot his dinner in discussing their contents. After dinner had been served Las Cases wished to continue the translation, but Napoleon would not suffer him to proceed, from consideration for the weak state of his eyes. "We must wait till to-morrow," said he. A few days afterwards the Admiral came in person to visit him, and the interview was an agreeable one. After some animated discussion it was arranged that Napoleon should henceforth ride freely about the island; that the officer should follow him only at a distance; and that visitors should be admitted to him, not with the permission of the Admiral as the Inspector of Longwood, but with that of the Grand Marshal, who was to do the honours of the establishment. These concessions were, however, soon recalled. On the 30th of this month Piontkowsky, a Pole who had been left behind, but whose entreaties prevailed upon the English Government, joined Bonaparte. On New-Year's Day all their little party was collected together, and Napoleon, entering into the feelings of the occasion, begged that they might breakfast and pass it together. Every day furnished some new trait of this kind.

On the 14th of April, 1816, Sir Hudson Lowe, the new Governor, arrived at St. Helena. This epoch is important, as marking the beginning of a continued series of accusations and counter-accusations, by which the last five years of Napoleon's life were constantly occupied, to the great annoyance of himself and all connected with him, and possibly to the shortening of his own existence.[1]

[1] Although there is no doubt that many of the complaints made against Sir Hudson Lowe came from the peevishness of the staff and servants of Napoleon, still it was but natural that both the Emperor and the others, accustomed to luxury or at least comfort, and suddenly deprived of all

It would be tedious to detail the progress of this petty war, but, as a subject which has formed so great a portion of the life of Napoleon, it must not be omitted. To avoid anything which may appear like a bias against Napoleon, the details, unless when otherwise mentioned, will be derived from Las Cases, his devoted admirer.

On the first visit of the new Governor, which was the 16th of April, Napoleon refused to admit him, because he himself was ill, and also because the Governor had not asked beforehand for an audience. On the second visit the Governor was admitted to an audience, and Napoleon seems to have taken a prejudice at first sight, as he remarked to his suite that the Governor was "hideous, and had a most ugly countenance," though he allowed he ought not to judge too hastily. The spirit of the party was shown by a remark made, that the first two days had been days of battle.

The Governor saw Napoleon again on the 30th April, and the interview was stormy. Napoleon argued with the Governor on the conduct of the Allies towards him, said they had no right to dispose of him, who was their equal and sometimes their master. He then declaimed on the eternal disgrace the English had inflicted on themselves by sending him to St. Helena; they wished to kill

employment, should feel deeply the treatment they received. If there was any possible reason for the petty annoyances about the title of Emperor, there could have been none for not giving Napoleon the income at least of an English peer. The English Government might easily have learnt, if they did not know, that Napoleon had the same disease from which his father died, and there was therefore the less reason for denying him anything he wished for. In all the conduct of Sir Hudson Lowe and of the Government there is a total forgetfulness that Napoleon had been for fifteen years the chosen ruler of France, and that he would have so remained except for the whole strength of Europe being brought to bear against him. He had done enormous service to France and Europe in ending the cruel follies of the Revolution, and in re-establishing religion in France. Our fathers had fought gallantly enough against him to have afforded to be generous.

him by a lingering death; their conduct was worse than that of the Calabrians in shooting Murat. He talked of the cowardliness of suicide, complained of the small extent and horrid climate of St. Helena, and said it would be an act of kindness to deprive him of life at once. Sir H. Lowe said that a house of wood, fitted up with every possible accommodation, was then on its way from England for his use. Napoleon refused it at once, and exclaimed that it was not a house but an executioner and a coffin that he wanted; the house was a mockery, death would be a favour. A few minutes after, Napoleon took up some reports of the campaigns of 1814, which lay on the table, and asked Sir H. Lowe if he had written them. Las Cases, after saying that the Governor replied in the affirmative, finishes his account of the interview, but according to O'Meara, Napoleon said they were full of folly and falsehood. The Governor, with a much milder reply than most men would have given, retired, and Napoleon harangued upon the sinister expression of his countenance, abused him in the coarsest manner, and made his servant throw a cup of coffee out of the window because it had stood a moment on a table near the Governor.

It was required that all persons who visited at Longwood or at Hut's Gate should make a report to the Governor, or to Sir Thomas Reade, of the conversations they had held with the French. Several additional sentinels were posted around Longwood House and grounds.

During some extremely wet and foggy weather Napoleon did not go out for several days. Messengers and letters continually succeeded one another from Plantation House. The Governor appeared anxious to see Napoleon, and was evidently distrustful, although the residents at Longwood were assured of his actual presence by the sound of his voice. He had some communications with Count Bertrand on the necessity that one of his officers

should see Napoleon daily. He also went to Longwood frequently himself, and finally, after some difficulty, succeeded in obtaining an interview with Napoleon in his bed-chamber, which lasted about a quarter of an hour. Some days before he sent for Mr. O'Meara, asked a variety of questions concerning the captive, walked round the house several times and before the windows, measuring and laying down the plan of a new ditch, which he said he would have dug in order to prevent the cattle from trespassing.

On the morning of the 5th of May Napoleon sent for his surgeon O'Meara to come to him. He was introduced into Napoleon's bed-chamber, a description of which is thus given: "It was about fourteen feet by twelve, and ten or eleven feet in height. The walls were lined with brown nankeen, bordered and edged with common green bordering paper, and destitute of skirting. Two small windows without pulleys, one of which was thrown up and fastened by a piece of notched wood, looked towards the camp of the 53d Regiment. There were window-curtains of white long-cloth, a small fireplace, a shabby grate and fire-irons to match, with a paltry mantelpiece of wood, painted white, upon which stood a small marble bust of his son. Above the mantelpiece hung the portrait of Maria Louisa, and four or five of young Napoleon, one of which was embroidered by the hands of his mother. A little more to the right hung also the portrait of the Empress Josephine; and to the left was suspended the alarm chamber-watch of Frederick the Great, obtained by Napoleon at Potsdam; while on the right the Consular watch, engraved with the cipher B, hung, by a chain of the plaited hair of Maria Louisa, from a pin stuck in the nankeen lining. In the right-hand corner was placed the little plain iron camp-bedstead, with green silk curtains, on which its master had reposed on

the fields of Marengo and Austerlitz. Between the windows there was a chest of drawers, and a bookcase with green blinds stood on the left of the door leading to the next apartment. Four or five cane-bottomed chairs painted green were standing here and there about the room. Before the back door there was a screen covered with nankeen, and between that and the fireplace an old-fashioned sofa covered with white long-cloth, on which Napoleon reclined, dressed in his white morning-gown, white loose trousers and stockings all in one, a chequered red handkerchief upon his head, and his shirt-collar open without a cravat. His air was melancholy and troubled. Before him stood a little round table, with some books, at the foot of which lay in confusion upon the carpet a heap of those which he had already perused, and at the opposite side of the sofa was suspended Isabey's portrait of the Empress Maria Louisa, holding her son in her arms. In front of the fireplace stood Las Cases with his arms folded over his breast and some papers in one of his hands. Of all the former magnificence of the once mighty Emperor of France nothing remained but a superb wash-hand-stand containing a silver basin and water-jug of the same metal, in the left-hand corner." The object of Napoleon in sending for O'Meara on this occasion was to question him whether in their future intercourse he was to consider him in the light of a spy and a tool of the Governor or as his physician. The doctor gave a decided and satisfactory answer on this point.

"During the short interview that this Governor had with me in my bed-chamber, one of the first things he proposed was to send you away," said Napoleon to O'Meara, "and that I should take his own surgeon in your place. This he repeated, and so earnest was he to gain his object that, though I gave him a flat refusal,

when he was going out he turned about and again proposed it."

On the 11th a proclamation was issued by the Governor, "forbidding any persons on the island from sending letters to or receiving them from General Bonaparte or his suite, on pain of being immediately arrested and dealt with accordingly." Nothing escaped the vigilance of Sir Hudson Lowe. "The Governor," said Napoleon, "has just sent an invitation to Bertrand for General Bonaparte to come to Plantation House to meet Lady Moira. I told Bertrand to return no answer to it. If he really wanted me to see her he would have put Plantation House within the limits, but to send such an invitation, knowing I must go in charge of a guard if I wished to avail myself of it, was an insult."

Soon after came the *Declaration of the Allies* and the *Acts of Parliament* authorising the detention of Napoleon Bonaparte as a prisoner of war and disturber of the peace of Europe.[1] Against the Bill, when brought into the House of Lords, there were two protests, those of Lord Holland and of the Duke of Sussex. These official documents did not tend to soothe the temper or raise the spirits of the French to endure their captivity.

In addition to the misery of his own captivity, Napoleon had to contend with the unmanageable humours of his own followers. As often happens with men in such circumstances, they sometimes disagreed among themselves, and part of their petulance and ill-temper fell upon their Chief.[2] He took these little incidents deeply to heart. On one occasion he said in bitterness,

[1] See Forsyth's "Lowe," vol. i. pp. 449–453.

[2] General Gourgaud left St. Helena from jealousy of the favour shown to others. Bertrand writes, "Le Général Gourgaud vient de nous quitter, à ce qu'il paraît d'assez mauvaise humeur" (*Du Casse*, tome x. p. 250). See also Forsyth's "Lowe," vol. ii. p. 246.

"I know that I am fallen; but to feel this among you! I am aware that man is frequently unreasonable and susceptible of offence. Thus, when I am mistrustful of myself I ask, should I have been treated so at the Tuileries? This is my test."

A great deal of pains has been taken by Napoleon's adherents and others to blacken the character of Sir Hudson Lowe, and to make it appear that his sole object was to harass Napoleon and to make his life miserable. Now, although it may be questioned whether Sir Hudson Lowe was the proper person to be placed in the delicate situation of guard over the fallen Emperor, there is no doubt that quarrels and complaints began long before that officer reached the island; and the character of those complaints will show that at best the prisoners were persons very difficult to satisfy. Their detention at the Briars was one of the first causes of complaint. It was stated that the Emperor was very ill there, that he was confined "in a cage" with no attendance, that his suite was kept from him, and that he was deprived of exercise. A few pages farther in the journal of Las Cases we find the Emperor in good health, and as soon as it was announced that Longwood was ready to receive him, then it was urged that the *gaolers* wished to compel him to go against his will, that they desired to push their authority to the utmost, that the smell of the paint at Longwood was very disagreeable, etc. Napoleon himself was quite ready to go, and seemed much vexed when Count Bertrand and General Gourgaud arrived from Longwood with the intelligence that the place was as yet uninhabitable. His displeasure, however, was much more seriously excited by the appearance of Count Montholon with the information that all was ready at Longwood within a few minutes after receiving the contrary accounts from Bertrand and Gourgaud. He probably per-

ceived that he was trifled with by his attendants, who endeavoured to make him believe that which suited their own convenience. We may also remark that the systematic opposition which was carried to such a great length against Sir Hudson Lowe had begun during the stay of Admiral Cockburn. His visits were refused; he was accused of caprice, arrogance, and impertinence, and he was nicknamed "the Shark" by Napoleon himself; his own calmness alone probably prevented more violent ebullitions.

The wooden house arrived at last, and the Governor waited on Napoleon to consult with him how and where it should be erected. Las Cases, who heard the dispute in an adjoining room, says that it was long and clamorous.[1] He gives the details in Napoleon's own words, and we have here the advantage of comparing his statement with the account transmitted by Sir Hudson Lowe to the British Government, dated 17th May, 1816. The two accounts vary but little. Napoleon admits that he was thrown quite out of temper, that he received the Governor with his stormy countenance, looked furiously at him, and made no reply to his information of the arrival of the house but by a significant look. He told him that he wanted nothing, nor would receive anything at his hands; that he supposed he was to be put to death by poison or the sword; the poison would be difficult to administer, but he had the means of doing it with the sword. The sanctuary of his abode should not be violated, and the troops should not enter his house but by trampling on his corpse He then alluded to an invitation sent to him by Sir Hudson Lowe to meet Lady London at his house, and said there could not be an act of more refined cruelty than inviting him to his table by the title of "General," to make him an object of ridicule or

[1] "Mémorial," tome iii. pp. 298–303. Forsyth's "Lowe," vol. i. p. 171.

amusement to his guests. What right had he to call him "General" Bonaparte? He would not be deprived of his dignity by him, nor by any one in the world. He certainly should have condescended to visit Lady Loudon had she been within his limits, as he did not stand upon strict etiquette with a woman, but he should have deemed that he was conferring an honour upon her. He would not consider himself a prisoner of war, but was placed in his present position by the most horrible breach of trust. After a few more words he dismissed the Governor without once more alluding to the house which was the object of the visit. The fate of this unfortunate house may be mentioned here. It was erected after a great many disputes, but was unfortunately surrounded by a sunk fence and ornamental railing. This was immediately connected in Napoleon's mind with the idea of a fortification; it was impossible to remove the impression that the ditch and palisade were intended to secure his person. As soon as the objection was made known, Sir Hudson Lowe ordered the ground to be levelled and the rails taken away. But before this was quite completed Napoleon's health was too much destroyed to permit his removal, and the house was never occupied.

Napoleon seems to have felt that he had been too violent in his conduct. He admitted, when at table with his suite a few days after, that he had behaved very ill, and that in any other situation he should blush for what he had done. "I could have wished, for his sake," he said, "to see him evince a little anger, or pull the door violently after him when he went away." These few words let us into a good deal of Napoleon's character: he liked to intimidate, but his vehement language was received with a calmness and resolute forbearance to which he was quite unaccustomed, and he consequently grew more angry as his anger was less regarded.

The specimens here given of the disputes with Sir Hudson Lowe may probably suffice: a great many more are furnished by Las Cases, O'Meara, and other partisans of Napoleon, and even they always make him the aggressor. Napoleon himself in his cooler moments seemed to admit this; after the most violent quarrel with the Governor, that of the 18th of August, 1816, which utterly put an end to anything like decent civility between the parties, he allowed that he had used the Governor very ill, that he repeatedly and purposely offended him, and that Sir Hudson Lowe had not in a single instance shown a want of respect, except perhaps that he retired too abruptly.

Great complaints were made of the scanty way in which the table of the exiles was supplied; and it was again and again alleged by them that they had scarcely anything to eat. The wine, too, was said to be execrable, so bad that in fact it could not be drunk; and, of such stuff as it was, only one bottle a day was allowed to each person, — an allowance which Las Cases calls ridiculously small. Thus pressed, but partly for effect, Napoleon resolved to dispose of his plate in monthly proportions; and as he knew that some East India captains had offered as much as a hundred guineas for a single plate, in order to preserve a memorial of him, he determined that what was sold should be broken up, the arms erased, and no trace left which could show that they had ever been his. The only portions left uninjured were the little eagles with which some of the dish-covers were mounted. These last fragments were objects of veneration for the attendants of Napoleon; they were looked upon as relics, with a feeling at once melancholy and religious. When the moment came for breaking up the plate, Las Cases bears testimony to the painful emotions and real grief produced among the servants. They could not, without the utmost reluctance, bring themselves to apply the hammer to those objects of their veneration.

The island of St. Helena was regularly visited by East India ships on the return voyage, which touched there to take in water, and to leave gunpowder for the use of the garrison. On such occasions there were always persons anxious to pay a visit to the renowned captive. The regulation of those visits was calculated to protect Napoleon from being annoyed by the idle curiosity of strangers, to which he professed a great aversion. Such persons as wished to wait upon him were, in the first place, obliged to apply to the Governor, by whom their names were forwarded to Count Bertrand. This gentleman, as Grand Marshal of the household, communicated the wishes of those persons to Napoleon, and in case of a favourable reply fixed the hour for an interview.

Those visitors whom Napoleon admitted were chiefly persons of rank and distinction, travellers from distant countries, or men who had distinguished themselves in the scientific world, and who could communicate interesting information in exchange for the gratification they received. Some of those persons who were admitted to interviews with him have published narratives of their conversation, and all agree in extolling the extreme grace, propriety, and appearance of benevolence manifested by Bonaparte while holding these levees. His questions were always put with great tact, and on some subject with which the person interrogated was well acquainted, so as to induce him to bring forth any new or curious information of which he might be possessed.

Captain Basil Hall, in August, 1817, when in command of the Lyra, had an interview with the Emperor, of whom he says: "Bonaparte struck me as differing considerably from the pictures and busts [1] I had seen of him. His face and figure looked much broader and more square, —

[1] One of the best known of which is perhaps the fine bust by Canova, now at Chatsworth.

larger, indeed, in every way than any representation I had met with. His corpulency, at this time universally reported to be excessive, was by no means remarkable. His flesh looked, on the contrary, firm and muscular. There was not the least trace of colour in his cheeks; in fact, his skin was more like marble than ordinary flesh. Not the smallest trace of a wrinkle was discernible on his brow, nor an approach to a furrow on any part of his countenance. His health and spirits, judging from appearances, were excellent, though at this period it was generally believed in England that he was fast sinking under a complication of diseases, and that his spirits were entirely gone. His manner of speaking was rather slow than otherwise, and perfectly distinct; he waited with great patience and kindness for my answers to his questions, and a reference to Count Bertrand was necessary only once during the whole conversation. The brilliant and sometimes dazzling expression of his eye could not be overlooked. It was not, however, a permanent lustre, for it was only remarkable when he was excited by some point of particular interest. It is impossible to imagine an expression of more entire mildness, I may almost call it of benignity and kindness, than that which played over his features during the whole interview. If, therefore, he were at this time out of health and in low spirits, his power of self-command must have been even more extraordinary than is generally supposed, for his whole deportment, his conversation, and the expression of his countenance indicated a frame in perfect health and a mind at ease."

The manner assumed by Napoleon in the occasional interviews he had with such visitors was so very opposite to that which he constantly maintained towards the authorities in whose custody he was placed, that we can scarcely doubt he was acting a part in one of those situa-

tions. It was suggested by Mr. Ellis that he either wished, by means of his continual complaints, to keep alive his interest in England, where he flattered himself there was a party favourable to him, or that his troubled mind found an occupation in the annoyance which he caused to the Governor. Every attempt at conciliation on the part of Sir Hudson Lowe furnished fresh causes for irritation. He sent fowling-pieces to Longwood, and the thanks returned were a reply from Napoleon that it was an insult to send fowling-pieces where there was no game. An invitation to a ball was resented vehemently, and descanted upon by the French party as a great offence. Sir Hudson Lowe at one time sent a variety of clothes and other articles received from England which he imagined might be useful at Longwood. Great offence was taken at this: they were treated, they said, like paupers: the articles ought to have been left at the Governor's house, and a list sent respectfully to the household, stating that such things were at their command if they wanted them.

An opinion has already been expressed that much of this annoyance was due to the offended pride of Napoleon's attendants, who were at first certainly far more captious than himself. He admitted as much himself on one occasion in a conversation with O'Meara. He said, "Las Cases certainly was greatly irritated against Sir Hudson, and contributed materially towards forming the impressions existing in my mind." He attributed this to the sensitive mind of Las Cases, which he said was peculiarly alive to the ill-treatment Napoleon and himself had been subjected to. Sir Hudson Lowe also felt this, and remarked, like Sir George Cockburn, on more than one occasion, that he always found Napoleon himself more reasonable than the persons about him.[1]

[1] The claim put forth by Napoleon to be still addressed by his title of Emperor was another great source of annoyance both to himself and all

A fertile source of annoyance was the resolution of Napoleon not upon any terms to acknowledge himself a prisoner, and his refusal to submit to such regulations as would render his captivity less burdensome. More than once the attendance of an officer was offered to be discontinued if he would allow himself to be seen once every day, and promise to take no means of escaping. "If he were to give me the whole of the island," said Napoleon, "on condition that I would pledge my word not to attempt an escape, I would not accept it; because it would be equivalent to acknowledging myself a prisoner, although at the same time I would not make the attempt. I am here by force, and not by right. If I had been taken at Waterloo, perhaps I might have had no hesitation in accepting it, although even in that case it would be contrary to the law of nations, as now there is no war. If they were to offer me permission to reside in England on similar conditions, I would refuse it." The very idea

around him. This was adhered to with great tenacity, and insisted upon on occasions which would hardly have been imagined calculated to give rise to such a claim. Napoleon owned to O'Meara that one half of his vexations at St. Helena arose from it. He seemed to impute an almost sacred character to the title: majesty was not to be profaned, it was not to be used but to himself, even in jest. A curious instance of his feeling on this point is given by Las Cases. "In his moments of good-humoured familiarity the Emperor was accustomed to salute me with all sorts of titles, such as 'Good morning, Monseigneur; how is your Excellency?' etc. One evening when I was about to enter the drawing-room, the usher opened the door for me, and at the same moment the door of the Emperor's apartment also opened and he came out. We both met together, and in a fit of abstraction he stopped me, and seizing me by the ear said playfully, 'Well, where is your Majesty going?' But the words had no sooner been uttered than he immediately let go my ear and, assuming a grave expression of countenance, began to talk to me on some serious topic. I had, it is true, learned to close my ears when it was necessary, but the Emperor was evidently sorry for having suffered the expression 'your Majesty' to escape him. He seemed to think that, though other titles might be used in jest, yet the case was very different with the one he had just employed, both on account of its own peculiar nature and the circumstances in which we were placed" (*Mémorial*, tome vii. p. 36).

of exhibiting himself to an officer every day, though but for a moment, was repelled with indignation. He even kept loaded pistols to shoot any person who should attempt an intrusion on his privacy. It is stated in a note in O'Meara's journal that "the Emperor was so firmly impressed with the idea that an attempt would be made forcibly to intrude on his privacy, that from a short time after the departure of Sir George Cockburn he always kept four or five pairs of loaded pistols and some swords in his apartment, with which he was determined to despatch the first who entered against his will." It seems this practice was continued to his death.

Napoleon continued to pass the mornings in dictating his Memoirs and the evenings in reading or conversation. He grew fonder of Racine, but his favourite was Corneille. He repeated that, had he lived in his time, he would have made him a prince. He had a distaste to Voltaire, and found considerable fault with his dramas, perhaps justly, as conveying opinions rather than sentiments. He criticised his "Mahomet," and said he had made him merely an impostor and a tyrant, without representing him as a great man. This was owing to Voltaire's religious and political antipathies; for those who are free from common prejudices acquire others of their own in their stead, to which they are equally bigoted, and which they bring forward on all occasions. When the evening passed off in conversation without having recourse to books, he considered it a point gained.

Some one having asked the Emperor which was the greatest battle that he had fought, he replied it was difficult to answer that question without inquiring what was implied by the greatest battle. "Mine," continued he, "cannot be judged of separately: they formed a portion of extensive plans. They must, therefore, be esti-

mated by their consequences. The battle of Marengo, which was so long undecided, procured for us the command of all Italy. Ulm annihilated a whole army; Jena laid the whole Prussian monarchy at our feet; Friedland opened the Russian Empire to us; and Eckmühl decided the fate of a war. The battle of the Moskwa was that in which the greatest talent was displayed, and by which we obtained the fewest advantages. Waterloo, where everything failed, would, had victory crowned our efforts, have saved France and given peace to Europe."

Madame Montholon having inquired what troops he considered the best, "Those which are victorious, madam," replied the Emperor. "But," added he, "soldiers are capricious and inconstant, like you ladies. The best troops were the Carthaginians under Hannibal, the Romans under the Scipios, the Macedonians under Alexander, and the Prussians under Frederick." He thought, however, that the French soldiers were of all others those which could most easily be rendered the best, and preserved so. "With my complete guard of 40,000 or 50,000 men, I would have undertaken to march through Europe. It is perhaps possible to produce troops as good as those that composed my army of Italy and Austerlitz, but certainly none can ever surpass them."

The anniversary of the battle of Waterloo produced a visible impression on the Emperor. "Incomprehensible day!" said he, dejectedly; "concurrence of unheard-of fatalities! Grouchy, Ney, D'Erlon, — was there treachery or was it merely misfortune? Alas! poor France!" Here he covered his eyes with his hands. "And yet," said he, "all that human skill could do was accomplished! All was not lost until the moment when all had succeeded." A short time afterwards, resuming the subject, he exclaimed, "In that extraordinary campaign, thrice, in less than a

week, I saw the certain triumph of France slip through my fingers. Had it not been for a traitor, I should have annihilated the enemy at the outset of the campaign. I should have destroyed him at Ligny if my left wing had only done its duty. I should have destroyed him again at Waterloo if my right had seconded me. Singular defeat, by which, notwithstanding the most fatal catastrophe, the glory of the conquered has not suffered."[1]

We shall here give Napoleon's own opinion of the battle of Waterloo.

"The plan of the battle," said he, "will not in the eyes of the historian reflect any credit on Lord Wellington as a general. In the first place, he ought not to have given battle with the armies divided. They ought to have been united and encamped before the 15th. In the next, the choice of ground was bad; because if he had been beaten he could not have retreated, as there was only one road leading through the forest in his rear. He also committed a fault which might have proved the destruction of all his army, without its ever having commenced the campaign, or being drawn out in battle; he allowed himself to be surprised. On the 15th I was at Charleroi, and had beaten the Prussians without his knowing anything about it. I had gained forty-eight hours of manœuvres upon him, which was a great object; and if some of my Generals had shown that vigour and genius which they had displayed on other occasions, I should have taken his army in cantonments without ever fighting a battle. But they were discouraged, and fancied that they saw an army of 100,000 men everywhere opposed to them. I had not time enough myself to attend to the minutiæ of the army. I counted upon surprising and cutting Wellington up in detail. I knew of Bülow's arrival at eleven o'clock, but I did not regard it. I had

[1] "Mémorial," tome iv. p. 272.

still eighty chances out of a hundred in my favour. Notwithstanding the great superiority of force against me, I was convinced that I should obtain the victory. I had about 70,000 men, of whom 15,000 were cavalry. I had also 250 pieces of cannon; but my troops were so good that I esteemed them sufficient to beat 120,000. Of all those troops, however, I only reckoned the English as being able to cope with my own. The others I thought little of. I believe that of English there were from 35,000 to 40,000. These I esteemed to be as brave and as good as my own troops; the English army was well known latterly on the Continent, and besides, your nation possesses courage and energy. As to the Prussians, Belgians, and others, half the number of my troops were sufficient to beat them. I only left 34,000 men to take care of the Prussians. The chief causes of the loss of that battle were, first of all, Grouchy's great tardiness and neglect in executing his orders; next, the *grenadiers à cheval* and the cavalry under General Guyot, which I had in reserve, and which were never to leave me, engaged without orders and without my knowledge; so that after the last charge, when the troops were beaten and the English cavalry advanced, I had not a single corps of cavalry in reserve to resist them, instead of one which I esteemed to be equal to double their own number. In consequence of this the English attacked, succeeded, and all was lost. There was no means of rallying. The youngest general would not have committed the fault of leaving an army entirely without reserve, which, however, occurred here, whether in consequence of treason or not I cannot say. These were the two principal causes of the loss of the battle of Waterloo.

"If Lord Wellington had intrenched himself," continued Napoleon, "I would not have attacked him. As a general, his plan did not show talent. He certainly

displayed great courage and obstinacy; but a little must be taken away even from that when you consider that he had no means of retreat, and that had he made the attempt not a man of his army would have escaped. First, to the firmness and bravery of his troops, for the English fought with the greatest courage and obstinacy, he is principally indebted for the victory, and not to his own conduct as a general; and next, to the arrival of Blücher, to whom the victory is more to be attributed than to Wellington, and more credit is due as a general; because he, although beaten the day before, assembled his troops, and brought them into action in the evening. I believe, however," continued Napoleon, "that Wellington is a man of great firmness. The glory of such a victory is a great thing; but in the eye of the historian his military reputation will gain nothing by it." [1]

"I always had a high opinion of your seamen," said Napoleon one day to O'Meara, in a conversation arising out of the expedition to Algiers. "When I was returning from Holland along with the Empress Maria Louisa, we stopped to rest at Givet. During the night a violent storm of wind and rain came on, which swelled the Meuse so much that the bridge of boats over it was carried away. I was very anxious to depart, and ordered all the boatmen in the place to be assembled that I might be enabled to cross the river. They said that the waters were so high that it would be impossible to pass before two or three days. I questioned some of them, and soon discovered that they were fresh-water seamen. I then recollected that there were English prisoners in the barracks, and ordered that some of the oldest and best seamen among them should be brought before me to the banks of the river.

[1] O'Meara's Journal for 26th March, 1817. Compare Sir W. Gomm, p. 365.

The waters were very high, and the current rapid and dangerous. I asked them if they could join a number of boats together so that I might pass over. They answered that it was possible, but hazardous. I desired them to set about it instantly. In the course of a few hours they succeeded in effecting what the others had pronounced to be impossible, and I crossed before the evening was over I ordered those who had worked at it to receive a sum of money each, a suit of clothes, and their liberty. Marchand was with me at the time."

In December, 1816, Las Cases was compelled to leave St. Helena. He had written a letter to Lucien Bonaparte, and intrusted it to a mulatto servant to be forwarded to Europe. He was detected; and as he was thus endeavouring to carry on (contrary to the regulations of the island) a clandestine correspondence with Europe, Las Cases and his son were sent off, first to the Cape, and then to England, where they were only allowed to land to be sent to Dover and shipped off to Ostend.

Not long after their arrival at St. Helena, Madame Bertrand gave birth to a son, and when Napoleon went to visit her, she said, "I have the honour of presenting to your Majesty the first French subject who has entered Longwood without the permission of Lord Bathurst."

It has been generally supposed that Napoleon was a believer in the doctrine of predestination. The following conversation with Las Cases clearly decides that point. "Pray," said he, "am I not thought to be given to a belief in predestination?" — "Yes, Sire; at least by many people." — "Well, well! let them say what they please, one may sometimes be tempted to act a part, and it may occasionally be useful. But what are men? How much easier is it to occupy their attention and to

strike their imaginations by absurdities than by rational ideas! But can a man of sound sense listen for one moment to such a doctrine? Either predestination admits the existence of free-will, or it rejects it. If it admits it, what kind of predetermined result can that be which a simple resolution, a step, a word, may alter or modify *ad infinitum?* If predestination, on the contrary, rejects the existence of free-will, it is quite another question; in that case a child need only be thrown into its cradle as soon as it is born, there is no necessity for bestowing the least care upon it, for if it be irrevocably decreed that it is to live, it will grow though no food should be given to it. You see that such a doctrine cannot be maintained; predestination is but a word without meaning. The Turks themselves, the professors of predestination, are not convinced of the doctrine, for in that case medicine would not exist in Turkey, and a man residing in a third floor would not take the trouble of going downstairs, but would immediately throw himself out of the window. You see to what a string of absurdities that will lead?"

The following traits are characteristic of the man. In the common intercourse of life, and his familiar conversation, Napoleon mutilated the names most familiar to him, even French names; yet this would not have occurred on any public occasion. He has been heard many times during his walks to repeat the celebrated speech of Augustus in Corneille's tragedy, and he has never missed saying, "Take a seat, Sylla," instead of Cinna. He would frequently create names according to his fancy, and when he had once adopted them they remained fixed in his mind, although they were pronounced properly a hundred times a day in his hearing; but he would have been struck if others had

used them as he had altered them. It was the same thing with respect to orthography; in general he did not attend to it, yet if the copies which were made contained any faults of spelling, he would have complained of it. One day Napoleon said to Las Cases, "Your orthography is not correct, is it?" This question gave occasion to a sarcastic smile from a person who stood near, who thought it was meant to convey a reproach. The Emperor, who saw this, continued, "At least I suppose it is not, for a man occupied with important public business, a minister, for instance, cannot and need not attend to orthography. His ideas must flow faster than his hand can trace them, he has only time to dwell upon essentials; he must put words in letters, and phrases in words, and let the scribes make it out afterwards." Napoleon indeed left a great deal for the copyists to do; he was their torment; his handwriting actually resembled hieroglyphics, — he often could not decipher it himself. Las Cases' son was one day reading to him a chapter of "The Campaign of Italy;" on a sudden he stopped short, unable to make out the writing. "The little blockhead," said Napoleon, "cannot read his own handwriting." — "It is not mine, Sire." — "And whose, then?" — "Your Majesty's." — "How so, you little rogue; do you mean to insult me?" The Emperor took the manuscript, tried a long while to read it, and at last threw it down, saying, "He is right; I cannot tell myself what is written." He has often sent the copyists to Las Cases to read what he had himself been unable to decipher.

We are now approaching the last melancholy epoch of Napoleon's life, when he first felt the ravages of that malady which finally put a period to his existence. Occasional manifestations of its presence had been exhibited for some years, but his usual health always

returned after every attack, and its fatal nature was not suspected, although Napoleon himself had several times said that he should die of a scirrhus in the pylorus, the disease which killed his father, and which the physicians of Montpelier declared would be hereditary in his family. About the middle of the year 1818 it was observed that his health grew gradually worse, and it was thought proper by O'Meara to report to the Governor the state in which he was. Even on these occasions Napoleon seized the opportunity for renewing his claim to the title of Emperor. He insisted that the physician should not send any bulletin whatever unless he named him in it by his Imperial designation. O'Meara explained that the instructions of his Government and the orders of Sir Hudson Lowe prohibited him from using the term; but it was in vain. After some difficulty it was agreed upon that the word "patient" should be used instead of the title of General, which caused so much offence, and this substitution got rid of the difficulty.

O'Meara afterwards proposed to call in the assistance of Dr. Baxter, the principal medical officer of the island, but this offer Napoleon refused at once, alleging that, although "it was true he looked like an honest man, he was too much attached to that hangman" (Lowe); he also persisted in rejecting the aid of medicine, and determined to take no exercise out-of-doors as long as he should be subjected to the challenge of sentinels. To a representation that his determination might convert a curable to a fatal malady, he replied, "I shall at least have the consolation that my death will be an eternal dishonour to the English nation who sent me to this climate to die under the hands of . . ."

An important incident in Napoleon's monotonous life

was the removal of O'Meara, who had attended him as his physician from the time of his arrival on the island. The removal of this gentleman was occasioned by the suspicion of similar conduct to that which brought about the dismissal of Las Cases twenty months previously, namely, the carrying on secret correspondence with persons out of the island.[1] Napoleon complained bitterly of the loss of his medical attendant, though he had most assuredly very seldom attended to his advice, and repelled as an insult the proffered assistance of Dr. Baxter, insinuating that the Governor wished to have his life in his power. Some time after Dr. Stokoe, a naval surgeon, was called in, but withdrawn and eventually tried by court-martial for furnishing information to the French at Longwood. After this Napoleon expressed his determination to admit no more visits from any English physician whatever, and Cardinal Fesch was requested by the British Ministry to select some physician of reputation in Italy who should be sent to St. Helena to attend on Napoleon. The choice fell on Dr. Antommarchi, a young surgeon, who was accordingly sent to St. Helena in company with two Catholic priests, the Abbés Buonavita and Vignale, and two domestics, in compliance with the wish of Napoleon to that effect. The party reached the island on 10th September, 1819.[2]

On his first visit the Emperor overwhelmed Antommarchi with questions concerning his mother and family, the Princess Julie (wife of Joseph), and Las Cases, whom Antommarchi had seen in passing through Frankfort, expatiated with satisfaction on the retreat which he had at

[1] On 25th July, 1818, O'Meara was prohibited from attending Napoleon, and was soon afterwards removed from the island.

[2] See "Last Days of Napoleon," by Antommarchi (London, Colburn, 1826), vol. i. p. 86.

one time meditated in Corsica, entered into some discussions with the doctor on his profession, and then directed his attention to the details of his disorder. While he examined the symptoms, the Emperor continued his remarks. They were sometimes serious, sometimes lively; kindness, indignation, gaiety, were expressed by turns in his words and in his countenance. "Well, Doctor!" he exclaimed, "what is your opinion? Am I to trouble much longer the digestion of Kings?"—"You will survive them, Sire."—"Aye, I believe you; they will not be able to subject to the ban of Europe the fame of our victories, it will traverse ages, it will proclaim the conquerors and the conquered, those who were generous and those who were not so; posterity will judge, I do not dread its decision."—"This after-life belongs to you of right. Your name will never be repeated with admiration without recalling those inglorious warriors so basely leagued against a single man. But you are not near your end, you have yet a long career to run."—"No, Doctor! I cannot hold out long under this frightful climate."—"Your excellent constitution is proof against its pernicious effects."—"It once did not yield to the strength of mind with which nature has endowed me, but the transition from a life of action to a complete seclusion has ruined all. I have grown fat, my energy is gone, the bow is unstrung." Antommarchi did not try to combat an opinion but too well founded, but diverted the conversation to another subject. "I resign myself," said Napoleon, "to your direction. Let medicine give the order, I submit to its decisions. I intrust my health to your care. I owe you the detail of the habits I have acquired, of the affections to which I am subject.

"The hours at which I obey the injunctions of nature are in general extremely irregular. I sleep, I eat accord-

ing to circumstances or the situation in which I am placed; my sleep is ordinarily sound and tranquil. If pain or any accident interrupt it, I jump out of bed, call for a light, walk, set to work, and fix my attention on some subject; sometimes I remain in the dark, change my apartment, lie down in another bed, or stretch myself on the sofa. I rise at two, three, or four in the morning; I call for some one to keep me company, amuse myself with recollections or business, and wait for the return of day. I go out as soon as dawn appears, take a stroll, and when the sun shows itself I re-enter and go to bed again, where I remain a longer or shorter time, according as the day promises to turn out. If it is bad, and I feel irritation and uneasiness, I have recourse to the method I have just mentioned. I change my posture, pass from my bed to the sofa, from the sofa to the bed, seek and find a degree of freshness. I do not describe to you my morning costume; it has nothing to do with the sufferings I endure, and, besides, I do not wish to deprive you of the pleasure of your surprise when you see it. These ingenious contrivances carry me on to nine or ten o'clock, sometimes later. I then order the breakfast to be brought, which I take from time to time in my bath, but most frequently in the garden. Either Bertrand or Montholon keep me company, often both of them. Physicians have the right of regulating the table; it is proper that I should give you an account of mine. Well, then, a basin of soup, two plates of meat, one of vegetables, a salad when I can take it, compose the whole service; half a bottle of claret, which I dilute with a good deal of water, serves me for drink; I drink a little of it pure towards the end of the repast. Sometimes, when I feel fatigued, I substitute champagne for claret; it is a certain means of giving a fillip to the stomach."

The doctor having expressed his surprise at Napoleon's

temperance, he replied, "In my marches with the Army of Italy I never failed to put into the bow of my saddle a bottle of wine, some bread, and a cold fowl. This provision sufficed for the wants of the day,— I may even say that I often shared it with others. I thus gained time. I eat fast, masticate little; my meals do not consume my hours. This is not what you will approve the most; but in my present situation what signifies it? I am attacked with a liver complaint,[1] a malady which is general in this horrible climate."

Antommarchi, having gained his confidence, now became companion as well as physician to the Emperor, and sometimes read with him. He eagerly turned over the newspapers when they arrived, and commented freely on their contents. "It is amusing," he would say, "to see the sage measures resorted to by the Allies to make people forget my tyranny!" On one occasion he felt more languid than ordinary, and lighting on the "Andromache" of Racine, he took up the book, began to read, but soon let it drop from his hands. He had come to the famous passage where the mother describes her being allowed to see her son once a day: —

> "Je passais jusqu'aux lieux où l'on garde mon fils,
> Puisqu'une fois le jour vous souffrez que je voie
> Le seul bien qui me reste et d'Hector et de Troye:
> J'allais, Seigneur, pleurer un moment avec lui;
> Je ne l'ai point encore embrassé d'aujourd'hui." [2]

He was moved, covered his face with his hands, and, saying that he was too much affected, desired to be left alone. He grew calmer, fell asleep, and when he awoke, desired Antommarchi to be called again. He was getting ready to shave, and the doctor was curious to witness the operation. He was in his shirt, his head uncovered, with two

[1] This afterwards proved to be an error.

[2] "Andromaque," Act I. Scene iv.

valets at his side, one holding the glass and a towel, the other the rest of the apparatus. The Emperor spread the soap over one side of his face, put down the brush, wiped his hands and mouth, took a razor dipped in hot water, and shaved the right side with singular dexterity. "Is it done, Noverraz?" — "Yes, Sire." — "Well, then, face about. Come, villain, quick, stand still." The light fell on the left side, which, after applying the lather, he shaved in the same manner and with the same dexterity. He drew his hand over his chin. "Raise the glass. Am I quite right?" — "Quite so." — "Not a hair has escaped me: what say you?" —"No, Sire," replied the *valet de chambre*. "No! I think I perceive one. Lift up the glass; place it in a better light. How, rascal! Flattery? You deceive me at St. Helena? On this rock? You, too, are an accomplice." With this he gave them both a box on the ear, laughed, and joked in the most pleasant manner possible.

An almost incredible instance of the determination of the exiles to make as many enemies as they possibly could was exhibited to Antommarchi on his arrival at Longwood. He states that before he was permitted to enter on his functions as surgeon he was required to take an oath that he would not communicate with the English, and that he would more especially avoid giving them the least information respecting the progress of Napoleon's disorder. He was not allowed to see his illustrious patient until the oath was taken. After exacting such an oath from his physician, the attendants of Bonaparte had little right to complain, as they did, that the real state of his disorder was purposely concealed from the world by the English Government. It is more than probable that the constant attempts observed to throw mystery and secrecy around them must have tended to create the suspicion of escape, and

to increase the consequent rigour of the regulations maintained by the Governor.[1]

Soon after the arrival of the priests Napoleon determined, we may suppose partly in jest, to elevate one of them to the dignity of bishop, and he chose for a diocese the Jumna. "The last box brought from Europe had been broken open," says Antommarchi; "it contained the vases and church ornaments. 'Stop,' said Napoleon, 'this is the property of St. Peter; have a care who touches it; send for the abbés — but talking of the abbés, do you know that the Cardinal [Fesch] is a poor creature? He sends me missionaries and propagandists, as if I were a penitent, and as if a whole string of their Eminences had not always attended at my chapel. I will do what he ought to have done; I possess the right of investiture, and I shall use it. Abbé' (Buonavita was just entering the room), 'I give you the episcopal mitre.' — 'Sire!' — 'I restore it to you; you shall wear it in spite of the heretics; they will not again take it from you.' — 'But, Sire!' — 'I cannot add to it so rich a benefice as that of Valencia, which Suchet had given you, but at any rate your see shall be secure from the chances of battles. I appoint you Bishop of — let me see — of the Jumna. The vast countries through which that river flows were on the point of entering into alliance with me — all was in readiness, all were going to march. We were about to

[1] Thus the editor of the 1836 edition; but it is fair to remember that Napoleon still had a party and a family to be considered, and also a possible future. As he himself explained to Las Cases (*Mémorial*, tome iii. pp. 71–72), he might be recalled as a leader either in the case of fresh revolutionary movements, or to oppose Russia; and with such hopes he might well wish to be considered either better or worse, according to circumstances, than he really was. In any case it was not unnatural to wish to withhold news of his illness from the English. Our fathers were not generous. See Croker's "Papers" (vol. i. p. 88) for a brutal regret at Napoleon not being likely to die.

give the finishing blow to England.' " [1] The speech concluded with an order to Count Montholon to procure the necessary dress for the abbé in order to strike with awe all the heretics. The upshot of the whole was, that the scarlet and violet coloured clothes necessary to furnish the new bishop with the only valuable portion of his temporalities, his dress, could not be procured in the island, and the abbé remained an abbé in spite of the investiture, and the whole farce was forgotten.

We occasionally see the Exile in better moods, when he listened to the voice of reason, and thought less of the annoyances inseparable from the state to which his ambition, or, as he himself always averred, his destiny, had reduced him. He had for a long time debarred himself from all exercise, having, as he expressed it, determined not to expose himself to the insult of being accompanied on his ride by a British officer, or the possibility of being challenged by a sentinel. One day when he complained of his inactive life, his medical attendant recommended the exercise of digging the ground; the idea was instantly seized upon by Napoleon with his characteristic ardour. Noverraz, his *chasseur*, who had been formerly accustomed to rural occupations, was honoured with the title of head gardener, and under his directions Napoleon proceeded to work with great vigour. He sent for Antommarchi to witness his newly acquired dexterity in the use of the spade. "Well, Doctor," said he to him, "are you satisfied with your patient — is he obedient enough? This is better than your pills, Dottoraccio; you shall not physic me any more." At first he soon got fatigued, and complained much of the weakness of his body and delicacy of his hands; but "never mind," said he, "I have always accustomed my body to bend to my will, and I shall bring it to do so now, and inure it to

[1] Antommarchi, vol. i. p. 101.

the exercise." [1] He soon grew fond of his new employment, and pressed all the inhabitants of Longwood into the service. Even the ladies had great difficulty to avoid being set to work. He laughed at them, urged them, entreated them, and used all his arts of persuasion, particularly with Madame Bertrand. He assured her that the exercise of gardening was much better than all the doctor's prescriptions, — that it was in fact one of his prescriptions. But in this instance his eloquence failed in its effect, and he was obliged, though with much reluctance, to desist from his attempts to make lady gardeners.

But in recompense he had willing labourers on the part of the gentlemen. Antommarchi says, "The Emperor urged us, excited us, and everything around us soon assumed a different aspect. Here was an excavation, there a basin or a road. We made alleys, grottoes, cascades; the appearance of the ground had now some life and diversity. We planted willows, oaks, peach-trees, to give a little shade round the house. Having completed the ornamental part of our labours, we turned to the useful. We divided the ground, we manured it, and sowed it with abundance of beans, peas, and every vegetable that grows in the island." In the course of their labours they found that a tank would be of great use to hold water, which might be brought by pipes from a spring at a distance of 3,000 feet. For this laborious attempt it was absolutely necessary to procure additional forces, and a party of Chinese, of whom there are many on the island, was engaged to help them. These people were much amused at Napoleon's working-dress, which was a jacket and large trousers, with an enormous straw hat to shield him from the sun, and sandals. He pitied those poor fellows who suffered from the heat of the sun,

[1] Antommarchi, vol. i. p. 261.

and made each of them a present of a large hat like his own. After much exertion the basin was finished, the pipes laid, and the water began to flow into it. Napoleon stocked his pond with gold-fish, which he placed in it with his own hands. He would remain by the pond for hours together, at a time when he was so weak that he could hardly support himself. He would amuse himself by following the motion of the fishes, throwing bread to them, studying their ways, taking an interest in their loves and their quarrels, and endeavouring with anxiety to find out points of resemblance between their motives and those of mankind. He often sent for his attendants to communicate his remarks to them, and directed their observations to any peculiarities he had observed. His favourites at last sickened; they struggled, floated on the water, and died one after another. He was deeply affected by this, and remarked to Antommarchi, "You see very well that there is a fatality attached to me. Everything I love, everything that belongs to me, is immediately struck: heaven and mankind unite to persecute me." From this time he visited them daily in spite of sickness or bad weather, nor did his anxiety diminish until it was discovered that a coppery cement, with which the bottom of the basin was plastered, had poisoned the water. The fish which were not yet dead were then taken out and put into a tub.

Napoleon appears to have taken peculiar interest in observing the instincts of animals, and comparing their practices and propensities with those of men. A rainy day, during which the digging of the tank could not be proceeded with, gave occasion for some observations on the actions of a number of ants, which had made a way into his bedroom, climbed upon a table on which some sugar usually stood, and taken possession of the sugar-basin. He would not allow the industrious little insects

to be disturbed in their plans; but he now and then moved the sugar, followed their manœuvres, and admired the activity and industry they displayed until they found it again; this they had been sometimes even two or three days in effecting, though they always succeeded at last. He then surrounded the basin with water, but the ants still reached it; he finally employed vinegar, and the insects were unable to get through the new obstacle.

But the slight activity of mind that now remained to him was soon to be exchanged for the languor and gloom of sickness, with but few intervals between positive suffering and the most distressing lowness of spirits. Towards the end of the year 1820 he walked with difficulty, and required assistance even to reach a chair in his garden. He became nearly incapable of the slightest action; his legs swelled; the pains in his side and back were increased; he was troubled with nausea, profuse sweats, loss of appetite, and was subject to frequent faintings. "Here I am, Doctor," said he one day, "at my last cast. No more energy and strength left: I bend under the load. . . . I am going. I feel that my hour is come."

Some days after, as he lay on his couch, he feelingly expressed to Antommarchi the vast change which had taken place within him. He recalled for a few moments the vivid recollection of past times, and compared his former energy with the weakness which he was then sinking under.

The news of the death of his sister Elisa[1] also affected him deeply. After a struggle with his feelings, which had nearly overpowered him, he rose, supported himself on Antommarchi's arm, and, regarding him steadfastly, said, "Well, Doctor! you see Elisa has just shown me

[1] Elisa (Marianne Elisa) Bonaparte, formerly Grand Duchess of Tuscany, the wife of Bacciochi, died in August, 1820.

the way. Death, which seemed to have forgotten my family, has begun to strike it; my turn cannot be far off. What think you?" — "Your Majesty is in no danger: you are still reserved for some glorious enterprise." — "Ah, Doctor! I have neither strength nor activity nor energy; I am no longer Napoleon. You strive in vain to give me hopes, to recall life ready to expire. Your care can do nothing in spite of fate: it is immovable; there is no appeal from its decisions. The next person of our family who will follow Elisa to the tomb is that great Napoleon who hardly exists, who bends under the yoke, and who still, nevertheless, keeps Europe in alarm. Behold, my good friend, how I look on my situation! As for me, all is over: I repeat it to you, my days will soon close on this miserable rock." "We returned," says Antommarchi, "into his chamber. Napoleon lay down in bed. 'Close my windows,' he said; 'leave me to myself; I will send for you by-and-by. What a delightful thing rest is! I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world! What an alteration! How I am fallen! I, whose activity was boundless, whose mind never slumbered, am now plunged into a lethargic stupor, so that it requires an effort even to raise my eyelids. I sometimes dictated to four or five secretaries, who wrote as fast as words could be uttered: but then I was NAPOLEON — now I am no longer anything. My strength — my faculties forsake me. I do not live — I merely exist.'"[1]

From this period the existence of Napoleon was evidently drawing to a close, — his days were counted. Whole hours, and even days, were either passed in gloomy silence or spent in pain, accompanied by distressing coughs, and all the melancholy signs of the approach of death. He made a last effort to ride a few

[1] Antommarchi, vol. i. p. 371.

miles round Longwood on the 22d of January, 1821, but it exhausted his strength, and from that time his only exercise was in the calash. Even that slight motion soon became too fatiguing.

He now kept his room, and no longer stirred out. His disorder and his weakness increased upon him. He still was able to eat something, but very little, and with a worse appetite than ever. "Ah! Doctor," he exclaimed, "how I suffer! Why did the cannon-balls spare me only to die in this deplorable manner? I that was so active, so alert, can now scarcely raise my eyelids!"

His last airing was on the 17th of March. The disease increased; and Antommarchi, who was much alarmed, obtained with some difficulty permission to see an English physician. He held a consultation, on the 26th of March, with Dr. Arnott of the 20th Regiment; but Napoleon still refused to take medicine, and often repeated his favourite saying: "Everything that must happen is written down: our hour is marked, and it is not in our power to take from time a portion which nature refuses us." He continued to grow worse, and at last consented to see Dr. Arnott, whose first visit was on the 1st of April. He was introduced into the chamber of the patient, which was darkened, and into which Napoleon did not suffer any light to be brought, examined his pulse and the other symptoms, and was requested to repeat his visit the next day. Napoleon was now within a month of his death, and although he occasionally spoke with the eloquence and vehemence he had so often exhibited, his mind was evidently giving way. The reported appearance of a comet was taken as a token of his death. He was excited, and exclaimed with emotion, "A comet! that was the precursor of the death of Cæsar."

On the 3d of April the symptoms of the disorder had

become so alarming that Antommarchi informed Bertrand and Montholon he thought Napoleon's danger imminent, and that Napoleon ought to take steps to put his affairs in order. He was now attacked by fever and by violent thirst, which often interrupted his sleep in the night. On the 14th Napoleon found himself in better spirits, and talked with Dr. Arnott on the merits of Marlborough, whose "Campaigns" he desired him to present to the 20th Regiment,[1] learning that they did not possess a copy in their library.

On the 15th of April Napoleon's doors were closed to all but Montholon and Marchand, and it appeared that he had been making his Will. On the 19th he was better, was free from pain, sat up, and ate a little. He was in good spirits, and wished them to read to him. As General Montholon with the others expressed his satisfaction at this improvement, he smiled gently, and said, "You deceive yourselves, my friends: I am, it is true, somewhat better, but I feel no less that my end draws near. When I am dead you will have the agreeable consolation of returning to Europe. One will meet his relations, another his friends; and as for me, I shall behold my brave companions-in-arms in the Elysian Fields. Yes," he went on, raising his voice, "Kléber, Desaix, Bessières, Duroc, Ney, Murat, Masséna, Berthier, all will come to greet me: they will talk to me of what we have done together. I will recount to them the latest events of my life. On seeing me they will become once more intoxicated with enthusiasm and glory. We will discourse of our wars with the Scipios, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Frederick — there will be a satisfaction in that: unless," he added, laughing bitterly, "they should be alarmed below to see so many warriors assembled together!"

He addressed Dr. Arnott, who came in while he was

[1] Now the Lancashire Fusileers.

speaking, on the treatment he had received from England: said that she had violated every sacred right in making him prisoner; that he should have been much better treated in Russia, Austria, or even Prussia; that he was sent to the horrible rock of St. Helena on purpose to die; that he had been purposely placed on the most uninhabitable spot of that inhospitable island, and kept six years a close prisoner, and that Sir Hudson Lowe was his executioner. He concluded with these words: "You will end like the proud republic of Venice; and I, dying upon this dreary rock, away from those I hold dear, and deprived of everything, bequeath the opprobrium and horror of my death to the reigning family of England."

On the 21st Napoleon gave directions to the priest who was in attendance as to the manner in which he would be placed to lie in state after his death; and, finding his religious attendant had never officiated in such a solemnity, he gave the most minute instructions for the mode of conducting it. He afterwards declared that he would die, as he was born, a Catholic, and desired that mass should be said by his body, and the customary ceremonies should be performed every day until his burial.[1] The expression of his face was earnest and convulsive: he saw Antommarchi watching the contractions which he underwent, when his eye caught some indication that displeased him. "You are above these weaknesses; but what would you have? I am neither philosopher nor physician. I believe in God; I am of the religion of my fathers; every one cannot be an atheist who pleases." Then turning to the priest, "I was born in the Catholic religion. I wish to fulfil the duties which it imposes, and to receive the suc-

[1] Removed at an early age from home influences, Napoleon's youth had coincided with the worst and most irreligious age of France, — a time of revolt against religion, morality, and decency. Although his own life was not a pure one, few men of the time came through the furnace more unscathed.

cour which it administers. You will say mass every day in the adjoining chapel, and you will expose the Holy Sacrament for forty hours. After I am dead you will place your altar at my head in the funeral chamber; you will continue to celebrate mass, and perform all the customary ceremonies; you will not cease till I am laid in the ground." The Abbé (Vignale) withdrew; Napoleon reproved his fellow-countryman for his supposed incredulity. "Can you carry it to this point? Can you disbelieve in God? Everything proclaims His existence; and, besides, the greatest minds have thought so." — "But, Sire, I have never called it in question. I was attending to the progress of the fever; your Majesty fancied you saw in my features an expression which they had not."— "You are a physician, Doctor," he replied laughingly; "these folks," he added, half to himself, "are conversant only with matter; they will believe in nothing beyond." [1]

In the afternoon of the 25th he was better; but, being left alone, a sudden fancy possessed him to eat. He called for fruits, wine, tried a biscuit, then swallowed some champagne, seized a bunch of grapes, and burst into a fit of laughter as soon as he saw Antommarchi return. The physician ordered away the dessert, and found fault with the *maître d'hôtel;* but the mischief was done, — the fever returned and became violent. The Emperor was now on his death-bed, but he testified concern for every one. He asked Antommarchi if 500 guineas would satisfy the English physician, and if he himself would like to serve Maria Louisa in quality of a physician. "She is my wife, the first Princess in Europe, and after me you should serve no one else." Antommarchi expressed his acknowledgments. The fever continued unabated, with violent thirst, and cold in the feet. On the 27th he deter-

[1] Antommarchi, vol. ii. p. 121.

mined to remove from the small chamber into the *salon*. They were preparing to carry him. "No," he said, "not until I am dead; for the present it will be sufficient if you support me."

Between the 27th and 28th the Emperor passed a very bad night; the fever increased, coldness spread over his limbs, his strength was quite gone. He spoke a few words of encouragement to Antommarchi; then in a tone of perfect calmness and composure he delivered to him the following instructions: "After my death, which cannot be far off, I wish you to open my body; I wish also, nay, I require, that you will not suffer any English physician to touch me. If, however, you find it indispensable to have some one to assist you, Dr. Arnott is the only one I am willing you should employ. I am desirous, further, that you should take out my heart, that you put it in spirits of wine, and that you carry it to Parma to my dear Maria Louisa: you will tell her how tenderly I have loved her, that I have never ceased to love her; and you will report to her all that you have witnessed, all that relates to my situation and my death. I recommend you, above all, carefully to examine my stomach, to make an exact detailed report of it, which you will convey to my son. The vomitings which succeed each other without intermission lead me to suppose that the stomach is the one of my organs which is the most deranged, and I am inclined to believe that it is affected with the disease which conducted my father to the grave, — I mean a cancer in the lower stomach. What think you?" His physician hesitating, he continued — "I have not doubted this since I found the sickness become frequent and obstinate. It is nevertheless well worthy of remark that I have always had a stomach of iron, that I have felt no inconvenience from this organ till latterly, and that whereas my father was fond of high-seasoned dishes and

spirituous liquors, I have never been able to make use of them. Be it as it may, I entreat, I charge you, to neglect nothing in such an examination, in order that when you see my son you may communicate the result of your observations to him, and point out the most suitable remedies. When I am no more, you will repair to Rome; you will find out my mother and my family. You will give them an account of all you have observed relative to my situation, my disorder, and my death on this remote and miserable rock; you will tell them that the great Napoleon expired in the most deplorable state, wanting everything, abandoned to himself and his glory." It was ten in the forenoon; after this the fever abated, and he fell into a sort of doze.

The Emperor passed a very bad night, and could not sleep. He grew light-headed and talked incoherently; still the fever had abated in its violence. Towards morning the hiccough began to torment him, the fever increased, and he became quite delirious. He spoke of his complaint, and called upon Baxter (the Governor's physician) to appear, to come and see the truth of his reports. Then all at once fancying O'Meara[1] present, he imagined a dialogue between them, throwing a weight of odium on the English policy. The fever having subsided, his hearing became distinct; he grew calm, and entered into some further conversation on what was to be done after his death. He felt thirsty, and drank a large quantity of cold water. "If fate should determine that I shall recover, I would raise a monument on the spot where this water gushes out; I would crown the fountain in memory of the comfort which it has afforded me. If I die, and they should not proscribe my remains as they have proscribed my person, I should desire to be buried

[1] It will be remembered that even the poor satisfaction of retaining a surgeon — O'Meara — of his own choice, had been denied to Napoleon.

with my ancestors in the cathedral of Ajaccio, in Corsica. But if I am not allowed to repose where I was born, why, then, let them bury me at the spot where this fine and refreshing water flows." This request was afterwards complied with.[1]

He remained nearly in the same state for some days. On the 1st of May he was delirious nearly all day, and suffered dreadful vomitings. He took two small biscuits and a few drops of red wine. On the 2d he was rather quieter, and the alarming symptoms diminished a little. At 2 P. M., however, he had a paroxysm of fever, and became again delirious. He talked to himself of France, of his dear son, of some of his old companions-in-arms. At times he was evidently in imagination on the field of battle. "Stengel!" he cried; "Desaix! Masséna! Ah! victory is declaring itself! run — rush forward — press the charge! — they are ours!"

"I was listening," says Dr. Antommarchi, "and following the progress of that painful agony in the deepest distress, when Napoleon, suddenly collecting his strength, jumped on the floor, and would absolutely go down into the garden to take a walk. I ran to receive him in my arms, but his legs bent under the weight of his body; he fell backwards, and I had the mortification of being unable to prevent his falling. We raised him up and entreated him to get into bed again; but he did not recognise anybody, and began to storm and fall into a violent passion. He was unconscious, and anxiously desired to walk in the garden. In the course of the day, however,

[1] The place determined on for his grave was a verdant spot about three miles from Longwood, — a place pointed out by himself a short time before his death. It was a small secluded recess, where his Chinese servants used to draw the water which they carried to Longwood for his use. It was more green and shady than any other in the neighbourhood, and it was here that Napoleon was accustomed to repose, under the beautiful willows which overhung the spring. — *Editor of* 1836 *edition.*

he became more collected, and again spoke of his disease, and the precise anatomical examination he wished to be made of his body after death. He had a fancy that this might be useful to his son." "The physicians of Montpelier," he said to Antommarchi, "announced that the scirrhosis in the pylorus would be hereditary in my family; their report is, I believe, in the hands of my brother Louis; ask for it and compare it with your own observations on my case, in order that my son may be saved from this cruel disease. You will see him, Doctor, and you will point out to him what is best to do, and will save him from the cruel sufferings I now experience. This is the last service I ask of you." Later in the day he said, "Doctor, I am very ill — I feel that I am going to die."

The last time Napoleon spoke, except to utter a few short unconnected words, was on the 3d of May. It was in the afternoon, and he had requested his attendants, in case of his losing consciousness, not to allow any English physician to approach him except Dr. Arnott. "I am going to die," said he, "and you to return to Europe; I must give you some advice as to the line of conduct you are to pursue. You have shared my exile, you will be faithful to my memory, and will not do anything that may injure it. I have sanctioned all proper principles, and infused them into my laws and acts; I have not omitted a single one. Unfortunately, however, the circumstances in which I was placed were arduous, and I was obliged to act with severity, and to postpone the execution of my plans. Our reverses occurred; I could not unbend the bow; and France has been deprived of the liberal institutions I intended to give her. She judges me with indulgence; she feels grateful for my intentions; she cherishes my name and my victories. Imitate her example, be faithful to the opinions we have defended,

and to the glory we have acquired: any other course can only lead to shame and confusion."

From this moment it does not appear that Napoleon showed any signs of understanding what was going forward around him. His weakness increased every moment, and a harassing hiccough continued until death took place. The day before that event a fearful tempest threatened to destroy everything about Longwood.[1] The plantations were torn up by the roots, and it was particularly remarked that a willow, under which Napoleon usually sat to enjoy the fresh air, had fallen. "It seemed," says Antommarchi, "as if none of the things the Emperor valued were to survive him." On the day of his death Madame Bertrand, who had not left his bedside, sent for her children to take a last farewell of Napoleon. The scene which ensued was affecting: the children ran to the bed, kissed the hands of Napoleon, and covered them with tears. One of the children fainted, and all had to be carried from the spot. "We all," says Antommarchi, "mixed our lamentations with theirs: we all felt the same anguish, the same cruel foreboding of the approach of the fatal instant, which every minute accelerated." The favourite valet, Noverraz, who had been for some time very ill, when he heard of the state in which Napoleon was, caused himself to be carried downstairs, and entered the apartment in tears. He was with great difficulty prevailed upon to leave the room: he was in a delirious state, and he fancied his master was threatened with danger, and was calling upon him for assistance: he said he would not leave him but would fight and die for him. But Napoleon was now insensible to the tears of

[1] ". . . Heaven his great soul does claim
In storms, as loud as his immortal fame:
His dying groans, his last breath shakes our isle."
WALLER, *Upon the Death of the Lord Protector.*

his servants; he had scarcely spoken for two days; early in the morning he articulated a few broken sentences, among which the only words distinguishable were, "tête d'armée," the last that ever left his lips, and which indicated the tenor of his fancies. The day passed in convulsive movements and low moanings, with occasionally a loud shriek, and the dismal scene closed just before six in the evening. A slight froth covered his lips, and he was no more.

After he had been dead about six hours, Antommarchi had the body carefully washed and laid out on another bed. The executors then proceeded to examine two codicils which were directed to be opened immediately after the Emperor's decease. The one related to the gratuities which he intended out of his private purse for the different individuals of his household, and to the alms which he wished to be distributed among the poor of St. Helena; the other contained his last wish that "his ashes should repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom he had loved so well." The executors notified this request to the Governor, who stated that his orders were that the body was to remain on the island. On the next day, after taking a plaster cast of the face of Napoleon, Antommarchi proceeded to open the body in the presence of Sir Thomas Reade, some staff officers, and eight medical men.

The Emperor had intended his hair (which was of a chestnut colour) for presents to the different members of his family, and it was cut off and kept for this purpose. He had grown considerably thinner in person during the last few months. After his death his face and body were pale, but without alteration or anything of a cadaverous appearance. His physiognomy was fine, the eyes fast closed, and you would have said that the Emperor was not dead, but in a profound sleep. His mouth retained

its expression of sweetness, though one side was contracted into a bitter smile. Several scars were seen on his body. On opening it, it was found that the liver was not affected, but that there was that cancer of the stomach which he had himself suspected, and of which his father and two of his sisters died. This painful examination having been completed, Antommarchi took out the heart and placed it in a silver vase filled with spirits of wine; he then directed the *valet de chambre* to dress the body as he had been accustomed in the Emperor's life time, with the *grand cordon* of the Legion of Honour across the breast, in the green uniform of a colonel of the Chasseurs of the Guard, decorated with the orders of the Legion of Honour and of the Iron Crown, long boots with little spurs, finally, his three-cornered hat. Thus habited, Napoleon was removed in the afternoon of the 6th out of the hall, into which the crowd rushed immediately. The linen which had been employed in the dissection of the body, though stained with blood, was eagerly seized, torn in pieces, and distributed among the bystanders.

Napoleon lay in state in his little bedroom, which had been converted into a funeral chamber. It was hung with black cloth brought from the town. This circumstance first apprised the inhabitants of his death. The corpse, which had not been embalmed, and which was of an extraordinary whiteness, was placed on one of the camp-beds, surrounded with little white curtains, which served for a sarcophagus. The blue cloak which Napoleon had worn at the battle of Marengo covered it. The feet and the hands were free; the sword on the left side, and a crucifix on the breast. At some distance was the silver vase containing the heart and stomach, which were not allowed to be removed. At the back of the head was an altar, where the priest in his stole and surplice recited the customary prayers. All the individuals of Napoleon's

suite, officers and domestics, dressed in mourning, remained standing on the left. Dr. Arnott had been charged to see that no attempt was made to convey away the body.

For some hours the crowd had besieged the doors; they were admitted, and beheld the inanimate remains of Napoleon in respectful silence. The officers of the 20th and 66th [1] Regiments were admitted first, then the others. The following day (the 7th) the throng was greater. Antommarchi was not allowed to take the heart of Napoleon to Europe with him; he deposited that and the stomach in two vases, filled with alcohol and hermetically sealed, in the corners of the coffin in which the corpse was laid. This was a shell of zinc lined with white satin, in which was a mattress furnished with a pillow. There not being room for the hat to remain on his head, it was placed at his feet, with some eagles, pieces of French money coined during his reign, a plate engraved with his arms, etc. The coffin was closed, carefully soldered up, and then fixed in another case of mahogany, which was enclosed in a third made of lead, which last was fastened in a fourth of mahogany, which was sealed up and fastened with screws. The coffin was exhibited in the same place as the body had been, and was also covered with the cloak that Napoleon had worn at the battle of Marengo. The funeral was ordered for the morrow, 8th May, and the troops were to attend in the morning by break of day.

This took place accordingly: the Governor arrived first, the Rear-Admiral soon after, and shortly all the authorities, civil and military, were assembled at Longwood. The day was fine, the people crowded the roads, music resounded from the heights; never had spectacle so sad and solemn been witnessed in these remote re-

[1] The 66th Regiment, now briefly called the Second Battalion of the Princess Charlotte of Wales (Berkshire Regiment).

gions. At half-past twelve the grenadiers took hold of the coffin, lifted it with difficulty, and succeeded in removing it into the great walk in the garden, where the hearse awaited them. It was placed in the carriage, covered with a pall of violet-coloured velvet, and with the cloak which the hero wore at Marengo. The Emperor's household were in mourning. The cavalcade was arranged by order of the Governor in the following manner: The Abbé Vignale in his sacerdotal robes, with young Henry Bertrand at his side, bearing an aspersorium; Doctors Arnott and Antommarchi, the persons intrusted with the superintendence of the hearse, drawn by four horses, led by grooms, and escorted by twelve grenadiers without arms, on each side; these last were to carry the coffin on their shoulders as soon as the ruggedness of the road prevented the hearse from advancing; young Napoleon Bertrand, and Marchand, both on foot, and by the side of the hearse; Counts Bertrand and Montholon on horseback close behind the hearse; a part of the household of the Emperor; Countess Bertrand with her daughter Hortense, in a calash drawn by two horses led by hand by her domestics, who walked by the side of the precipice; the Emperor's horse led by his *piqueur* Archambaud; the officers of marine on horseback and on foot; the officers of the staff on horseback; the members of the council of the island in like manner; General Coffin and the Marquis Montchenu[1] on horseback; the Rear-Admiral and the Governor on horseback; the inhabitants of the island.

[1] The Marquis Montchenu, a former *émigré*, was the representative sent by the French Government to St Helena. See O'Meara's Diary, under dates 18th June, 27th August, 13th and 22d November, and 31st December, 1816, and 14th and 31st March, 1817, etc., for some mention of him; also Wouters, pp. 1026 and 1030. Baron Stürmer, sent by Austria, and Count Balmain, sent by Russia, arrived at St. Helena with Montchenu 17th June, 1816, and left Stürmer in 1818, and Balmain in 1820.

The train set out in this order from Longwood, passed by the barracks, and was met by the garrison, about 2,500 in number, drawn up on the left of the road as far as Hut's Gate. Military bands placed at different distances added still more, by the mournful airs which they played, to the striking solemnity of the occasion. When the train had passed, the troops followed and accompanied it to the burying-place. The dragoons marched first. Then came the 20th Regiment of infantry, the marines, the 66th, the volunteers of St. Helena, and lastly, the company of Royal Artillery, with fifteen pieces of cannon. Lady Lowe and her daughter were at the roadside at Hut's Gate, in an open carriage drawn by two horses. They were attended by some domestics in mourning, and followed the procession at a distance. The fifteen pieces of artillery were ranged along the road, and the gunners were at their posts ready to fire. Having advanced about a quarter of a mile beyond Hut's Gate, the hearse stopped, the troops halted and drew up in line of battle by the roadside. The grenadiers then raised the coffin on their shoulders and bore it thus to the place of interment, by the new route which had been made on purpose on the declivity of the mountain. All the attendants alighted, the ladies descended from their carriages, and the procession followed the corpse without observing any regular order.

Counts Bertrand and Montholon, Marchand, and young Napoleon Bertrand, carried the four corners of the pall. The coffin was laid down at the side of the tomb, which was hung with black. Near were seen the cords and pulleys which were to lower it into the earth. The coffin was then uncovered, the Abbé Vignale repeated the usual prayers, and the body was let down into the grave with the feet to the east. The artillery then fired three salutes in succession of fifteen discharges each.

The Admiral's vessel had fired during the procession twenty-five minute guns from time to time. A huge stone, which was to have been employed in the building of the new house of the Emperor, was now used to close his grave, and was lowered till it rested on a strong stone wall so as not to touch the coffin. While the grave was closed, the crowd seized upon the willows, which the former presence of Napoleon had already rendered objects of veneration. Every one was ambitious to possess a branch or some leaves of these trees which were henceforth to shadow the tomb of this great man, and to preserve them as a precious relic of so memorable a scene. The Governor and Admiral endeavoured to prevent this outrage, but in vain. The Governor, however, surrounded the spot afterwards with a barricade, where he placed a guard to keep off all intruders. The tomb of the Emperor was about a league from Longwood. It was of a quadrangular shape, wider at top than at bottom; the depth about twelve feet. The coffin was placed on two strong pieces of wood, and was detached in its whole circumference.[1]

The companions of Napoleon returned to France, and the island gradually resumed its former quiet state, while the willows weeping over the grave guarded the ashes of the man for whom Europe had been all too small.

ANNEX TO THE PRECEDING CHAPTER.

The following is the account of the last moments of Napoleon by Marchand, who succeeded Constant as *valet de chambre* to the Emperor, at the moment of his quitting

[1] Antommarchi, vol. ii. pp. 185–186.

Fontainebleau to retire to the island of Elba. He was recommended to Napoleon by Constant: —

On the 27th of April, 1821, eight days before his death, the Emperor had passed several hours in forming an inventory of his snuff-boxes and other articles destined for his son, enclosing the whole in three mahogany cases, numbered I., II., III. He deposited them with me to place them in the hands of his son when he should become of age.

This day was the most fatiguing which the Emperor had experienced during his illness, and one of the most painful to us his followers, as his approaching end was no longer doubtful. At various intervals sickness compelled him to suspend for a time the expression of his last wishes. All our efforts to induce him to desist from a labour which produced such serious consequences were unsuccessful. "I am very much exhausted," said he, "but am convinced that I have little time left, and that I must complete my task. Give me a little of that Constantia which Las Cases sent me; a little excitement will do me no harm." I ventured to remark that that wine was very different from that which Dr. Antommarchi had prescribed for him. "Bah!" said he, striking his forehead, "neither he nor you understand anything about it: we want every support in this country. Why should you wish to see me remain here? Give me some of that wine; it will restore me. I do not desire to shorten my life, but I would do nothing to prolong it. Ah!" said he, placing his hand upon his right side, "I feel here as if a razor were cutting me."

Everything that was said by the Emperor was full of dignity, of resignation, and of goodness; the bed upon which he sat was covered with articles carefully sealed up and destined for his son and family. Among the number was a gold snuff-box, with a very beautiful cameo, which he bequeathed to Lady Holland, as a token of regard and grateful acknowledgment of the solicitude which this lady had manifested for the illustrious captive, in sending those little trifles, always so well appreciated, and of which we are doubly sensible in the hour of misfortune.

There was also a plain gold snuff-box which he intended for Dr. Arnott, upon which he scratched with a pen-knife the letter N. A small sheet of pasteboard which he held in his left hand served him for a writing-desk. Count Montholon stood near his bed with an inkstand. Near him was a diamond necklace. Napoleon took it up, and giving it to me, said, "Keep this: I do not know what may be the state of my pecuniary affairs in Europe; that amiable creature Hortense gave it to me when I left Malmaison, thinking that it might be useful to me.[1] Its value is, I believe, 200,000 francs; conceal it about your person. When you return to France it will enable you to wait for what I desire to give you by my Will and Codicils. Make an honourable marriage: choose your wife from among the families of officers or soldiers of my old Guard. There are many of those brave fellows who are not in good circumstances; better fortune awaited them but for the reverses which France has experienced. Posterity will give me credit for what I would have done to serve them if events had taken another course." After a short pause he sealed up his various Wills and Codicils to the number of nine separate packets, all nearly of a similar form, but of different thickness, folded at one of the four corners, tied up with red ribbon, to which he annexed his signature and seal. About nine o'clock in the evening, wrapped up in his dressing-gown, and sitting in an easy-chair with a little table before him, the Emperor caused the signatures and seals of his three executors to be affixed to his Will and Codicils, — Count Bertrand, Count Montholon, and myself; also the Abbé Vignale, who was called for the same purpose.

The Emperor having thus, as he wished, put his affairs in

[1] This collar had a curious history. Given by Hortense to Napoleon when he left Malmaison, Napoleon had privately handed it to Las Cases while on the passage to St. Helena, telling him to take care of it. Las Cases kept it always under his clothing (Napoleon several times telling him to retain it), and he got so accustomed to wearing it that, when removed from Longwood in 1816, he forgot to give it back to the Emperor, and it was only by means of a kindly Englishman that Las Cases got it secretly conveyed to Napoleon (*Mémorial de Ste. Hélène,* tome i. pp. 80–82, note).

order, employed himself for a long time in considering what our condition and employments would be on our return to Europe. He conversed with his executors upon the course they would have to adopt upon their arrival in England and France in order that his ashes might not remain in exile at St. Helena. I extract in this place, from the verbal instructions that he gave, those which related to the King of Rome: "You will induce him to resume the name of Napoleon as soon as he shall have attained the age of discretion and can do it opportunely. If fortune should be propitious to him, and he should ascend the throne of France, it is the duty of my executors to call his attention to the debt of gratitude I owe to my old officers and soldiers, and to my faithful adherents. The recollection of me should form the glory of his life; you will do everything to encourage this feeling in him; you will direct his ideas to facts and events; you ought to find in the possession of Albe, Fain, Méneval, and Bourrienne[1] many papers and documents of the highest interest to him. Unless fortune should restore France to my family, I desire that my nephews and nieces should form marriages amongst themselves, and settle either in the Roman States,[2] in America, or in Switzerland, so that my

[1] These four persons had been long employed in the private cabinet of the Emperor. Colonel Baron Bacler d'Albe, sometimes printed "Dalbe," had been the secretary in charge of all the maps, — an important post, bringing him into the most constant contact with Napoleon, especially during the campaigns. See Baron d'Odleben's "Relation de la Campagne de 1813" (Paris, Plancher, 1817), p. 155, copied by Alison, chap. lxxviii. para. 45–47. Colonel Baron Fain had been the Archivist of the cabinet from February, 1806, to 1814. In his "Manuscrits" he afterwards published important accounts of the events of several of those years. Méneval had succeeded Bourrienne as secretary in 1802, and held that post till after the retreat from Moscow, when he was placed with the Empress Maria Louisa. The reference to Bourrienne after so many years of estrangement is curious. The reader will recollect the box of documents carefully buried by Bourrienne (vol. ii. p. 217), and his subsequent denial of its existence in vol. iii. pp. 317–318.

[2] See in Du Casse, tome x. pp. 262–269, a detailed account given by Bertrand to Joseph Bonaparte of how Napoleon wished his family to obtain a firm hold on Rome and Switzerland by a series of marriages, and his advice as to their proceedings. See also Bingham's "Marriages of the Bonapartes" (Longmans, 1881).

blood should not mingle in the Courts of Kings. To the Empress Maria Louisa you will, either by letter or in a personal interview, express the esteem and high sentiments I entertain for her; recommend to her my son, whose only resource and chance of success is on her side. Make a collection of paintings, of books, and of medals, such as can give to my son true ideas, and destroy those false ones which foreign policy has been able,no doubt, to inculcate, in order that he may learn the real state of things. When my campaigns of Italy and of Egypt, as well as those manuscripts which I leave, shall be printed, I desire they may be dedicated to my son; I wish also that to these may be added the letters from sovereigns; they may be procured in the Archives: the national vanity will gain much by the publication of them, so that the permission to obtain them will not be refused."[1]

The last desire of Napoleon was executed by the publication of a part only of those manuscripts which were dictated by him to the Generals Gourgaud and Montholon; the remainder are in the possession of General Bertrand, to whom I have been indebted for permission to print the "Notes upon the Commentaries of Cæsar" which have been in my hands during the last eighteen months. The nature of my service obliged me to be near the person of the Emperor, for he constantly did me the honour to desire I would read to him, or write from his dictation. It was in this manner that the "Notes on the Commentaries of Cæsar" were written by me, and dictated by Napoleon, during his long and sleepless nights, "during which," he would say, "study and occupation bring some alleviation to my sufferings, and strew a few flowers on the path that conducts me to the grave."

The hours which preceded the death of Napoleon were employed in serious conversation, or in reading aloud, more than in the care of his health. The two last readings which

[1] See Du Casse, tome x. pp. 229–306, for an account of the disappearance of this correspondence, in which we should have read the depth of servility to which the Sovereigns had descended towards Napoleon in his days of power.

were made to the Emperor by his desire were "The Campaigns of Hannibal," read to him by Count Bertrand, and "The Campaigns of Dumouriez," which I had the honour to read. The last dictation that he undertook was to Count Montholon, in the night of the 29th of April; it was a project of a military organisation for France, and entitled "Première Rêverie." From four to five o'clock in the morning he continued to dictate to me the same subject, after the Count had retired, desiring me to call it "Seconde Rêverie," and to annex it to the other part.

When he had finished he told me that he felt capable of riding fifteen leagues. Alas! this state was not to last long.

Between eight and nine o'clock in the evening of the 2d of May, being much occupied with testamentary matters, and expressing often a tender anxiety for his son, the Emperor dictated to me the following paper:—

"I leave to my son the house I occupied at Ajaccio with its accessories, two other houses near the Salines, with their gardens, also all my property in the territory of Ajaccio, which, united, will furnish him with an annual income of 50,000 francs.

"I leave ——" He now found himself so much fatigued that he could dictate no more; he postponed the remainder until the morrow; his memory also seemed to fail. I knew the property that belonged to the Emperor in Corsica, and was perfectly aware while he dictated this last legacy that he possessed nothing of the kind he specified, and could not, therefore, leave it to his son. I perceived several times during this day great incoherency in his manner, both in speaking and dictating. This aberration of mind continued at intervals until the 5th of May.

During the night of the 4th he was much agitated. Amidst a long and continued delirium the words "France, army,"[1] were frequently though indistinctly uttered by him; and these were

[1] Thiers (tome xx. p. 706) makes Napoleon's last words "Mon fils . . . l'armée . . . Desaix." Wouters (p. 1033), writing under the eye of Prince Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte, makes the last words, "Tête . . . armée . . . France." Antommarchi (London, Colburn, 1826, vol. ii. p. 152) only gives "Head . . . Army."

the last sounds we heard from his lips. The Emperor spoke no more!

At four o'clock in the morning a comparative calm succeeded the troubles of the night; it was the serenity of courage, the peace of resignation. The eyes of the Emperor became fixed, his mouth remained open; a few drops of saccharine water given to him by Dr. Antommarchi seemed to animate his pulse; a sigh escaped him: we still had hope.

At six o'clock all the French who were attached to the service of Napoleon were permitted to enter his room. They endeavoured to stifle the grief that oppressed them: they approached the bed on which he lay; the silence of the chamber of death chilled our very souls.

At half-past six o'clock in the evening a gun from the fort announced "the retreat," the sun sank below the horizon; it was also the moment that this great man who had commanded the world was enveloped in immortal glory. The anxiety of Dr. Antommarchi increased. That hand which had so often commanded victory was now arrested by death. Dr. Arnott, holding his watch, looked on it with fixed attention, to count the intervals of pulsation, and the moments between the lingering sighs. Fifteen seconds — then thirty; now a minute intervenes. We waited: we hoped. Alas! the Emperor was dead!

His lips were colourless; his mouth was slightly contracted; his eyes were open, but fixed; his countenance was calm and serene.

In a few minutes Captain Crokat was introduced by Dr. Arnott to verify the hour of the Emperor's death: his countenance indicated the feelings of his heart. He immediately retired with much respect, and expressed his sorrow at the obligation imposed on him. Directly afterwards two English doctors entered, and having placed their hands on the heart of the Emperor withdrew to certify to Sir Hudson Lowe the report of Dr. Arnott.

Thus perished the Emperor Napoleon, surrounded by only a few faithful and devoted servants, exiled beyond the reach of

those natural objects of affection which man seeks in the last and most trying moments of need, — a mother, a wife, and a child.

. . . . . .

I have read in the last work published relating to St. Helena that the Emperor, after having eulogised the Duke of Marlborough, and after presenting to Dr. Arnott, for the 20th Regiment, a copy of that General's campaigns, turned the Duke into ridicule after he had dismissed the English doctor, and sang the first verse of the well-known ballad written on Marlborough.[1] I declare that I have no knowledge of any such circumstance. I was present, as well as the author of the work alluded to (the Emperor having sent for me), when the present of the books in question took place. Napoleon had passed in a sort of critical review the great generals, and stopping at the name of Marlborough applauded his tactics and courage. With that solemn tone of voice which Napoleon knew so well how to assume when he wished to stamp his munificence with an imposing character, he said, "Doctor, I love the brave of every nation; I wish to make a present to the 20th Regiment; take these volumes and place them from me in their library."

When at St. Helena the Emperor honoured General Bertrand with an exchange of his own watch for that of the Count; he attached even to this act a glorious recollection. "Take this, Bertrand," said he: "it struck two in the morning when I ordered Joubert to attack Rivoli." It was thus the Emperor knew how to add a value to his gifts.[2]

[1] See Antommarchi, vol. ii. p. 96. Napoleon only laughed when reminded of the air "Marlbrook," saying, "Such is the effect of ridicule; it casts a stigma upon everything, even victory."

[2] The remark made the gift priceless! It must have been strange for Napoleon at St. Helena to recall that bright, clear cold night in 1797, when, amidst mountains blazing with the Austrian fires, he threw himself on Alvinzi with the weary divisions of Joubert, Masséna, and Rey; and, outnumbered and surrounded, won a victory the account of which reads like the tale of some hero of romance. See Thiers' "Revolution," vol. iv. pp. 604–610. There were few among his soldiers who would not have risked their lives for such a gift! See "History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena from the Letters and Journals of Sir Hudson Lowe," by William

Forsyth, Q. C. (Murray 1853, 3 vols.), in which a worse case is made for Lowe and the English Government than might have been expected from the account of the French writers. Note especially the objection to allowing the Foreign Commissioners to communicate freely with Napoleon and his staff (vol. iii. pp. 239–240, 492–493); Lowe's alarm at Montchenu receiving the dangerous present of some French beans (vol. iii. p. 223); and the refusal to allow an inscription on the coffin unless the name "Bonaparte" figured there (vol. iii. p. 295). But Sir Hudson Lowe must have been adequately punished in living to read the accounts of the second funeral in 1840.

CHAPTER XIV.[1]

1840.

THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

From the time of its burial in 1821 the body of Napoleon lay in its quiet grave under the willows at St. Helena, the solitude only broken by the visit of many English and a few French passengers from the ships then taking the Cape route to India and calling at the island. In 1830 the elder branch of the Bourbons fell, and Louis Philippe succeeded Charles X. The new monarchy professed to be liberal and national enough not to fear reviving the memories of the great Emperor. The tricolour once more waved over France, and at last it seemed impossible to let the body of the Emperor rest in its distant grave.

M. Thiers, the then head of the French Ministry, determined to apply to England for the restoration of the corpse. It was thought right to ask the opinion of the old Duke of Wellington, and the Duke, as ungenerous to his dead foe as he had been to him when alive, advised the retention of the body to prevent its cession being considered as due to fear. Nobler counsels prevailed, and Lord Palmerston in generous words gave an affirmative answer. "The Government of Her Majesty hope that the promptness of this response will be considered in France as a proof of their desire to efface all traces of those national animosities which, during the

[1] This chapter is added by the editor of the 1885 edition.

life of the Emperor, armed against each other the French and English nations. The Government of Her Majesty is confident that if such sentiments still exist anywhere, they will be buried in the tomb in which the remains of Napoleon are to be laid,"[1] — a generous wish in which every Englishman must join; but the title of Emperor given at last to Napoleon casts odium on the men whose petty spite in refusing it gave, as was intended, such annoyance to the dying captive of St. Helena.

> "'Take back thy dead! and when thou buriest it,
> Throw in all former strifes 'twixt thee and me!'
> Amen, mine England! 't is a courteous claim:
> But ask a little room too — for thy shame!
> . . . . . .
> But since it *was* done — in sepulchral dust
> We fain would pay back something of our debt
> To France, if not to honour, and forget
> How through much fear we falsified the trust
> Of a fallen foe and exile. We return
> Orestes to Electra — in his urn."[2]

The intention of the French Government was communicated to the Chambers by the Minister of the Interior, M. Charles de Rémusat, the son of the writer of the well-known "Memoirs," and the plan was cordially approved. The Prince de Joinville, the third son of Louis Philippe, was put in charge of the expedition to receive the relics, and the frigate La Belle Poule and the corvette La Favorite sailed from Toulon on the 7th of July, 1840.[3]

A special Commission accompanied the Prince. The Comte de Rohan-Chabot was nominated as Commissary of the King, and he and the Abbé Coquereau were the only members who had not accompanied Napoleon to St.

[1] "History of France," by Guizot (Sampson Low, 1882), vol. viii. p. 388.

[2] Mrs. Browning, "Crowned and Buried."

[3] Wouters' "Annales Napoléoniennes" (Bruxelles, Wouters, 1847), pp. 1076–1078, is mainly followed here.

Helena. The remainder of the Commission were — Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud, M. Emmanuel de Las Cases (the son of the writer of the "Mémorial"), M. Marchand (the former valet), M. Arthur Bertrand, and four old servants of the Emperor, who had only left St. Helena after his death, and whose names, with those already given, will all be found in the Will of Napoleon, — Saint-Denis, Novarre, Peyron, and Archambaud.

On the 8th of October the expedition anchored at James Town, and on the 15th of October the tomb where the Emperor had so long slept was opened in the presence of the English and French authorities. The work was commenced at one o'clock in the morning, and it was only at eight that the coffin was uncovered, when, under heavy rain, it was carried by the men of the 91st Regiment to a tent placed at hand. At last the different enclosing coffins were opened, and the face of the Emperor was exposed to view. The body had remained intact. "Some of the eyelashes still remained. The cheeks were a little swollen; the beard had grown after death, as had the nails of the fingers and toes. The hands had preserved the colours of life; a burst boot had allowed the toes of one dull white foot to escape. The nose alone had decayed, but only its lower part. The uniform of the Chasseurs of the Guard was easily recognisable, though the epaulettes had lost their brightness, as had some of the small decorations placed on the breast. The two vases holding the heart and the entrails were also found intact and perfectly preserved."[1] The effect was most striking. The coffins had been opened in dead silence; and when the Emperor was revealed as if alive among his kneeling and weeping followers, the scene must have been such as we read of in olden days at the opening of the shrine of some loved Saint. The body

[1] Wouters, p. 1077.

was placed in three coffins, the outer one of lead, and then in a fourth, brought from France, a magnificent one of ebony.

At three o'clock the coffin was placed on a car drawn by four horses and covered by an imperial pall with golden eagles and bees. The corners of the pall were held by Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud and the young Las Cases and Marchand, who must have then been repaid for the devotion which had first taken them to St. Helena. The procession began to move at half-past three in heavy rain, the batteries of the Belle Poule and of the island firing minute guns, and the English garrison with reversed arms lining the street through which it passed. On the Quay the Governor, General Middlemore, handed the body formally over to the French. The Prince de Joinville received the body on the Belle Poule, where it was placed in a *Chapelle ardente*, while the Imperial standard flew from the main.

On the 18th of October the expedition sailed for France. The journey was uneventful, being only broken by rumours of a breach between England and France, when the Prince, with perhaps natural but to English minds somewhat theatrical emotion, made his sailors swear never to deliver the precious relics to the English.

On the 29th of November, 1840, the Belle Poule anchored at Cherbourg, and the next day it entered the basin amongst the salutes of the forts and ships. On the 8th of December the coffin was transferred to the steamer Normandie, a thousand guns being fired when the body left the Belle Poule, and another thousand when the Normandie left the basin. On the 9th of December the Normandie entered the Seine. At Valde la Haie the coffin had to be removed to a smaller vessel, the Dorade, which carried it to Courbevoie, which was reached on the 14th of December. On the 15th

of December, 1840, the body was carried through Paris to the Invalides. It was placed on a splendid car drawn by sixteen horses.[1] Marshals Oudinot and Molitor,[2] Admiral Roussin, and General Bertrand, mounted, held the corners of the pall. Gérard, recovered from his wounds at Wavre, and now a Marshal, commanded the escort, which included the other Marshals.[3] Covered with all the insignia of his rank, surrounded by every detail of ceremonial with which the Army, the State, and the Church ever seek to honour their greatest dead, encircled by his old comrades, met by the priests of the religion to which he had restored France, amidst the solemn thunder of the guns which had sounded so often throughout his stormy life, — the body of the great Emperor moved under the arch which told of his triumphs, through a double row of eagles, to the Church of the Invalides. The Royal family, the Ministers, the Peers, the Deputies, the Great Dignitaries, were there assembled to meet it. Marshal Moncey, the Governor of the Invalides, too feeble to stand, was brought in to receive the ashes of his old Chief.

"Sire," said the Prince de Joinville, standing at the head of the coffin, to the King, "I present to you the body of the Emperor Napoleon." — "I receive it in the name of France," answered the Sovereign. Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud placed on the coffin the sword and hat of the Emperor, and in 1843 Joseph Bonaparte[4] sent the great collar, ribbon, and badge of the Legion of Honour which his brother had worn.

[1] See the frontispiece of the eighth volume of Guizot's "History of France."

[2] Molitor had been made Marshal under the second Restoration.

[3] The Marshals of Napoleon then alive were Grouchy, Oudinot, Moncey, Soult, and Victor, besides Bernadotte, and Marmont, who were out of France. Of Napoleon's brothers and sisters Joseph, Louis, and Jérôme alone were living.

[4] Joseph and Jérôme were in time laid by his side.

Napoleon had again and finally conquered. He had died an exile, an outlaw, denied title, wealth, comfort, and even the family rights common to the lowest. Now all that affection, gratitude, and honour could give were lavished on his corpse. "Slowly wise," France had claimed her great dead. While every throne in Europe was shaking, the Great Conqueror came to claim and receive from posterity the crown for which he had sacrificed so much. In the Invalides the Emperor had at last found a fitting resting-place, "by the banks of the Seine, amongst the French people whom he had loved so well."

. . . . . .

France to-day — beaten in the great contest for the supremacy in Europe, weak from loss of blood, drained by the tribute to Germany, faint-hearted from the loss of her sons, distracted by factions, given up to men whose highest idea of statesmanship is worrying priests, or winning barren triumphs against weak nations abroad — lies exhausted, and apparently nearly as helpless as she was in 1793. But by her side still hangs the sword on which are engraven the names of RIVOLI, JENA, FRIEDLAND, and AUSTERLITZ. The sons of the men who fought at Rosbach avenged that disaster at Jena and Auerstadt. The sons or the grandsons of the gallant men who died, outnumbered, round Metz may write fresh triumphs on that sword; and another and happier Bonaparte may restore to France her lost children, may obtain for a grateful and satisfied land her natural and rightful boundaries; and then, while "freedom crowns the edifice," may unite the glories of the first Empire with the eventual and permanent peace which the first Napoleon could not give his country.

As for Germany, — and so with Italy, — it is strange to reflect how much she owes her present almost achieved

unity to the work, for her and against her, of the first Napoleon. With the inherent impatience of a good workman with a bad machine, he had in 1803 forced her to discard much of her antique framework; and by his influence he facilitated the work of crushing the petty States, or rather holdings, which stood in the way of the formation of all national spirit. As for the so-called "glorious uprising of 1813," the first beginnings of that spirit (which only manifested itself when the Grand Army had disappeared in the snows of Russia) may be traced not only to the effect of his blows, but also to the result of his busy and all-embracing administration, which, as in Italy, and as with the English rule in our day in India, by bringing all under one yoke for subjection, taught the rival tribes to regard themselves as one nation for freedom.

Posterity will remember more of the great Emperor than his military glory. We may leave in the grave of Napoleon his many faults and sins. All that was bad and all that was vile in his nature is in no need of fresh historians: we have had enough and to spare of the seamy side of his life from the pens of those who ate his bread and flattered him in his time of power. But the present generation is too likely to ignore his good qualities. With him "despotism was a means, not an end." He sought power for no ignoble purposes. The contempt for sloth, lucre, disorder, and empty theories, the eye so quick to see the decisive point of any question, the power of mind and determination of brain which gave the world the Codes, the far-reaching ambition, the constant looking forward to the judgment of posterity, the noble sacrifice of the present for the future, — all these are qualities too rare for the world to afford to overlook.

Standing by the grave where the great Emperor sleeps, an Englishman may well ponder over a character alien to the English mind in its virtues as in its faults. Eng-

land did not fear to face him when alive; the sneers of the courtier statesmen who found themselves and their petty policies swept by his strong hand for ever from the scene, the shrieks of the vile revolutionary rabble on whom he set his heel, need not make Englishmen shrink now from doing him justice in his glorious grave.

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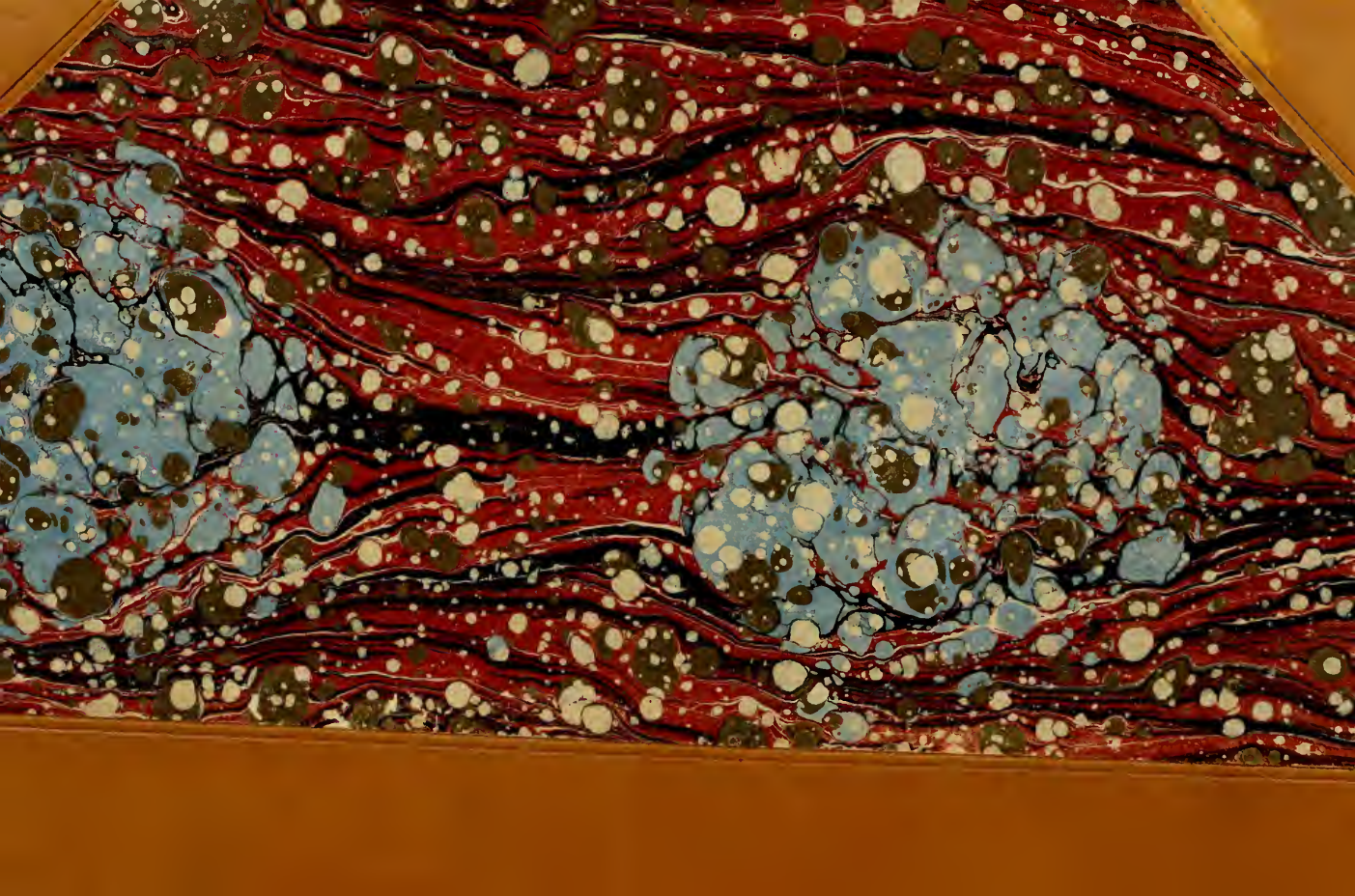
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